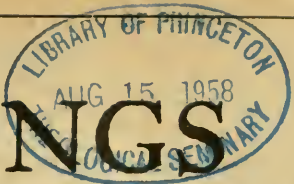


LIFE SONGS



CCP
3504

LIFE SONGS



In Him was life; and the life
was the light of men.—John 1: 4

A COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S
MEETINGS AND EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

GOSHEN COLLEGE

Edited by

JOHN D. BRUNK
S. F. COFFMAN

Issued in

Round and Shaped Notes

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PREFACE

The object of "Life Songs" is to present to the Denomination whose General Conference has authorized this volume the songs which it is hoped will meet its present needs; furnishing a means of public worship, expressing common experiences and emotions and teaching spiritual truth. Its highest purpose, as expressed by the Title, is to inspire and cultivate the Life of Him to whose service this book is dedicated.

"Rhythm without reason tends to confusion." In the selection of the music the aim has been to secure strong melodies with good harmony and interesting rhythm. The best has been sought for and the available chosen. Words of high order with respect to form and diction and full of originality of expression were accepted only as they presented and supported the doctrines of evangelical Christianity and added materially to the departments of the book.

The songs in this book have been especially chosen for use in Sunday Schools, Young People's Meetings, Missions and Evangelistic Services. "Life Songs" may be used to advantage in connection with the Church and Sunday School Hymnal and Supplement, but is not intended to take their place in church worship and service.

A fine spirit of Christian co-operation has been extended to us by the various publishers of the country and for that reason it was made possible to combine in this collection the many choice copyrights which appear.

We wish, hereby, to acknowledge the valued assistance given by many congregations and individuals who have contributed to the work by encouraging words, donating songs or by actual labor; also, the valuable assistance given by the Mennonite General Conference and the Mennonite Publishing House. We gratefully mention the following who have given special favors in collecting the songs herein contained:—Mr. Chas. M. Alexander, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hall-Mack Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Rodeheaver Company, Chicago, Ill.; Tullar-Meredith Company, New York City; Hope Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; The Fillmore Music House, Cincinnati, O.; The Biglow and Main Company, New York City; Mr. Chas. H. Gabriel, Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This book is not faultless; it is not worthy of the perfect LIFE of the Master. We send it forth with the prayer that God will make it a blessing to the Church, especially to her young people, and to souls who need the LIFE which is in Christ Jesus.

GENERAL CONFERENCE MUSIC COMMITTEE.

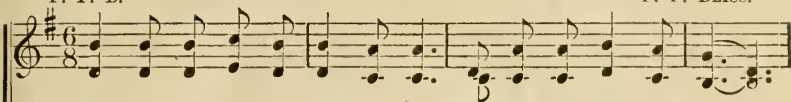
C. Z. Yoder	J. B. Smith
John D. Brunk	S. R. Good
S. F. Coffman	Ed. Miller
Walter E. Yoder	

Life Songs.

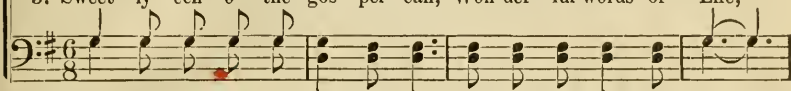
1 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

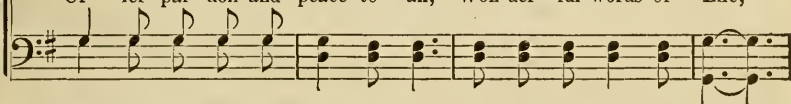
P. P. BLISS.



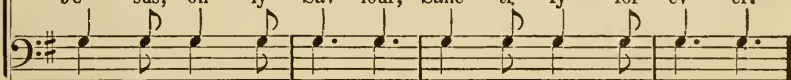
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



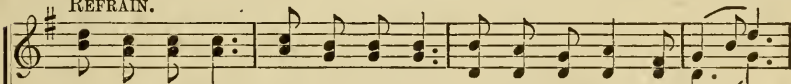
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;



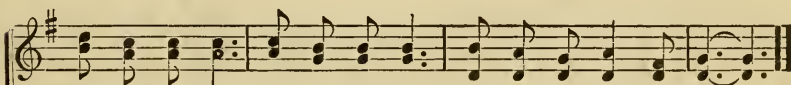
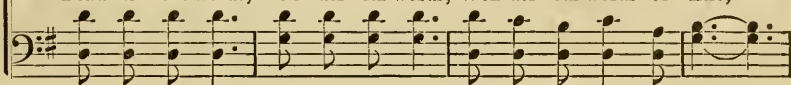
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en;
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

A Wonderful Song.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. 'Tis a wonderful song which my soul now sings, Re-deemed, re-deemed; There's
 2. There's a joy that's un-speak-a-ble in my soul, Re-deemed, re-deemed; Since
 3. All the an-gels will lis-ten as I shall sing, Re-deemed, re-deemed; When

Redeemed, redeemed;

naught in this world such sweet peace can bring, Re-deemed, re - deemed; I'll
 Je - sus has cleans-ed and made me whole, Re - deemed, re - deemed; His
 ra - diant I stand near my Lord and King, Re - deemed, re - deemed; I'll

Redeemed, redeemed;

tell the glad sto - ry wher-e'er I go, Re - deemed, re - deemed; That
 pres-ence is with me each day and hour, Re - deemed, re - deemed; I'm
 tell how He saved me and set me free, Re - deemed, re - deemed; His

Redeemed, redeemed;

oth-ers may share all the bless-ing I know, Since I've been re - deemed.
 saved and I'm kept by His won-der-ful pow'r, Since I've been re - deemed.
 fol - low - er now and for - ev - er to be, Since I've been re - deemed.

REFRAIN.

A won - der-ful song,..... A won - der-ful song;.....
 A won-der-ful song, won-der-ful song, won-der-ful song, won-der-ful song;

A Wonderful Song.—Concluded.

'Tis a won-der-ful song which my soul now sings, Re-deemed, re-deemed.
by the blood,

3

Praises Everywhere.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Prais-es ev-'ry-where sweetly sound, Joy vic-to-ri-ous here is found,
2. Prais-es ev-'ry-where, let us raise, Songs of grat-i-tude, all our days,
3. Prais-es ev-'ry-where, He shall hear, Christ the Con-quer-or, we'll re-vere,

Raise the mel-o-dy, let it ring, Wor-ship the heav'nly King.
O'er the u-ni-verse, ban-ners fling, Stand-ards of Christ the King.
Love Him, hon-or Him, glad-ly sing, Praise to the chil-dren's King.

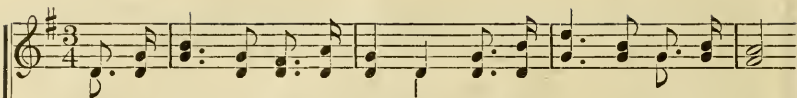
REFRAIN.

Prais-es ev-'ry-where we are sing-ing, Sweet notes ringing, glad-ness bringing,

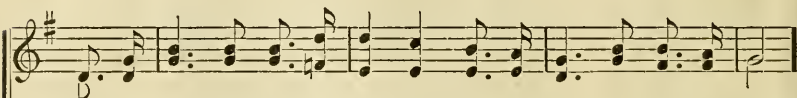
Songs from lov-ing hearts ev-er spring-ing, Prais-es to our Lord and King.

PSALM 103.

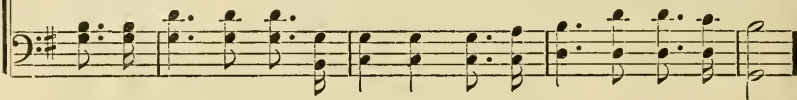
S. J. VAIL.



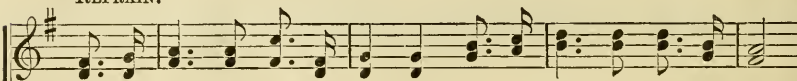
1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. Who for-gives all my trans-gres-sions, Thy dis-eas - es all who heals;
3. Who with ten - der mer-cies crowns thee, Who with good things fills thy mouth,
4. In His right-eous-ness, Je - ho - vah Will - de - liv - er those dis-tressed;
5. For as high as is the heav - en, Far a - bove the earth be - low,



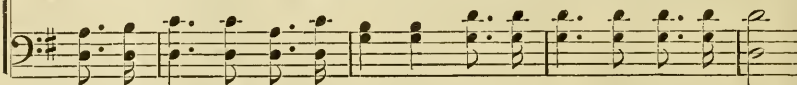
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
 Who re - deems thee from de - struc - tion, Who with thee so kind - ly deals;
 So that e - ven like the ea - gle Thou hast been re - stored to youth.
 He will ex - e - cute just judg - ment In the cause of all op - pressed.
 Ev - er great to them that fear Him Is the mer - cy He will show.



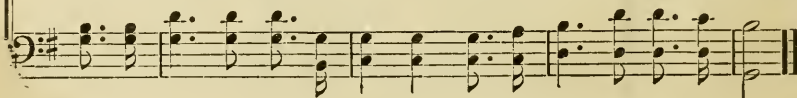
REFRAIN.



Bless Je - ho - vah, all His crea - tures Ev - er un - der His con - trol,



All thro'-out His vast do - min - ion; Bless Je - ho - vah, O my soul.



Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
 2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a - loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word,
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;
 glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry. Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness

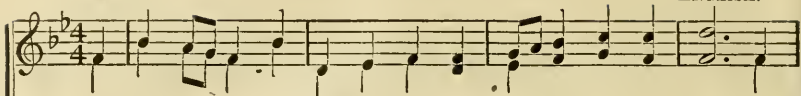
bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
 ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
 joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

REFRAIN.

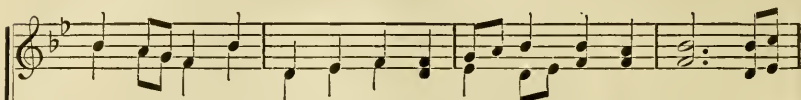
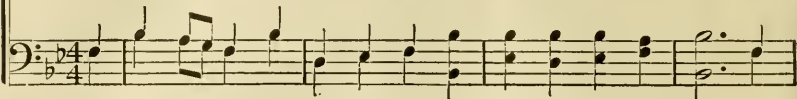
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

PSALM 105.

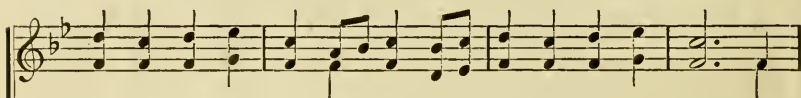
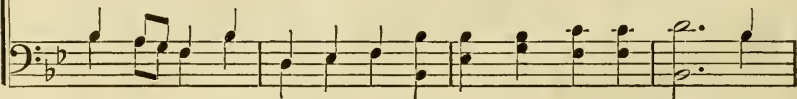
ENGLISH.



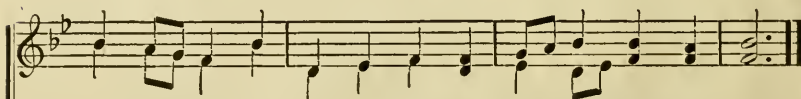
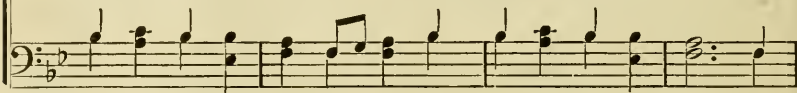
1. Give thanks to God, call on His name; To men His deeds make known. Sing
2. The Lord, Al-might-y, and His strength, With stead-fast hearts seek ye: His
3. His cov-nant He re-mem-bered hath, That it may ev - er stand: To



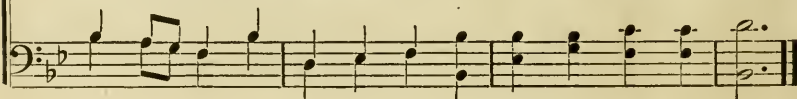
ye to Him, sing psalms; proclaim His won - drous works each one. To
 bless-ed and His gra-cious face Seek ye con - tin - ual - ly. Re-
 thou-sand gen - er - a - tions He His prom-ise did com - mand, Be-



glo - ry in His ho - ly name, U - nite with one ac - cord; And
 mem-ber' all His might-y deeds, The won - ders He hath done, The
 cause He, and He on - ly, is The might-y Lord our God; And



let the heart of ev - 'ry - one Re - joice that seeks the Lord.
 right - eous judg-ments of His mouth, Re - mem-ber them each one.
 His most right-eous judgments are In all the earth a - broad.



PSALM 148.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Praise the Lord from heav-ens high; Praise Him in the loft - y sky;
 2. Kings and men of hum - ble birth, Prin-ces, judg - es of the earth;
 3. Let them praise with one con - sent, For His name is ex - cel - lent:

Praise Him, all ye an-gels bright; Praise Him, all His hosts of light.
 Youth-ful men and maid-ens all, A - ged men and chil - dren small;
 Praise Him, saints, with one ac-cord; Peo-ple near Him, praise the Lord.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Him,

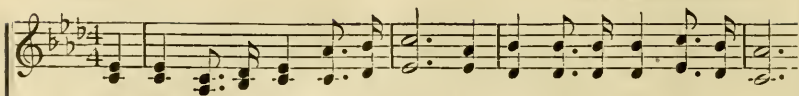
praise Je - ho - vah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Him,
 hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah! Praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah!
 Praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah!

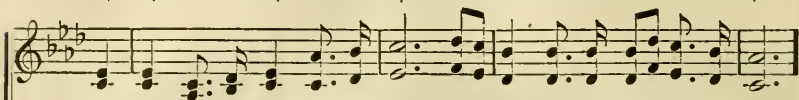
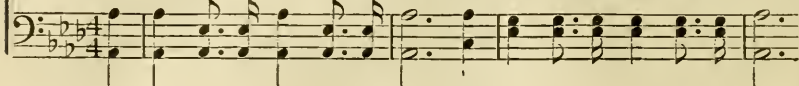
8 Good is Jehovah the Lord.

PSALM 100.

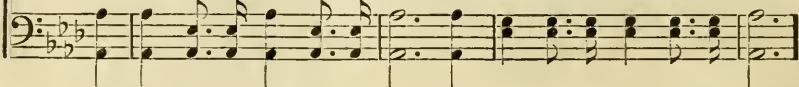
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



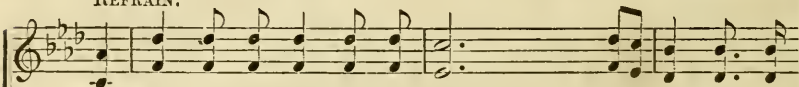
1. All peo - ple that dwell on the earth, Your songs to Je - ho - vah now raise;
2. Know ye that Je - ho - vah is God; Our Sov-'reign and Ma - ker is He;
3. O en - ter His tem - ple with praise, His por - tals with thank - ful ac - claim;



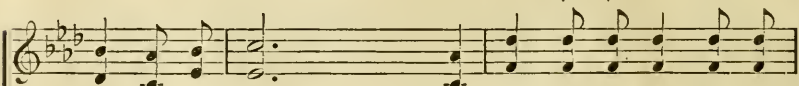
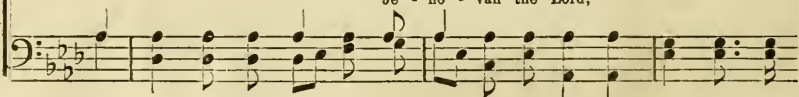
O wor - ship Je - ho - vah with mirth, Ap - proach Him with an - thems of praise.
His peo - ple who bow to His rod, And sheep of His pas - tures are we.
Your voi - ces in thanks - giv - ing raise, And bless ye His glo - ri - ous name.



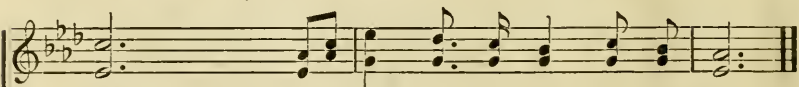
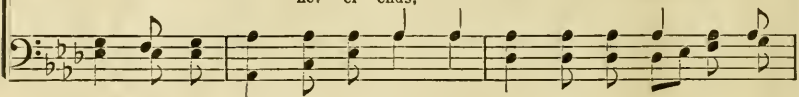
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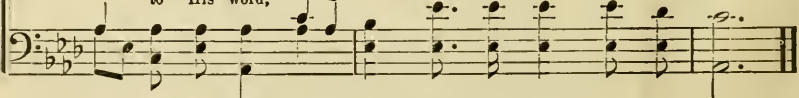
For good is Je - ho - vah the Lord, His mer - cy to
Je - ho - vah the Lord,



us nev - er ends; His faith - ful - ness, true to His
nev - er ends;



word, Thro' a - ges un - end - ing ex - tends.
to His word,



Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por - tals

won-der - ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! Hail Him! highest arch-an-gels in
 suf-fered and bled and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and

D. S.—Praise Him, Praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

FINE.

glo - ry; Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a Shep-herd,
 va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
 ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King! Christ is com-ing!

greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

D. S.

Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
 Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
 o - ver the world vic-to-ri-ous, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

Our Wonderful King.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

BROUGHTON EDWARDS.

With breadth and dignity.

1. The prais-es we sing of Je-sus our King, As on-ward through
 2. His serv-ants are we,—not bondsmen, but free,— A will-ing al-
 3. At last o-ver there His glo-ries we'll share, And with Him we'll

life we may go, With joy we pro-claim His won-der-ful name, Till
 le-giance we bring, And lost in His praise, our voi-ces we raise In
 reign ev-er-more, Through wonders of grace be-hold-ing His face, The

REFRAIN.

all His sal-va-tion shall know.
 hon-or of Je-sus our King. His name shall be called the Wonderful; Our
 King we will ev-er a-dore.

Sav-iour from a-bove, The Might-y God, the Prince of Peace, The bless-ed

King of Love; His name shall be called the Wonderful; His kingdom ne'er shall

Our Wonderful King.—Concluded.

cease; His reign shall be from sea to sea, The bless-ed Prince of Peace.

11 Rejoice.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!
 2. Je - sus the Sav - iour reigns, The God of truth and love;
 3. He sits at God's right hand, Till all His foes sub - mit,
 4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope, Je - sus the Judge shall come,

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more.
 When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove.
 And bow to His com - mand, And fall be - neath His feet.
 And take His serv - ants up To their e - ter - nal home.

REFRAIN.

Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re - joice! re - joice, I say;

Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; And a - gain I say, re - joice!

PSALM 148.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, From the heav - ens praise His name;
 2. Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com - mand;
 3. All ye fruit - ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and moun - tains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels praise pro - claim.
 Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished, His de - cree shall ev - er stand.
 Creep - ing things, and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly,

All His hosts, to - geth - er praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high;
 From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye drag - ons all,
 Kings of earth, and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise Him, O ye heav'ns of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
 Fire and hail and storm and va - pors, Storm - y winds that hear His call,
 Praise His name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil - dren small.

REFRAIN.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,
 Let them prais - es

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah.—Concluded.

And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,
pp And His glo - ry *p* And His glo - ry

ff And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.
 And His glo - ry

13 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY.

W. OWEN.

1. { O lis - ten to our won - drous sto - ry, Count - ed once a - mong the lost; }
 { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost! }
 2. { No an - gel could His place have ta - ken, High - est of the high tho' He; }
 { The loved One on the cross for - sa - ken, Was one of the God - head three! }
 3. { Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - iour? To His scep - ter hum - bly bow? }
 { You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now. }

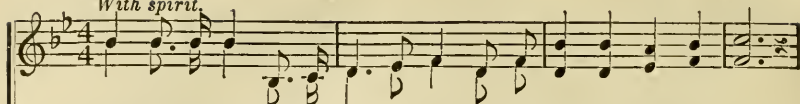
REFRAIN.

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

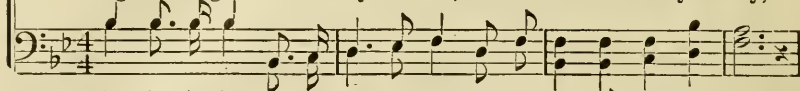
Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
 died for you? Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

C. S. K.

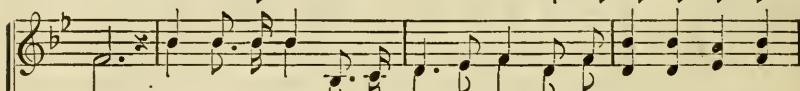
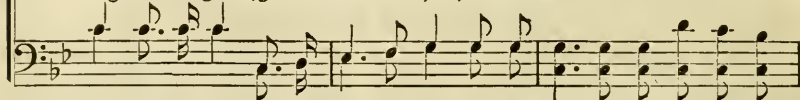
C. S. KAUFFMAN.

With spirit.

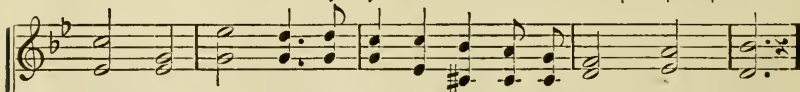
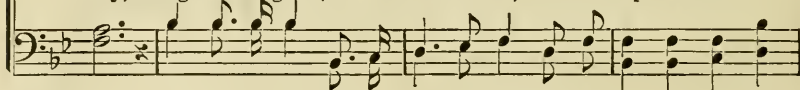
1. Fling wide the gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem, Let the King of glo - ry in;
2. Fling wide the gates, ye of sin - ful heart, Let the King of glo - ry in;
3. Fling wide the gates to the roy - al call, Bid Him en - ter while you may;



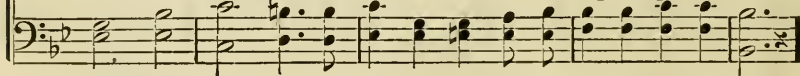
Fling wide the gates to the King of kings, O - pen wide and bid Him en - ter
 Fling wide the gates, let Him not de - part, O - pen wide and bid Him en - ter
 Fling wide the gates, give Him welcome, all, As He waits ad - mis - sion there to -



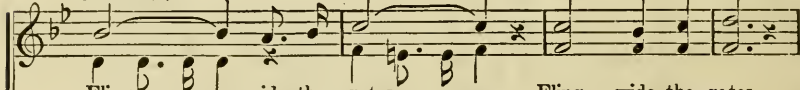
in; Fling wide the gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem, To the King in all His
 in; Fling wide the gates, He is knock - ing still, Waiting in His king - ly
 day; Fling wide the gates, let Him en - ter in, He will sup with thee for -



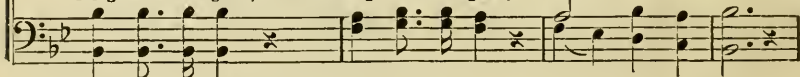
glo - ry; Fling wide the gates of pearl, Let the King come in.
 splen - dor; Fling wide the gates, O soul, Let the King come in.
 ev - er; Fling wide the gates, O soul, Let the King come in.
 King of glo - ry in.



REFRAIN.



Fling wide the gates, Fling wide the gates,
 Fling wide the gates, fling wide the gates,



Fling Wide the Gates.—Concluded.

Fling wide the gates and let the King of glo - ry in, And let the

King come in, And let the King come in.
King of glo - ry in, King of glo - ry in.

15 Just a Word for Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Jesus, Your dearest Friend so true; Come, cheer our hearts and
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins forgiv'n, And by His grace are
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can-not be To say, "I love my
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost; The heart's neglected

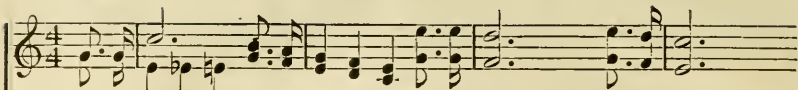
REFRAIN.

tell us What He has done for you.
striv - ing To reach a home in heav'n. Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill
Sav - iour Who gave His life for me."
du - ty Brings sorrow to its cost.

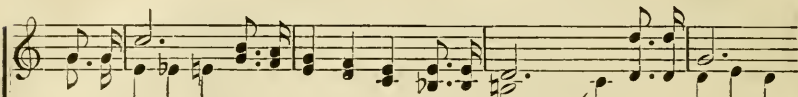
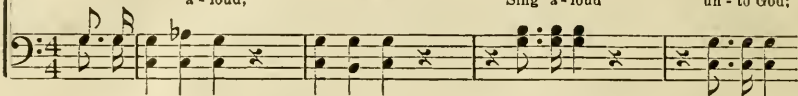
help us on our way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

C. A. M.

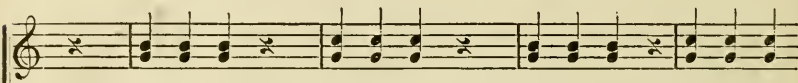
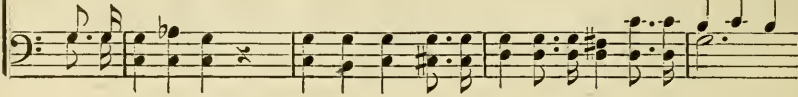
WILFRED ROBERTSON.



1. O give ear to our cry, O Lord; Turn a-gain un-to us,
 2. Un-to Thee do we lift our eyes, Un-to Thee, un-to Thee;
 3. Sing a-loud un-to God our strength, Sing a-loud un-to God;
- give ear, Turn a-gain un-to us,
to Thee, Un-to Thee, un-to Thee;
a-loud, Sing a-loud un-to God;

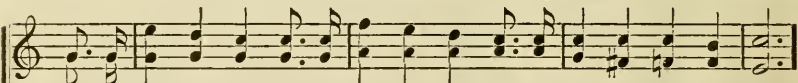


For how long wilt Thou angry be; Turn a-gain un-to us,
 Turn a-gain, cause Thy face to shine; Turn a-gain un-to us,
 Take a psalm, here the tim-brel bring, Sing a-loud un-to God,
 a psalm, Sing a-loud to God,



As a Shep-herd kind Thou hast led us on, Thou hast cared for all Thy flock;
 Hear Thy people's prayer as they turn to Thee, As their eyes with sorrow burn,
 Make a joy-ful noise to the Lord our God, Now the God of gods a-dore;

Shep-herd kind, lead us on, cared for all, all Thy flock;
hear our prayer, hear our prayer, hear our prayer, hear our prayer,
joy-ful noise un-to God, joy-ful noise un-to God;



With the fin-est wheat Thou hast sat-is-fied, And with hon-ey from the rock.
 Turn a-gain to us, O Thou God of Hosts, O a-gain to us re-turn.
 We in troub-le called, He de-liv-ered us; Praise His name for-ev-er-more.



Sing Aloud Unto God.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Sing, O sing un - to the God of Ja - cob, For His name is wor - thy to be
 Praise Him, praise His name, Praise Him,

praised, He is great among the man - y na - tions; To Him our songs shall e'er be
 praise His name, Praise Him, praise His name, Praise Him,

raised, For His works are won - der - ful and might - y, In His hand the deeps re -
 praise His name, O praise Him, praise His name, Praise Him,

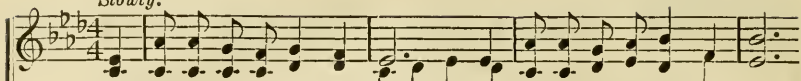
pose, And the si - lent stars and countless worlds All His pow'r dis -
 praise His name, All His pow'r

Slower.

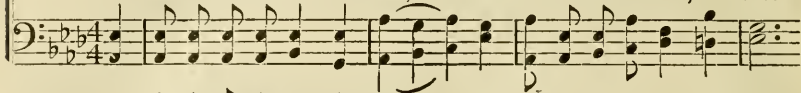
close. Sing a - loud, Sing a - loud, Sing a - loud un - to God.

CARRIE E. BRECK.

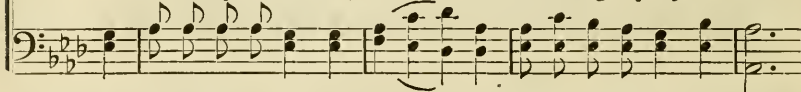
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

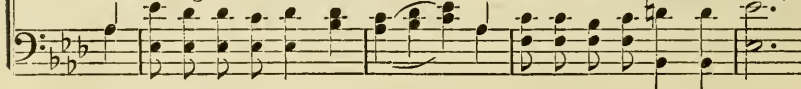
1. A -bove the sweetest songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
 2. O none but Je -sus bore such scorn, No stricken lamb so meek as He;
 3. O bless-ed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je -sus died for me, for me!



A -bove the sounds of grief and mirth, I hear the sto -ry of the cross.
 No oth -er brow so bruised by thorn, No oth -er heart so bled for me.
 The cross of my Re -deem -er, Christ, Who makes the guilty cap -tive free!



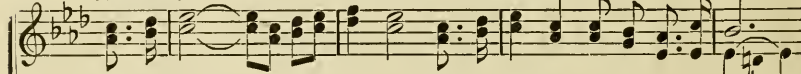
That sto -ry is a tale of love That wipes a-way the sin -ner's tears;
 No oth -er feet the wine -press trod, No oth -er hand so free -ly gave,
 That shin -ing cross shall ev -er stand For all of love that man can know;



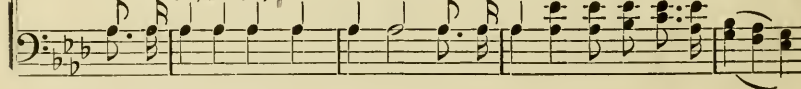
It makes him heir of heav'n a -bove, And gives him joy thro' endless years.
 No Sav -iour like the Son of God! No love like His to reach and save!
 Yet none may full -y un -der -stand The love that God a -lone can show.



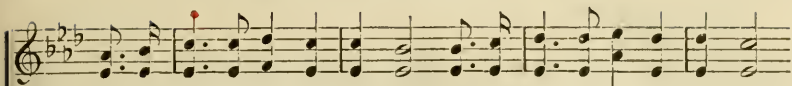
REFRAIN.



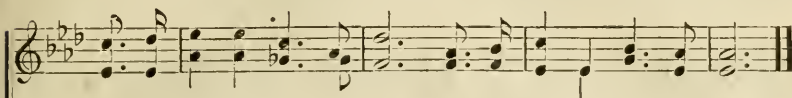
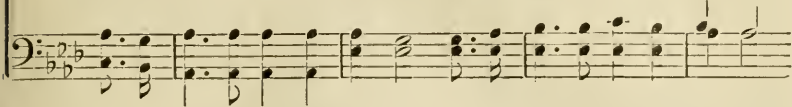
'Tis the old, old sto -ry, 'Tis the old, old sto -ry of the cross;
 old, the old.



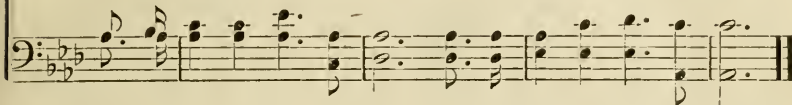
The Story of the Cross.—Concluded.



When e - ter - ni - ty is hoar - y, Pre - cious still will be the sto - ry



Of re - demp - tion by the cross, Of re - demp - tion by the cross.

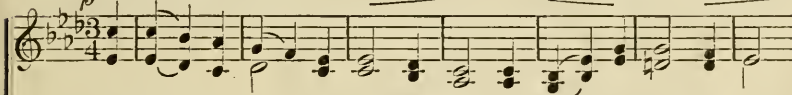


18 In Dark Gethsemane.

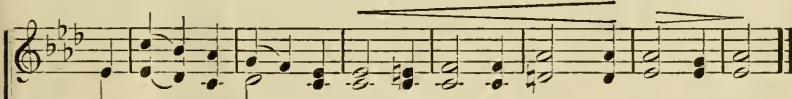
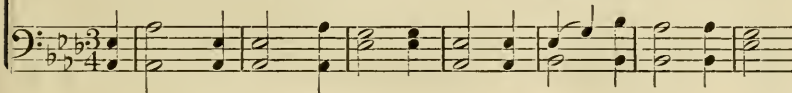
JOHN W. WAYLAND.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

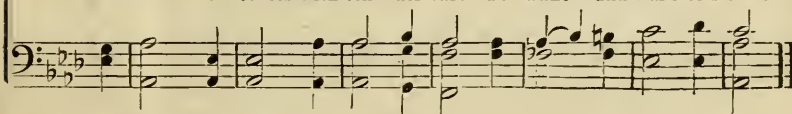
p Andante con anima.



1. The world in si - lence waits a - round, The pen - dant branches sway,
2. The hours of night go fly - ing on, Fierce dan - gers haste the day;
3. The foes of right - eous - ness a - wake, They hith - er press their way;
4. 'T is e'er in dark Geth - sem - a - ne The Mas - ter strives a - lone,



While, in the shad - ows more pro - found, The Mas - ter kneels to pray.
 'T is now the Mas - ter seeks His own—They need to watch and pray.
 Their clam - ors on the si - lence break—A - wake, ye saints, and pray!
 Yet ev - er comes with ten - der care To wake and warn His own.



INA DULEY OGDON.

• D. B. TOWNER.

DUET.

1. On - ly a sin - ner, hum - ble and low, No one to love me,
 2. On - ly a sin - ner, sore - ly dis - mayed, Tempt - ed and fall - en,
 3. On - ly a sin - ner, wear - y my feet, Lone - ly my jour - ney,
 4. O it is Je - sus, low - ly and meek, Wait - ing for me my

no where to go; Beat - en and driv - en, wretch - ed in - deed,
 plead - ing for aid; Dan - gers sur - round me, dark is the night,
 where is re - treat? Dy - ing a - far from com - fort - ing love,
 par - don to speak; Yes, it is Je - sus, on Him I call,

CHORUS.

Who is the Friend to pit - y my need?
 Where is the One to guide me a - right? O it is Je - sus!
 Who is the Friend my ref - uge to prove?
 Je - sus, my joy, my life and my all!

Je - sus a - lone, Dy - ing for me, my sin to a - tone; O it is

ad lib.
 Je - sus! there may I go, Je - sus will hear me! Je - sus will know!

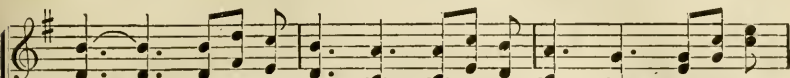
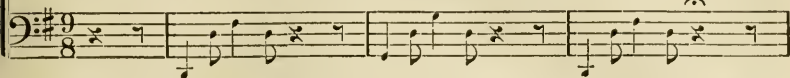
I Would Give My Love.

W. C. MARTIN.
DUET.

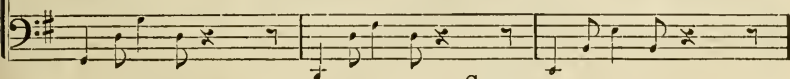
FLORENCE WILLIAMS FALCONER.



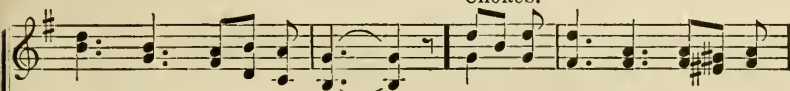
1. I would give Thee, Lord, the fair - est Of my treas - ures and the
 2. Take my heart, for, if Thou take it, Life is sweet and all is
 3. Keep my heart nor let it wan - der; Let my love grow more and



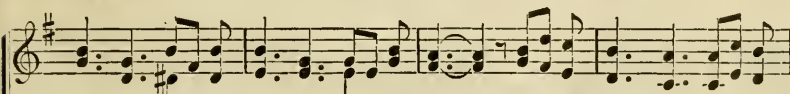
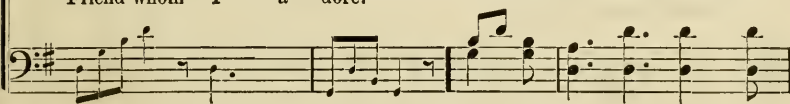
best; Some - thing tells my heart Thou car - est More for
 well; Grief may pain, but can - not break it; Sin may
 more, - Ev - 'ry day find me still fond - er Of the



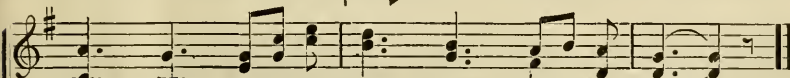
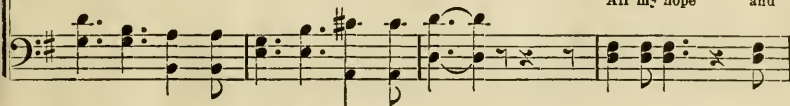
CHORUS.



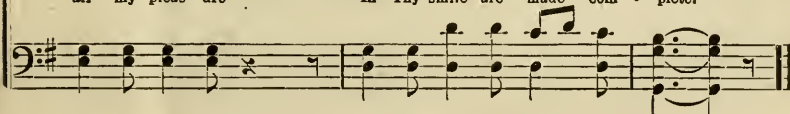
love than all the rest. Let me pour my sweet - est
 lure, but not com - pel.
 Friend whom I a - dore.



treas - ure On Thy head and on Thy feet; All my hope and all my
 All my hope and

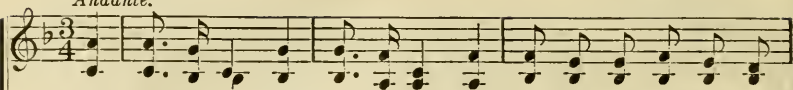


pleas - ure In Thy smile are made com - plete.
 all my pleas - ure In Thy smile are made com - plete.

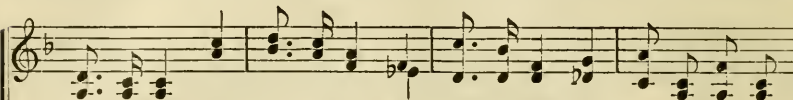
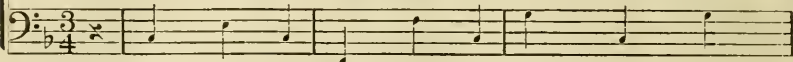


PALMER HARTSOUGH.

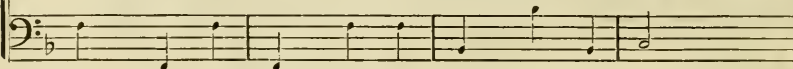
J. H. FILLMORE.

Andante.

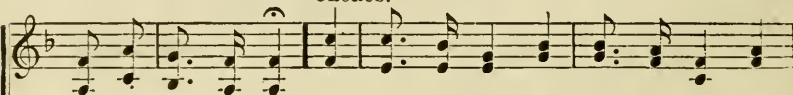
1. O Cal - va - ry, Dread Cal - va - ry, 'Twas up thy steeps my Lord was
2. O cru - el cross, O curs - ed spear, O fiend - ish hate that bruised and
3. O wrath out - poured, O smit - ings sore, O frown of heav'n that then o'er -



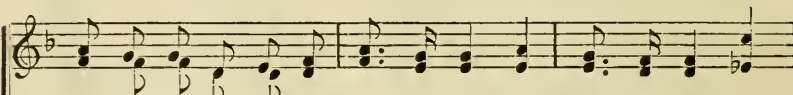
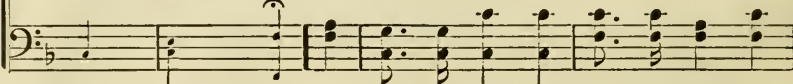
led for me; O Cal - va - ry, Dark Cal - va - ry, 'Twas on thy cross my
wounded Him; Re - ject - ed One, De - spis - ed One, 'Mid mocking crowds that
cloud - ed Him; O sun withdrawn, O dark - ness deep, That with thy soothing



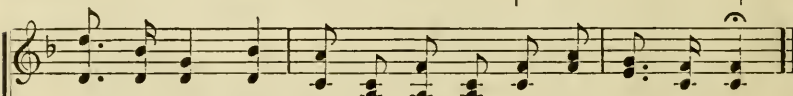
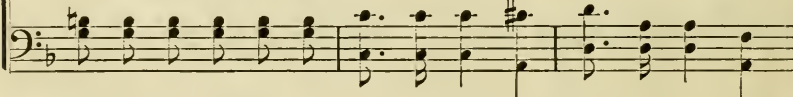
CHORUS.



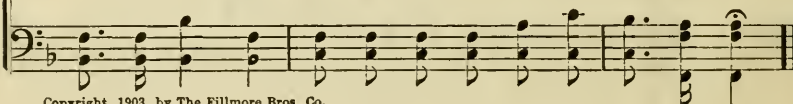
Sav - iour bled for me.
there sur - round - ed Him. My load of guilt, My cup of woe, He
shade en - shroud - ed Him.



took, and meek - ly bore the pain for me; O Cal - va - ry, Dark

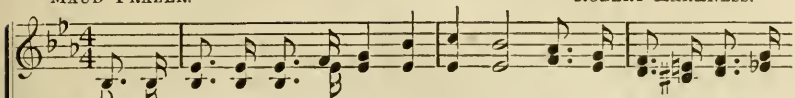


Cal - va - ry, 'Twas there the Lamb of God was slain for me.

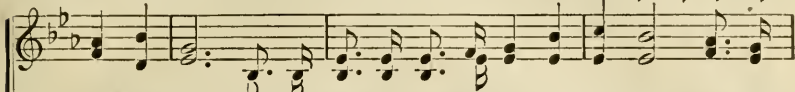


MAUD FRAZER.

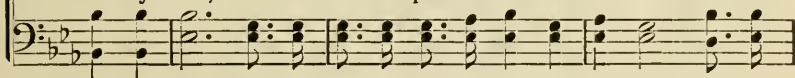
ROBERT HARENESS.



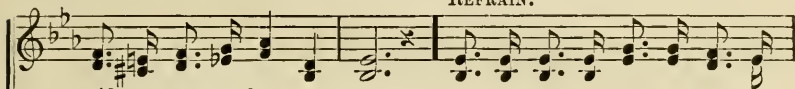
1. There is hope, O trou-ble-d soul, de-spair-ing, 'Neath sin's dread-ful bur-den
2. If you will but come in true re-pent-ance, And in Je-sus with the
3. Naught where-with to pur-chase life e-ter-nal Can the gold-en stores of
4. Will you not ac-cept the gra-cious par-don That for you has been so



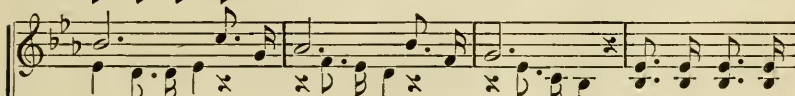
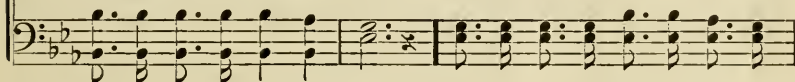
bend-ing low; There for you is full and free re-demp-tion, Je-sus
heart be-lieve, God will free-ly par-don your trans-gres-sions, And with
earth af-ford; 'Tis the price-less gift of God the Fa-ther, Gift of
dear-ly won, Par-don that was purchased with the life-blood Of the



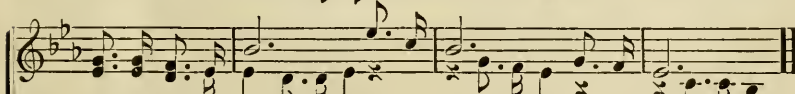
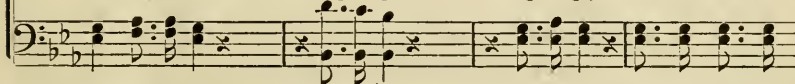
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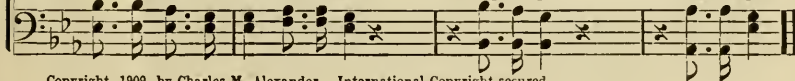
paid your ran-som long a-go. Je-sus paid your ran-som long a-
o-pen arms He will re-ceive. love thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord.
Fa-ther's own be-lov-ed Son?



go, Long a-go, long a-go; Dy-ing on the
long a-go, Long a-go, long a-go;



cross of shame and woe, Long a-go, long a-go.
shame and woe, Long a-go, long a-go.

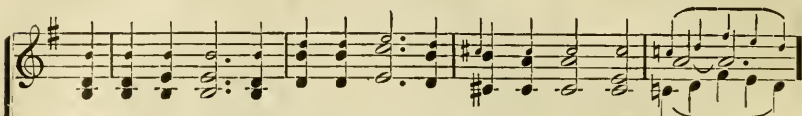
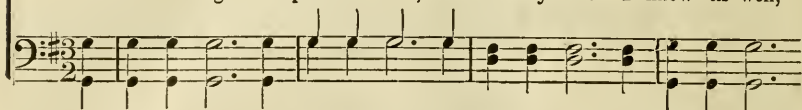


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

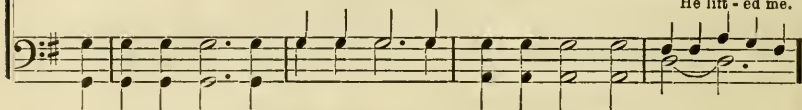


1. In lov-ing - kind-ness Je - sus came, My soul in mer - cy to re - claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred;
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

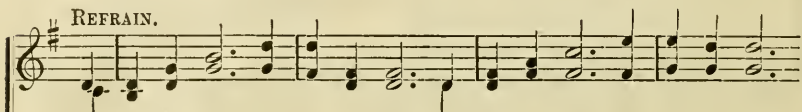


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift - ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me.

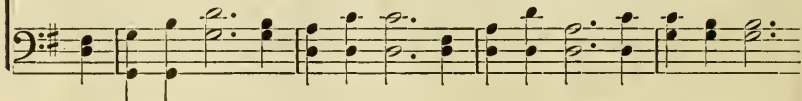
He lift - ed me.



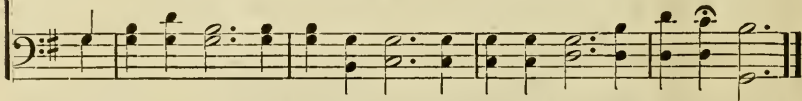
REFRAIN.



From sinking sand He lift - ed me; With ten-der hand He lift - ed me;



From shades of night to plains of light, Oh, praise His name, He lift - ed me!



The verse can be sung as a Duet by Soprano and Tenor (singing the Contralto an octave higher).

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
 2. Sin and de - spair like the sea-waves cold, Threat-en the soul with
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
 4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match-less grace, Free - ly be-stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der, on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
 in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
 all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

REFRAIN.

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
 Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace, God's
 Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar - vel - ous grace, In - fi - nite
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?

grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in, Grace,
 Mar - vel - ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
 grace, In - fi - nite grace,

I Sat Alone at Evening.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I sat a-lone at eve-ning, My dai-ly tasks were done, A-mid the
 2. And then I saw a vi-sion Of all the years of time, Of earth's un-
 3. And as I looked I won-dered That in the count-less throng So man-y
 4. O ye who sad-ly wan-der In des-ert-pla-ces bare, In vain for

deep-'ning shad-ows My heart had qui-et grown: A voice of heav'n-ly
 num-bered mil-lions Of ev-'ry age and clime; I saw their troubled
 passed, un-heed-ing, And bore their loads a-long. De-ceived, enslaved and
 rest you're seek-ing, Ye can-not find it there. Hark! still the Lord is

sweet-ness Fell on my list'ning ear, And soothed my wear-y spir-it
 fa-ces, I heard their cries of pain, And One a-mong them standing
 blind-ed, They hastened to their doom, The while that voice of pit-y
 call-ing; Leave off your wear-y quest, Come, bring to Him your bur-dens,

REFRAIN.

With words I longed to hear. "Come un-to Me, all ye that la-bor,"
 Re-peat those words a-gain.
 Kept ev-er call-ing, "Come."
 And He will give you rest. O come all ye

I Sat Alone at Evening.—Concluded.

“Come un-to Me,” all ye with bur-dens pressed; “Come un-to Me,” O

list to Love’s en-treat-y! “Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest.”

26 Glory to His Name.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly abides with-in;
3. O precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have en-tered in;
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour’s feet;

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied: Glo-ry to His name.
 There at the cross where He took me in: Glo-ry to His name.
 There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean: Glo-ry to His name.
 Step in to-day, and be made com-plete: Glo-ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied: Glo-ry to His name.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Glo-ry to His name,.... Glo-ry to His name;....

27 There's No One Too Hopeless for Him.

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."—1 TIM. 1: 15.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's nev - er a case that's too hope-less for Him, The Sav - iour is
 2. The strong-est of chains can be bro - ken by Him; He speaks and the
 3. The heav - i - est bur - den of sin He re-moves From those who ac-
 4. Then fear not to come, tho' your case may be hard, He's a - ble to

might-y to save; He heal-eth all man-ner of e - vil dis - ease, He
 cap - tives are free; The deep-est of stains can be cleansed by His blood, A
 cept of His grace; The hard-est of hearts He can soft-en by love, And
 car - ry you thro'; Tho' you are all helpless, yet He is so strong He

REFRAIN.

rais - es dead souls from their grave. There's no one too hope-less for
 Sav - iour of sin - ners is He.
 melt by a smile from His face. There's no one too
 longs for such sin - ners as you.

Him, There's no one too hope-less for Him, Where
 hope-less for Him, There's no one too hope-less for Him,

sin - ners are found, His grace doth abound; There's no one too hopeless for Him.

So Near to the Kingdom!

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—MARK 12 : 34.

C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. So near to the kingdom of heav - en, But yet out-side the
 2. So near to the kingdom of heav - en! Al - most per-suad - ed
 3. So near to the kingdom of heav - en! Your friends are en - t'ring
 4. So near to the kingdom of heav - en, Yet halt - ing at the

gate! Some day you plan to en - ter—"Some day" may
 now To trust the bless - ed Sav - iour, Be - fore His
 in To find the great sal - va - tion That cleans - eth
 door! Oh, shall your soul, through doubting, Be lost for

REFRAIN.

be too late!
 scep - ter bow. So near to the king - dom, why hes - i - tate?
 from all sin.
 ev - er - more?

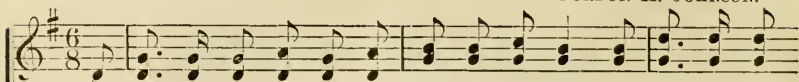
So near to the kingdom, why lon - ger wait? Oh, en - ter be -

fore 'tis for ev - er too late! So near to the kingdom, so near!

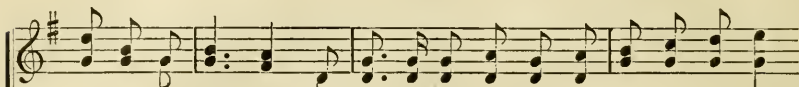
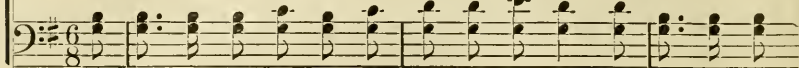
I Want to Help Others.

MAUDE FRAZER JACKSON.

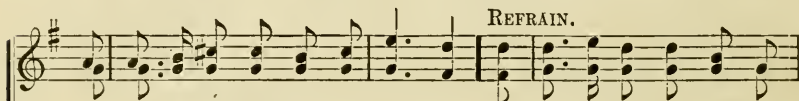
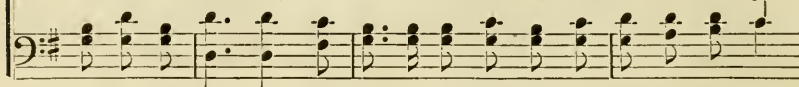
GORDON H. JOHNSON.



1. So much the dear Sav-iour has done for my soul, I want to help
2. I've found Him a friend ev-er faith-ful and true, I want to help
3. 'Tis thus I can praise Him, my grat-i-tude prove, I want to help
4. For this let me toil till the close of the day, I want to help

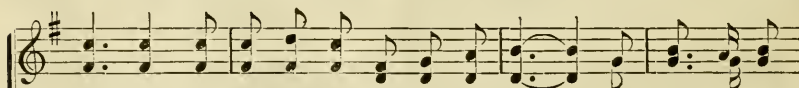


oth-ers to find Him; To tell how His love can a sin-ner make whole,
 oth-ers to find Him; To tell them His friend-ship is free to them too,
 oth-ers to find Him; In lead-ing sad hearts to the light of His love,
 oth-ers to find Him; For this is the work that a-bid-eth for aye,

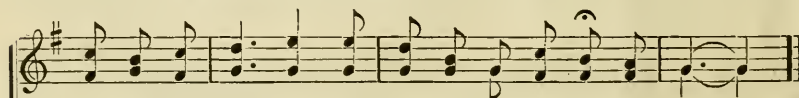


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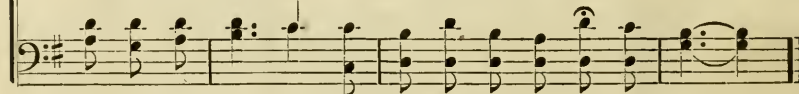
I want to help oth-ers to find Him. I want to help oth-ers to



find Him, For Je-sus is pre-cious to me; I want to help

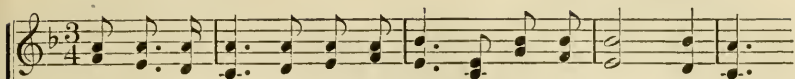


oth-ers to find Him, A won-der-ful Sav-iour is He!

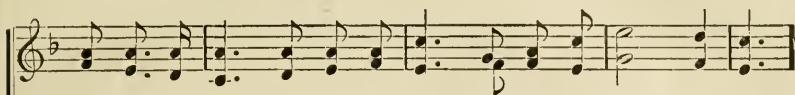
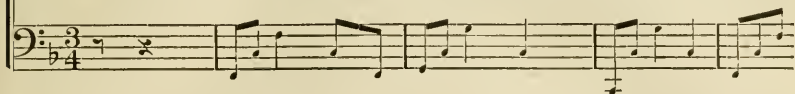


ADA R. HABERSHON.

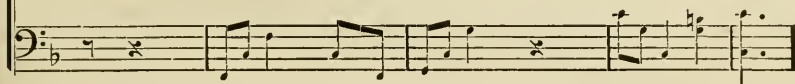
ROBERT HARKNESS.



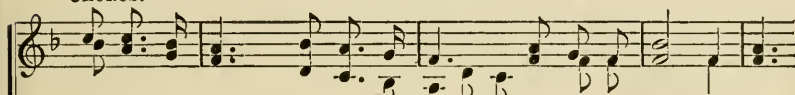
1. Go home and tell to those you love How Christ hath set you free;
2. Go home and tell them how you met With One who un - der - stood,
3. Go forth and tell to those a - round That He can meet their need,
4. Go forth and tell to those a - far That they too may be blessed,



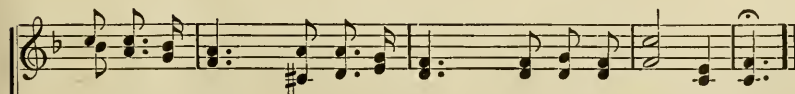
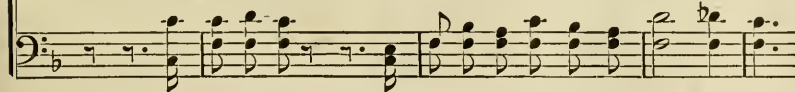
The wondrous change which grace has wrought, Let all your neigh - bors see.
 Who knew your need and saw your sin, And shed for you His blood.
 That 'twas for them He came to earth, On Cal - va - ry to bleed.
 Till in the ut - most bounds of earth Your Lord you have con - fessed.



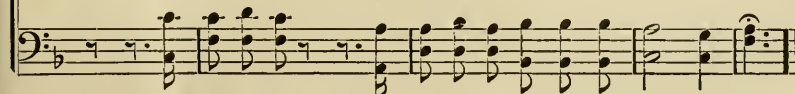
CHORUS.



Go home and tell, go home and tell What God hath done for you;
 Go home and tell, go home and tell

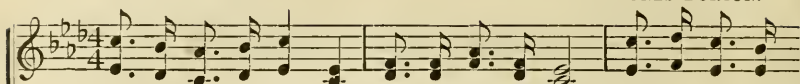


Go home and tell, go home and tell, That they may want Him too.
 Go home and tell, go home and tell,

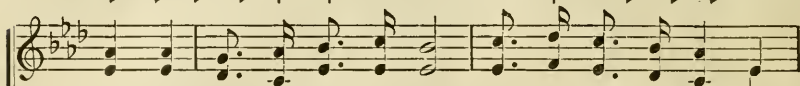
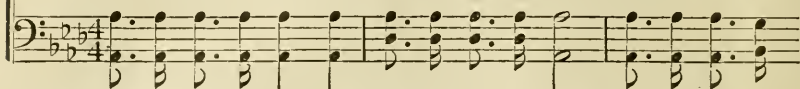


MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

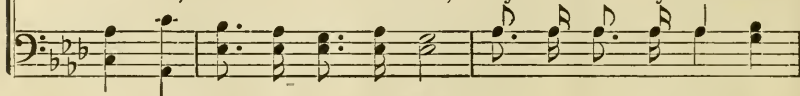
E. JONES-BURTON.



1. You can be a bless - ing while on earth you dwell; Clouds of grief and
 2. You can be a bless - ing, low - ly tho' your lot; Earth - ly gold or
 3. Joy is all in serv - ing; giv - ing is true gain; Los - ing life for



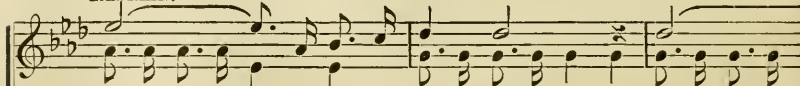
sad - ness you can help dis - pel; If the love of Je - sus
 glo - ry Christ re - quir - eth not; If you love Him tru - ly,
 oth - ers, life we do re - tain; Try to car - ry sun - shine



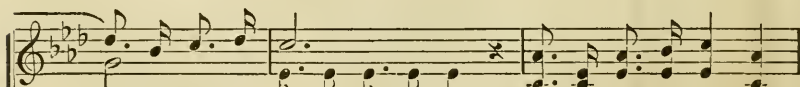
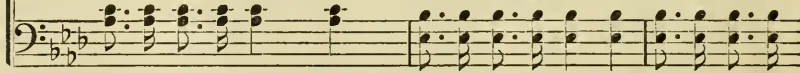
you to oth - ers show, You can be a bless - ing ev - 'ry - where you go.
 try His will to do, Deeds of love and mer - cy He'll per - form thro' you.
 to the sad and lone, Cheer an - oth - er's path - way, bright will be your own.



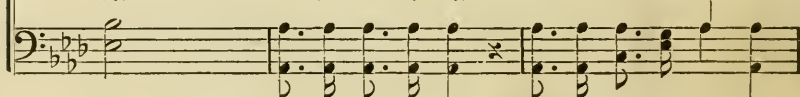
REFRAIN.



You can be a bless - ing if
 You can be a bless - ing, you can be a bless - ing, if you on - ly



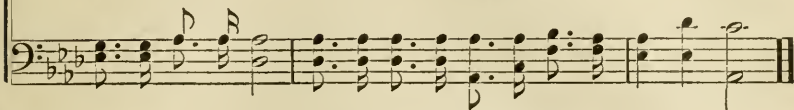
you on - ly try; You can be a bless - ing
 try, if you on - ly try;



You Can Be a Blessing.—Concluded.



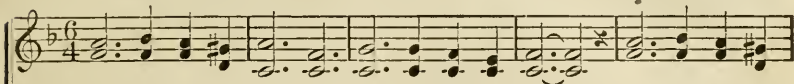
as the days go by; You can be a bless-ing if you on - ly try.



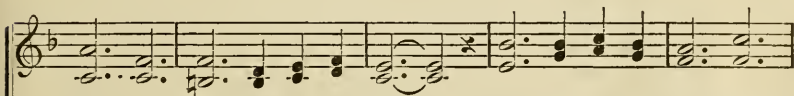
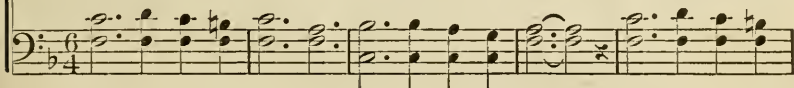
32 Help Me to be Holy!

ADONIRAM J. GORDON.

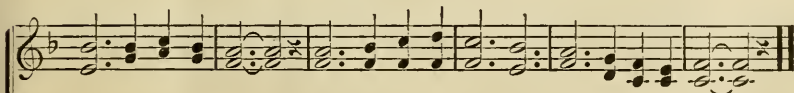
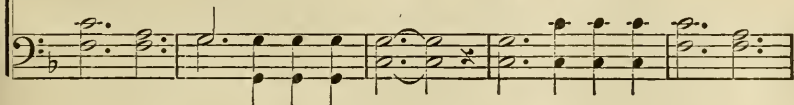
D. B. TOWNER.



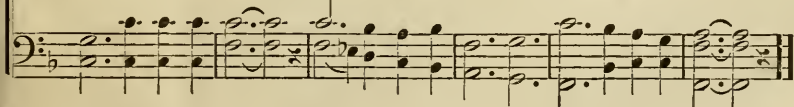
1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa-ther of light; Guilt-bur-dened and
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav-iour di - vine; Why con-quer so
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir-it di - vine; Come, sanc-ti - fy



low - ly, I bow in Thy sight; How shall a stained conscience
 slow - ly This na-ture of mine? Stamp deep-ly Thy like - ness
 whol - ly This tem-ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol,



Dare gaze on Thy face, E'en tho' in Thy presence Thou grant me a place?
 Where Satan's hath been; Ex-pel with Thy brightness My darkness and sin!
 Here set up Thy throne, Reign, reign with-out ri-val, Supreme and a - lone!



Lighten Another's Care.

J. O. L.

J. OWEN LONG.

1. Je - sus com-mands you to go to-day And light-en an-oth-er's
 2. Je - sus will give you the vic-tor's pow'r, So light-en an-oth-er's
 3. Draw from the foun-tain of bound-less grace, And light-en an-oth-er's

care; Point them to Him as the Light, the Way, He'll al-ways the
 care; Give you a bless-ing each com-ing hour And help you the
 care; Walk in the light of the Sav-iour's face, In - her - it a

REFRAIN.

bur - den share. Light - en a care,
 cross to bear.
 man - sion fair. Je - sus com-mands you to light - en a care,

Tell Him in prayer; Je - sus sends
 Je - sus com-mands you to tell Him in prayer;

hap - pi - ness ev - 'ry-where, And light-ens His chil - dren's care.

Jesus Pleads for Me.

J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

E. O. SELLERS.

1. Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied pleads for me, While He is nailed to the
 2. Lord, I have left Thee, I have de - nied, Fol - lowed the world in my
 3. Lord, I have done it, — oh, ask not how, — Wo - ven the thorns for Thy
 4. Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied, in my stead, — Pit - y in - car - nate, — for

cru - el tree; Scorned and for - sa - ken, the Sav - iour pleads, Pleads for His
 self - ish pride; Lord, I have joined in the hate - ful cry, "Slay Him, a -
 tor - tured brow; Yet in Thy pit - y, so bound - less, free, Je - sus the
 me has bled; Won - der of won - ders, it e'er must be, Je - sus the

REFRAIN.

en - e - mies as He bleeds!
 way with Him, cru - ci - fy." Won - der of won - ders, oh, how can it be!
 Cru - ci - fied, plead for me.
 Sav - iour who pleads for me.

Je - sus my Sav - iour now pleads for me; Won - der of won - ders, oh,

rit.
 how can it be! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied pleads for me.

REV. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. For serv-ice I am set a-part, Changed by His love, my wayward heart;
 2. I do not fear the dawn of day Shall fill my soul with deep dis-may;
 3. His matchless splendor shall un-fold The pearl-y gates, the streets of gold,

No oth-er friend can life im-part, For He is the King of Love.
 "Fear not, my child," I hear Him say, For He is the King of Love.
 The glo-ry of that world un-told, For He is the King of Love.

In tend' rest tones He speaks to me, "I have revealed my-self to thee,
 I do not ask to rule and reign, To cher-ish pride, or seek to gain;
 When I shall see His lov-ing face, The Au-thor of re-deem-ing grace,

Go tell the world to come and see," For He is the King of Love.
 The friendship of the world is vain, For He is the King of Love.
 How sweet will be the King's embrace, For He is the King of Love.

REFRAIN.

He is the King, He is the King,
 He is the King of Love, He is the King of Love,
 He is the King, is the King of Love, He is the King of

He is the King of Love.—Concluded.

1
 Glo - ry and hon - or be to Him on earth and in heav'n a - bove,
 Love, on earth and in heav'n a - bove,

2
 Glo - ry and hon - or be to Him For He is the King of Love.
 Love,

36

I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
 2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The
 doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

D. S.—*Be - cause He first loved me, And*
 FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleans - es white as snow.
 now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
 tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - v'ry's tree.

FRED. P. MORRIS.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Like a rud - der - less ship on a fath - om - less sea,
 2. From the an - chor of hope to the rock of de - spair,
 3. From the bea - con of light where no storm can pre - vail,
 4. From the Pi - lot whose hand from de - struc - tion can guide,

Some-one is drift - ing, drift - ing On the o - cean of time and e -
 Some-one is drift - ing, drift - ing, The doom of the sin - ner for -
 Some-one is drift - ing, drift - ing, To sink in the deep, when the
 Some-one is drift - ing, drift - ing In the sur - ges of sin, and in

ter - ni - ty: Some-one is drift - ing, are you?
 ev - er to share: Some-one is drift - ing, are you?
 foe shall as - sail: Some-one is drift - ing, are you?
 fol - ly and pride: Some-one is drift - ing, are you?

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - iour, Some-one is drift - ing to - day,

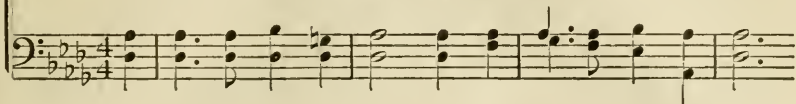
Some-one is drift - ing from Je - sus, Some-one is drift - ing, are you, are you?

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

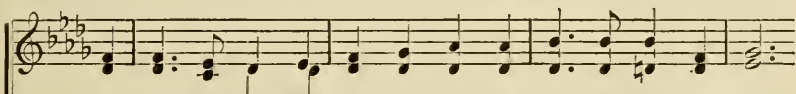
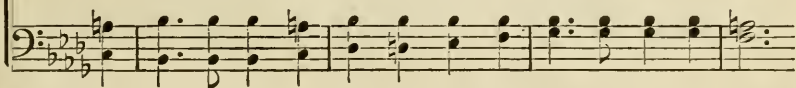
FREDERICK C. MAKER.



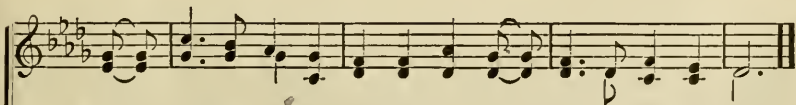
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:



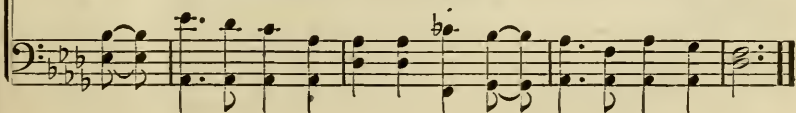
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - ered there for me:
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess, -
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss;



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.



MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

f

1. "A - way with Him! A - way with Him!" The scorn - ful rab - ble cried,
 2. "A - way with Him! A - way with Him!" How man - y cry to - day
 3. "A - way with Him! A - way with Him!" How hard the heart must be
 4. "A - way with Him! A - way with Him!" But, soul, with Him will go

rit.

And mocked, re - ject - ed, long a - go, Our Lord was cru - ci - fied.
 Who will not heed His lov - ing call, But, care - less, turn a - way!
 To pass, un - moved, that blood - stained cross Up - on Mount Cal - va - ry!
 Thy hope of heav'n and all that makes For joy while here be - low.

REFRAIN.

p A tempo. *cres.*

Do you ac - cept the Son of God? Or do you Him de - ny?

"A - way with Him! A - way with Him!" Oh, be not that your cry.

B. H. P.

BEN H. PRICE.

DUET.

1. It was a - lone the Sav-iour prayed In dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
 2. It was a - lone the Sav-iour stood In Pi - late's judgment hall;
 3. A - lone up - on the cross He hung That oth - ers He might save;
 4. Can you re - ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis-own?

A - lone He drained the bit - ter cup And suf-ered there for me.
 A - lone the crown of thorns He wore, For - sa - ken thus by all.
 For - sa - ken then by God and man, A - lone, His life He gave.
 Come, give your all in grat - i - tude, Nor leave Him thus a - lone.

CHORUS.

A - lone, a - lone, He bore it all a - lone; He
 it was a - lone, yes, all a - lone, yes, all a - lone;

ff *dim.* *pp*
 gave Him-self to save His own, He suffered, bled and died a - lone, a - lone.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from e-ther-plains Is born the songs that an-gels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a-lone.
 E'ven that dis-ci-ple whom He loved, Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sa-ken by His God.
 Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. O hallowed cross of Cal-va-ry, Re-deem-ing love of Christ I see;
 2. Love lights the way for you and me, Where Je-sus bore the rug-ged tree;
 3. Help me to bear the cross each day, Tho' shadows dark obscure my way;

Tru-ly, to give His life for me, On the cru-el tree.
 And tho' the path-way toil-some be, Still I'll fol-low Thee.
 Yet thro' the gloom a light I see From dear Cal-va-ry.

The Cross.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

The cross, the cross, the cross of Cal-va-ry, Where Je-sus died to make me free; I
 have no oth-er hope, I have no oth-er plea, But the blood that was shed for me.

43

When I See My Saviour.

MAUD FRAZER.

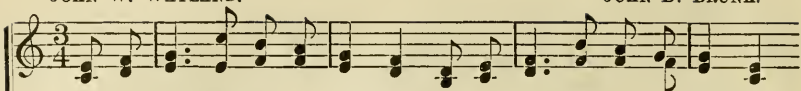
ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I see my Sav-iour, hanging on Cal - va - ry, Bear-ing there for
 2. I can see the blood-drops, red 'neath His thorn-y crown; From the cru - el
 3. "Why hast Thou for-sa-ken?" list to that sad, sad moan! Oh, His heart was
 sin - ners bit - ter-est ag - o - ny, Grat - i - tude o'er-whelms me,
 nail-wounds now they are fall - ing down; Lord, when I would wan - der
 bro - ken, suf - fer-ing there a - lone; Bro - ken then that mor - tals
 makes mine eyes grow dim, All my ransomed be-ing cap-tive is to Him.
 from Thy love a - way, Let me see those blood-drops shed for me that day.
 ne'er need cry in vain For God's love and comfort, in the hour of pain.

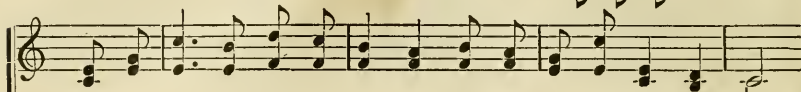
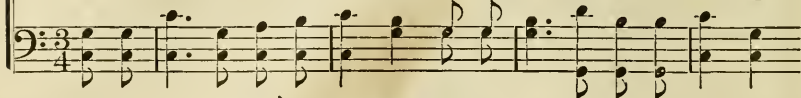
Stabat Mater.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

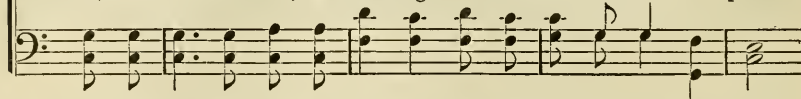
JOHN D. BRUNK.



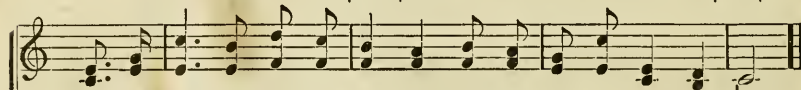
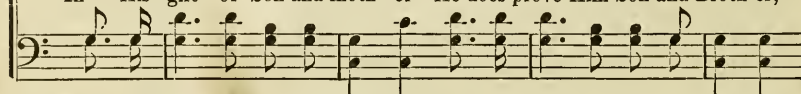
1. By the cross, sad vig - il keep - ing, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing,
 2. List ye now, the Son is speak - ing! While His foes their hate are wreak - ing,



Fain to watch, and watch - ing, weep - ing, Moth - er Ma - ry stand - eth, fair.
 He, in ten - der love, is seek - ing Fil - ial care in deed to prove.



Hers the grief by proph - et spo - ken; Hers the soul pierced thro' and bro - ken;
 In His gift of Son and moth - er He does prove Him Son and Broth - er,



Hers the Child of won - drous to - ken—Still her love and on - ly care.
 Heal - ing grief as can no oth - er—Conq'ring death in death - less love!



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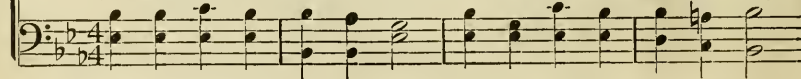
A Prayer.

J. B. T.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



1. Hear us, Fa - ther, while we pray; Hum - bly we our need con - fess;
 2. Grant us, Lord, Thy grace di - vine, Help us live for Thee al - way;
 3. We are weak, but Thou art strong—Give us of Thy might - y pow'r;
 4. We would ev - er work for Thee Till our course on earth is run;



Copyright, 1905, by J. B. Trowbridge.

A Prayer.—Concluded.

Par - don all our sins to - day; May Thy love each heart pos - sess!
 May our wills be lost in Thine, As we own Thy righteous sway.
 Keep us free from sin and wrong; Give us wis - dom for each hour.
 Then with un - veiled eyes we'll see All the glo - ry of Thy Son. A - MEN.

46 "We Would See Jesus."

JOHN 12: 21.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.
m Adagio.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

1. "We would see Je - sus!" Blest be the name That to the na - tions
 2. "We would see Je - sus!" Blest are the men Come from the na - tions
 3. "We would see Je - sus!" Blest be the day When all the na - tions

Bear - eth such fame. "We would see Je - sus!" I - dols of old,
 Seek - ing a - gain. "We would see Je - sus!" Friend of the least,
 Tru - ly shall say. "We would see Je - sus!" Glo - rious 'twill be,

dim. *f* REFRAIN.
 Fall - en and bro - ken, Won - ders have told.
 Je - sus is pres - ent Now at the feast. Seek - ing for Je - sus!
 When as their Sav - iour Him they shall see.

Him would I see; Joy now, for Je - sus Seek - eth for me!

LAURA E. NEWELL.

L. B. CHAPMAN.

1. A light shines on my pil-grim way, That once to me was dim;
 2. O bound-less is His love di-vine; A-maz-ing is His grace;
 3. At morn, or noon, or yet at night, Per-chance His voice shall call;

And earth seems bright wher-e'er I stray, Since I am led by Him,
 Lo, I am His, and He is mine, And I shall see His face!
 And when my spir-it takes its flight To where no tears shall fall,

By Him in whom I place my trust: For shel-ter now I flee
 O bless-ed tho't, When day is done My spir-it shall be free;
 Still trust-ing in the love di-vine, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty,

To Him who knows I am but dust— Je-sus who died for me!
 Thro' Him the vic-t'ry shall be won, For Je-sus died for me!
 I'll sing His praise, whose peace is mine, For Je-sus died for me!

REFRAIN.

O wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, When Je-sus
 O wondrous love, vouchsafed for me,

O Wondrous Love!—Concluded.

died on Cal-va-ry! In Him I trust, to Him I
 When Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry! In Him I trust,

flee, And 'tis e-nough, He died for me!
 to Him I flee, And 'tis e-nough, He died for me!

rit.

48 Show Me Thy Way.

ANON. Arr. F. J. C.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Show me Thy way, O Lord, And make it plain: I would o-
 2. O Lord, I can - not see; Grant me Thy light; Dark-ness be-
 3. I can - not see Thy face, Yet Thou art here; When will the
 4. I will be pa - tient, Lord, And do Thy will; I will not

bey Thy word,—Speak yet a - gain. I would not take one step un-
 wil - ders me, Cloud - ing my sight; Hold Thou my hand, and keep me
 morn - ing chase My doubt and fear? When shall I see the place where
 doubt Thy word, My hopes ful - fill. How can I per - ish, if in

til I know Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me go.
 near Thy side: I dare not go a - lone; be Thou my Guide.
 day and night Shall come not, for Thy glo - ry is its light?
 Thee I hide; Je - sus, my Com - fort - er, my Hope and Guide!

Why Should He Love Me So?

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. What great com-pas-sion Christ has shown! Why should He love me so?
 2. I owe Him more than I can pay; Why should He love me so?
 3. If I should false and sin-ful be, Why should He love me so?
 4. In life, in death, to Him I'll cling; Why should He love me so?

No great-er love the world has known; Why should He love me so?
 My debt is grow-ing day by day; Why should He love me so?
 There's naught can change His love for me; Why should He love me so?
 He is my Sav-iour, Lord and King; Why should He love me so?

REFRAIN.

Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so?
 love me so? love me so?

It was for me He bled and died, O why should He love me so?
 love me so?

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Lord, Teach Us to Pray.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE 11: 1.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Lord, teach us to pray," as in Thy pres-ence kneel-ing, We, chil-dren of
 2. "Lord, teach us to pray," so much from Thee we're need-ing; So lit-tle we
 3. "Lord, teach us to pray," in deep and ho-ly un-ion May ev-'ry
 4. "Lord, teach us to pray," for Thee we thirst and hun-ger, As pant-eth the
 5. "Lord, teach us to pray," un-til the doors of heav-en Shall o-pen thro'

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Lord, Teach Us to Pray.—Concluded.

Thine, are wait-ing to be blest; Bend Thou from a - bove, Thy - self in know, to ask Thee as we ought; O grant us Thy Spir - it to in-will be blend-ed with Thine own; Heart beat-ing with heart in warm and hart for cool re-fresh-ing streams: The pleasures of earth can sat - is-faith to our en - rap - tured gaze; Rich blessings de - scend, all need - ed

love re - veal - ing, And help us a - right to make our souls' re - quest. spire our plead - ing, Bring in - to o - be - dience each de - sire and thought. blest com - mun - ion, To - geth - er may our pe - ti - tions reach Thy throne. fy no lon - ger; The hopes of this world are but dis - solv - ing dreams. grace be giv - en; This place, where we pray, be - come a house of praise.

51 Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

J. EDMESTON.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

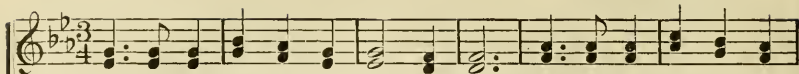
1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And com - mand us to the tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. An - gel - guards from Thee sur - round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh. Thou art He, who, nev - er wear - y, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be. May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright e - ter - nal bloom.

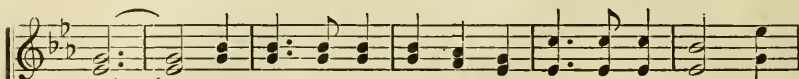
O Hear Our Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

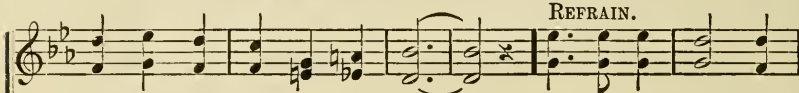
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Je - sus, our Sav - iour, we come to Thee; Look on Thy chil - dren, we
2. Guide us in path - ways of peace and love, Help us to hon - or Thy
3. Guard us from e - vil; our strength re - new; Life more a - bun - dant be -
4. Je - sus, our Sav - iour, we trust in Thee; Good - ness and mer - cy we

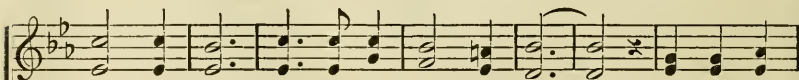
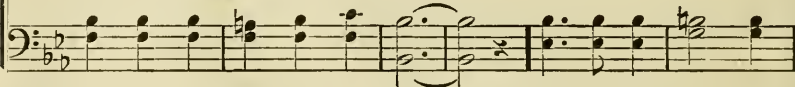


pray; Re - ceive, in Thy mer - cy, our pen - i - tent prayer, And
 name: More clear - ly re - flect - ing a light from a - bove, O
 stow: Make us in Thy serv - ice more faith - ful and true; In
 sing; And Thine all the glo - ry shall ev - er - more be, Our

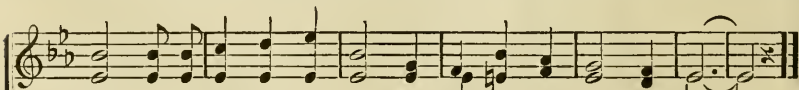
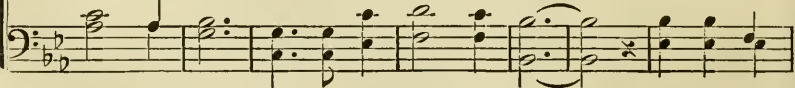


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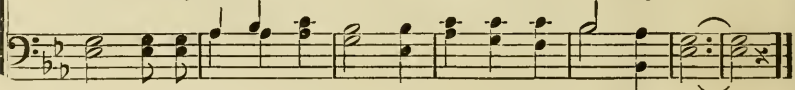
take our trans - gres - sions a - way.
 may we Thy gos - pel pro - claim. Sav - iour di - vine, O
 knowledge and grace may we grow.
 bless - ed Re - deem - er and King.



hear our prayer, Grant us Thy sav - ing grace; Keep us, O



Lord, in Thy ten - der - est care, Un - til we shall see Thy face.



A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One whose love is stead - fast ev - er, And He
 2. Je - sus knows the hearts that bow in sor - row, And He
 3. In the midst of earth - ly joy and pleas - ure, How He

loves, how He loves! It is Je - sus who will fail us
 loves, how He loves! And He points to where the glo - rious
 loves, how He loves! And its height or depth can no man
 He loves, He loves!

CHORUS.
 nev - er, For He lives and loves for aye.
 mor - row Dawns e - ter - nal, bright and fair. And He loves, how He
 meas - ure, For His love no bound can know. He loves,

O how He loves!
 loves! And His love is so full and free; And He
 He loves! O how He loves! He loves!

loves, how He loves! And it reach - es e - ven you and me.
 He loves, He loves! and me.

Jesus, How I Love Him!

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. When I need a ten-der Shep-herd, Who will lead what-e'er be-tide,
 2. Who will lead me to the foun-tain, Where the soul is sat-is-fied;
 3. When my er-ring foot-steps fal-ter, Who in love will then a-bide;
 4. Who, when twi-light shad-ows gath-er, Bids me on His bos-om hide,

By the still or troub-led wa-ters, Who will be my faith-ful Guide?
 To the spring of love and mer-cy, Who will be my faith-ful Guide?
 Who will give me grace suf-fi-cient, Who will be my faith-ful Guide?
 Till I wake in realms of glo-ry, There to meet my faith-ful Guide?

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, how I love Him, More than all the world be-side!

Je-sus, how I love Him! He, a-lone, shall be my Guide.

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O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
 2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my
 3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, I can-not
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not

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O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.—Concluded.

wear - y soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
 flick - 'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
 close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
 ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
 ray, That, in Thy sun - shine's glow, its day May
 rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
 dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life

rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
 bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
 morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
 that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

56 Can the Lord Depend on You?

R. H.

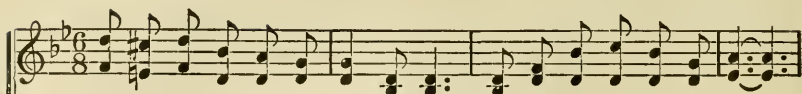
ROBERT HARKNESS.

Can the Lord de-pend on you? Can the Lord de-pend on you?

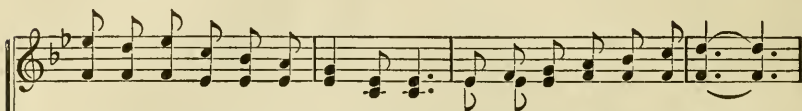
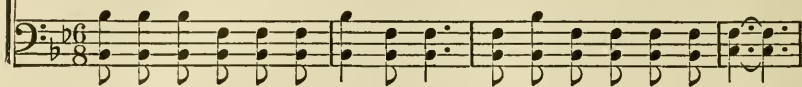
Does He find you ev - er true? Can the Lord de-pend on you?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

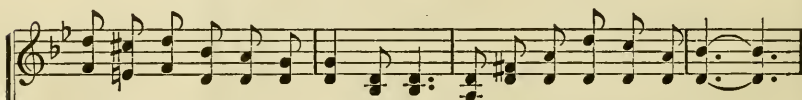
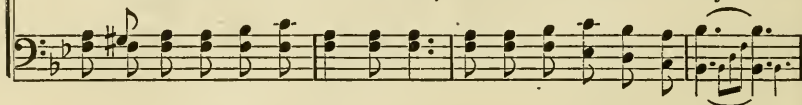
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



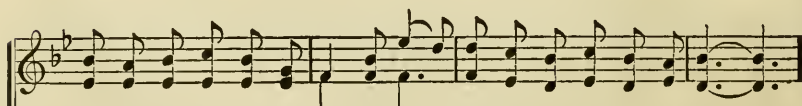
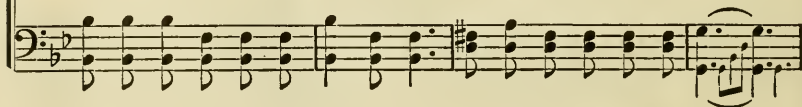
1. Faith casts its an-chor in Je - sus' love, When on the o - cean of life
2. If in the Sav-iour I place my trust, Noth-ing my soul can mo - lest;
3. O - ver and o - ver my lips re - peat—This is my song by the way—



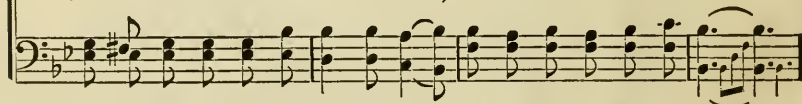
Tempests are raging and storm-winds move, Fright'ning the soul with their strife.
 Lean on His prom-ise I sure - ly must, Knowing that He knoweth best.
 Trust in the Sav-iour makes life so sweet, That earth is heav-en to - day.



"Save or I per-ish, O Lord," I cry, "Save me from ship-wreck and death,"
 So to the Pi - lot of souls I say, Voy-ag - ing o - ver life's sea:—
 Trust-ing the Pi - lot who holds the helm, What is there for me to fear?

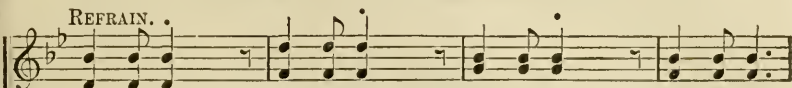


And in that mo-ment my fears pass by, Stilled is the storm in a breath.
 "In - to the calm of the heav'nly bay, Guide Thou the ves-sel for me."
 Nev-er a storm can the soul o'er-whelm;—Je-sus the Sav-iour is near!

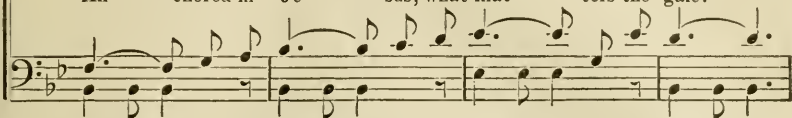


Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.

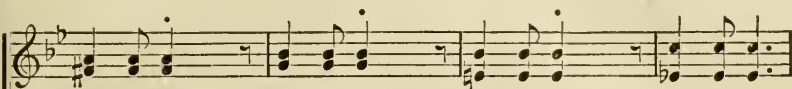
REFRAIN.



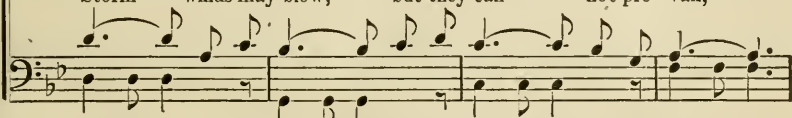
Anchored fast, anchored fast, mat-ters not, storm or gale;
An - chored in Je - sus, what mat - ters the gale?



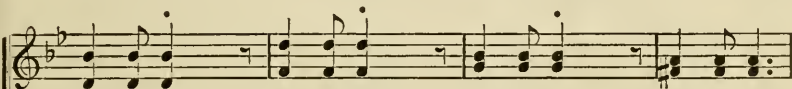
Anchored fast, anchored fast, mat-ters not, storm or gale;



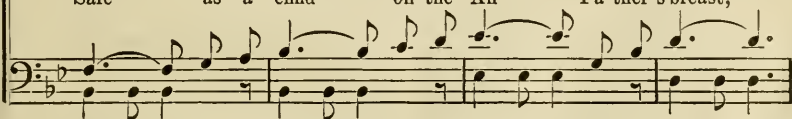
Storm-y winds blow, may blow, they can-not, not pre-vail;
Storm - winds may blow, but they can - not pre - vail;



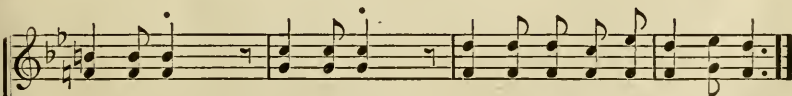
Storm-y winds blow, may blow, they can-not, not pre-vail;



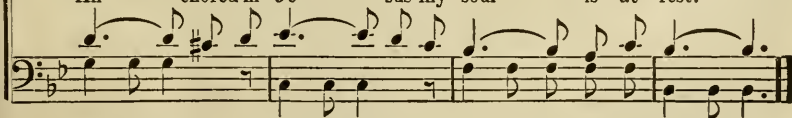
Safe am I as a child on His breast, on His breast;
Safe as a child on the All - Fa-ther's breast;



Safe am I as a child on His breast, on His breast;



Anchored there, anchored there, Anchored there, O my soul's at rest.
An - chored in Je - sus my soul is at rest.



Anchored there, anchored there, Anchored there, O my soul's at rest.

58 Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Once my way was dark and drear-y, For my heart was full of sin,
 2. There is grace for all the low-ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;
 3. Let me spread a-broad the sto-ry, Oth-er souls to Je-sus win;

But the sky is bright and cheer-y, Since the full-ness of His love came in.
 Pow'r to cleanse and make me ho-ly: Je-sus shall my yield-ed life con-trol.
 For the cross is now my glo-ry, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

REFRAIN.

I can nev-er tell how much I love Him, I can nev-er tell His

love for me; For it pass-eth hu-man meas-ure, Like a

deep, un-fath-omed sea; 'Tis re-deem-ing love in
 deep, un-fath-omed sea;

Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.—Concluded.

Christ my Sav-iour, In my soul the heav'nly joys be - gin; And I
live for Je - sus on - ly, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

59 Meet Him In the Morning.

Suggested by Dr. Chapman's sermon on "Three meetings with Jesus."

W. W. ROCK.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

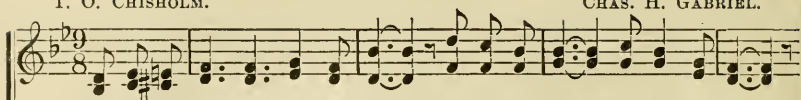
1. Meet Him in the morn-ing each re - cur - ring day; Let His ra - diant
2. Meet Him at the noon-tide, when life's cares op-press; Let Him bear the
3. Meet Him in the eve - ning as the shad - ows fall; Vic - to - ries and
4. Won - der - ful Re - deem - er, Coun - sel - or and Friend, Matchless in His

sun - shine flood your mist - y way. Let Him stand between you and the
bur - den of your wear - i - ness. When per - plex - ing prob - lems press on
fail - ures—tell the Mas - ter all. Life will o - ver - flow, if He takes
mer - cy, lov - ing to the end. With your joy and sor - row meet Him

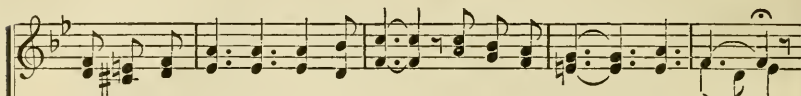
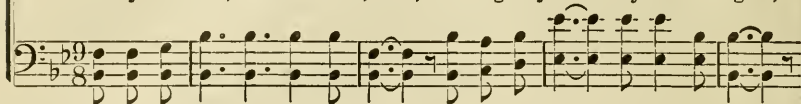
tempter's wile; Meet Him in the morning, talk with Him a - while.
ev - 'ry hand, Meet Him at the noon-tide; He will un - der - stand.
high - est place; Meet Him in the eve - ning at the throne of grace.
here to - day:— Meet Him there to - mor - row, dwell with Him for aye.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

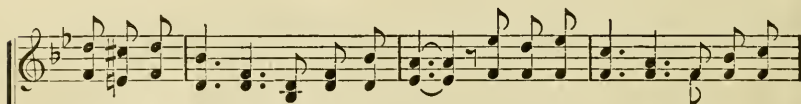
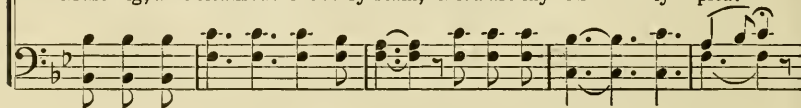
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



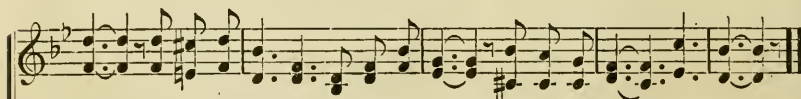
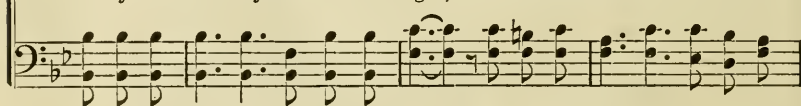
1. On-ly in Thee, O Sav-iour mine, Dwel-leth my soul in peace di-vine,
2. On-ly in Thee a radiance bright Shines like a bea-con in the night,
3. On-ly in Thee, when days are drear, When nei-ther sun nor stars ap-pear,
4. On-ly in Thee, dear Sav-iour, slain, Los-ing Thy life my own to gain,



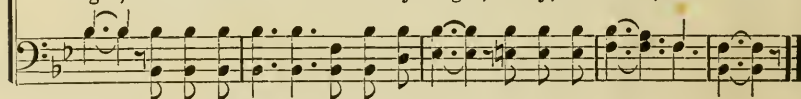
Peace that the world, tho' all com-bine, Nev-er can take from me:
 Guid-ing my pil-grim bark a-right, O-ver life's track-less sea.
 Still I can trust and feel no fear; Sing when I can-not see.
 Trust-ing, I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain, Thou art my on-ly plea.



Pleasures of earth, so seem-ing-ly sweet, Fail at the last my longings to
 On-ly in Thee, when troubles mo-lest, When with temp-ta-tion I am op-
 On-ly in Thee, what-ev-er be-tide, All of my need is free-ly sup-
 On-ly in Thee my heart will de-light, Till in that land where cometh no

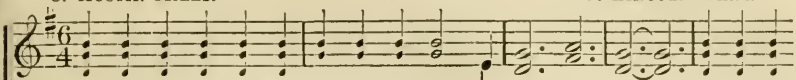


meet; On-ly in Thee my bliss is com-plete, On-ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 pressed, There is a sweet pa-vil-ion of rest, On-ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 plied; There is no hope or help-er be-side, On-ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
 night, Faith will be lost in heav-en-ly sight, On-ly, dear Lord, in Thee!

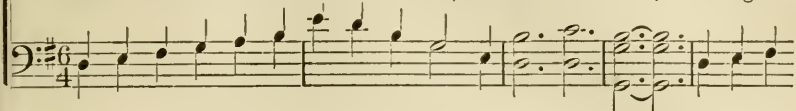


C. AUSTIN MILES.

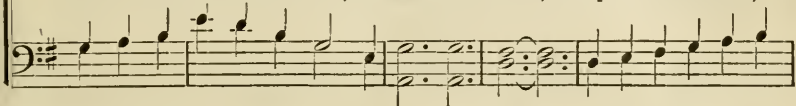
J. LINCOLN HALL.



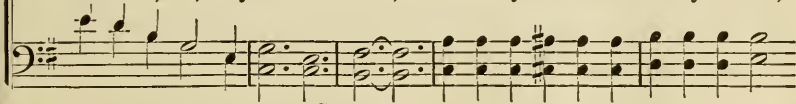
1. There is a Shepherd who cares for His own, And He is mine; Nothing am
 2. Je - sus left heav-en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine; I am not
 3. There is a Com-fort-er come from a-bove, He too is mine, Com-ing to



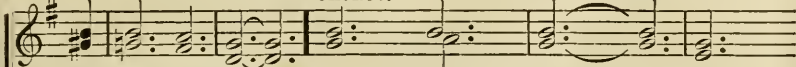
I, He's a King on a throne, But He is mine; How He can love such a
 worth all He suf-ered for me, But He is mine; Tho' I'm not worthy He
 me to re-veal Je-sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and



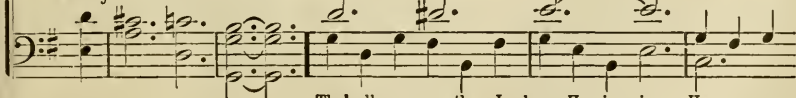
sin-ner as I, Tho' He is mine, I can-not fathom tho' oft-en I try,
 dwells in my heart, And He is mine; From Him I'll never, no, nev-er de-part,
 Comforter, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old sto-ry is true,



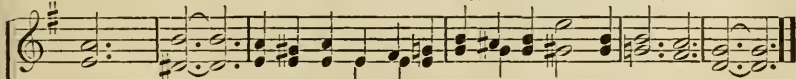
CHORUS.



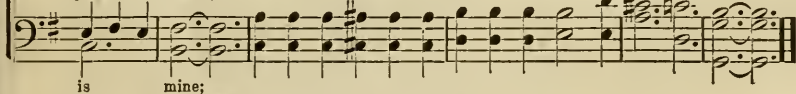
But He is mine. He is mine, He
 For He is mine.
 They all are mine. He is mine,



Tho' all un-wor-ty, I know He is mine, He



is mine; Tho' it is won-der-ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.
 yes, He is mine;



is mine;

MINNIE DIETRICH.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. O wear-y one burdened with sin and care, For ref - uge quick-ly fly!
 2. "I suf-fered and died that you might have life," Hear now the Sav-iour say;
 3. "In pas - tures green I will make you feed, And liv - ing wa - ters give;

The door of God's mer-cy is o - pen wide, And Je-sus is pass-ing by.
 "My com-fort and peace I will give to you," O come then without de-lay.
 And there you'll find rest from your care and toil, Then come to me now and live."

REFRAIN.

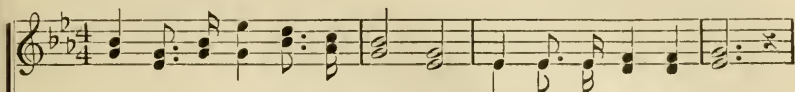
"Rest I will give you, rest, sweet rest," O hear the
 "Rest I will O hear the

Sav - iour gen - tly say; "Rest I will give you,
 "Rest I will

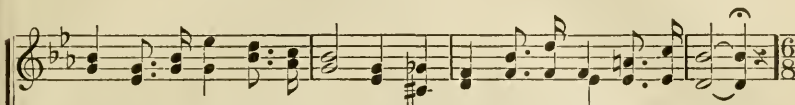
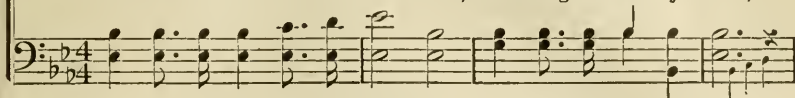
rest, sweet rest, Will you not come? O come to - day."
 Will you not come?

MABEL J. ROSEMON.

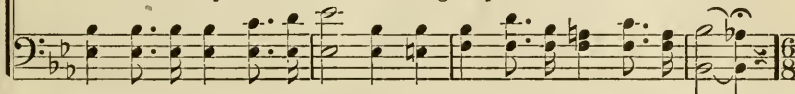
CLINTON D. LOWDEN.



1. Won-der-ful love of the Fa-ther, Guard-ing with ten-der care,
2. Won-der-ful love of the Sav-iour, Bless-ed and full and free;
3. Tho' from His fold we have wan-dered, Love brings us safe-ly home;



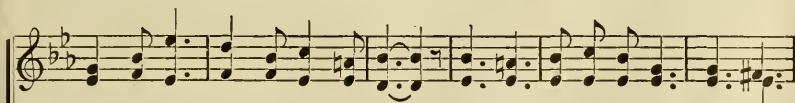
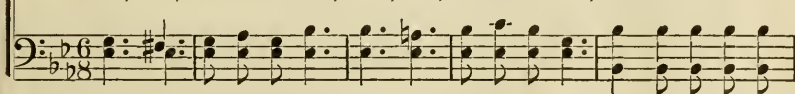
No oth-er love that we cher-ish Can ev-er with His love com-pare.
 All who be-lieve Him and trust Him, The heirs to His kingdom may be.
 Thro' all our days Christ will lead us Straight up to the beau-ti-ful throne.



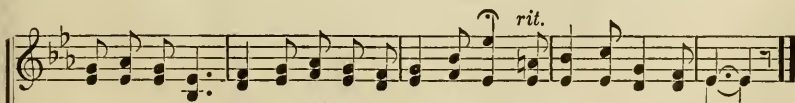
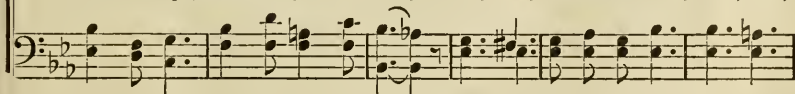
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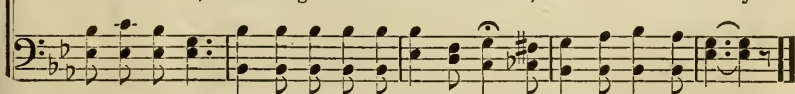
Love, love, won-der-ful love, Love, love, won-der-ful love, Blessed love that shall



crown our days, Boundless, full and free; Love, love, won-der-ful love, Love, love,

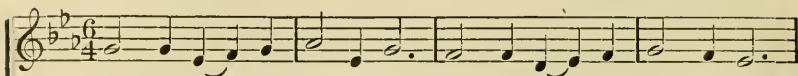


wonderful love, Thro' His grace we shall see His face, And heirs to heav'n may be.

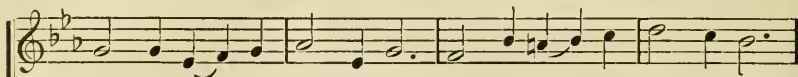
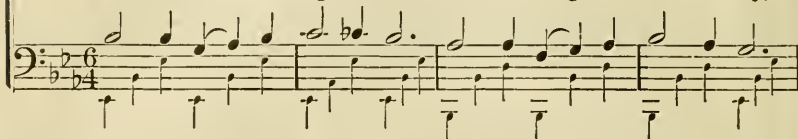


HATTIE H. PIERSON.

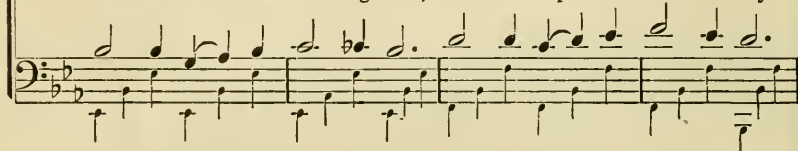
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. When the day is sad and drear, And the life is full of care;
2. Though the night be dark and long, Soon will come the break of day;
3. Loved ones who have gone be-fore Are with Christ at God's right hand;
4. We with them ere long shall stand, In heav'n's bright e - ter - nal day;



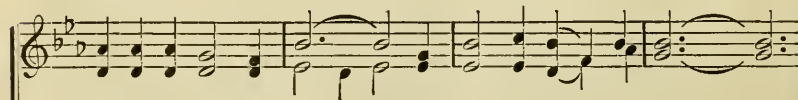
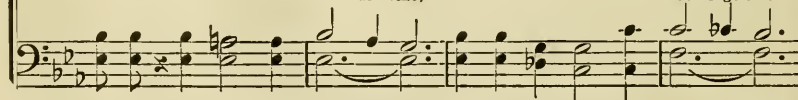
When no friend is nigh to cheer, And the bur - dens hard to bear,
 We shall sing the morn - ing song, As the shad - ows flee a - way.
 They shall sor - row nev - er - more, In that glo - rious morn - ing land.
 And with His own lov - ing hand, God shall wipe all tears a - way.



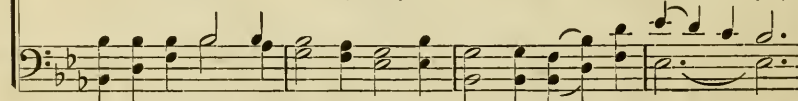
CHORUS.



Lis - ten! a voice di - vine, Whis - pers its mes - sage true—
 di - vine, mes - sage true—



"Come to me, child of mine, And I will com - fort you,"
 of mine, com - fort you,"



I Will Comfort You.—Concluded.

“Come to me, child of mine, And I will com - fort you.”
of mine, com - fort you.”

65

I Am His and He Is Mine.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus keeps me, O how pre - cious! Sweet communion here have we;
2. Grace and mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, He is shedding on my way;
3. I am His, O blest as - sur - ance! Burst, my soul, with rap - ture sweet;

O the per - fect peace of dwell - ing, I in Him, and He in me.
He has made my heart His tem - ple; Life is rich - er day by day.
He is mine, O won - drous sto - ry! Love a - maz - ing, joy com - plete!

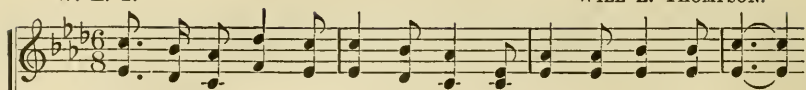
REFRAIN.

Je - sus in my heart a - bid - ing, O the taste of joy di - vine;

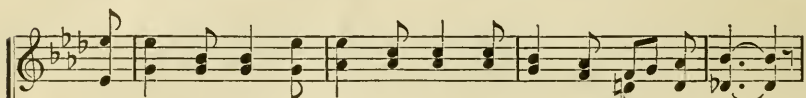
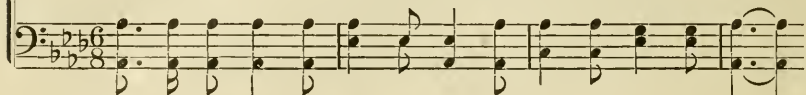
On His bos - om safe - ly hid - ing, I am His, and He is mine.

W. L. T.

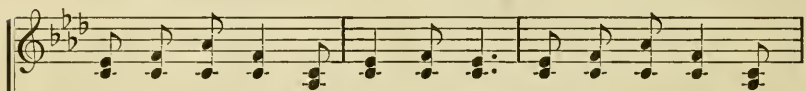
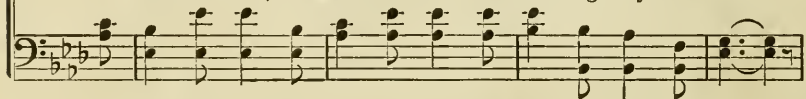
WILL L. THOMPSON.



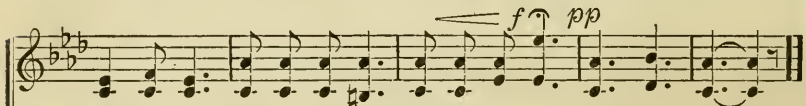
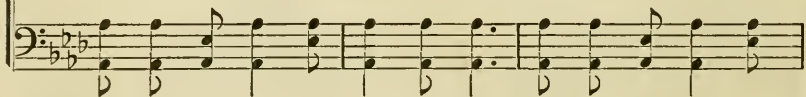
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



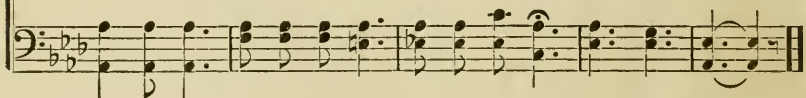
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, While He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that



cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
 gold - en grain; Sunshine and rain, har-vest of grain, He's my Friend.
 day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
 has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.



God Will Take Care of You!

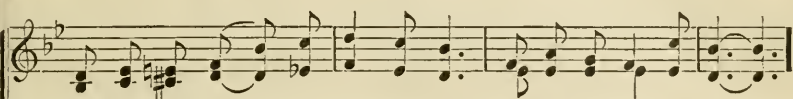
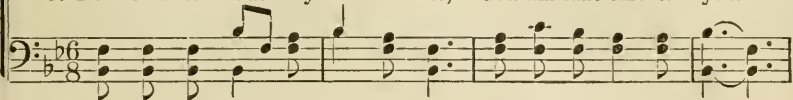
"Be careful for nothing."—PHIL. 4: 6. "He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

C. D. MARTIN.

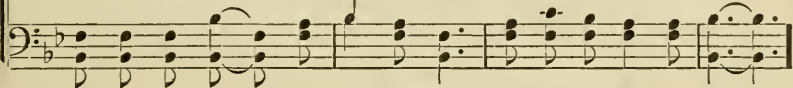
W. S. MARTIN.



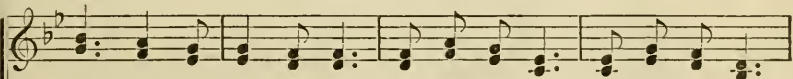
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you!
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you!
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you!
4. Lone - ly and sad, from friends a - part, God will take care of you!
5. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you!



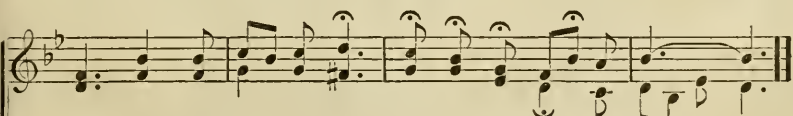
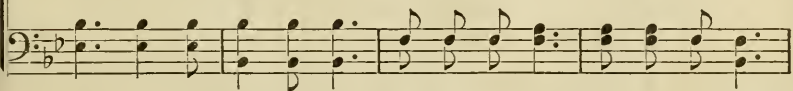
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you!
 When dan - gers fierce, your path as - sail, God will take care of you!
 Trust Him, and you will be sat - is - fied, God will take care of you!
 He will give peace to your ach - ing heart, God will take care of you!
 Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you!



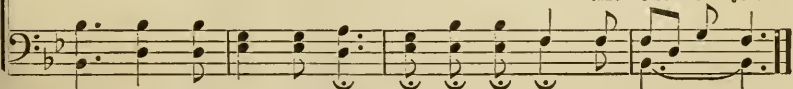
REFRAIN.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, o'er all the way;



He will take care of you; God will take care of you!
 take care of you!



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Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
 3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al; Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

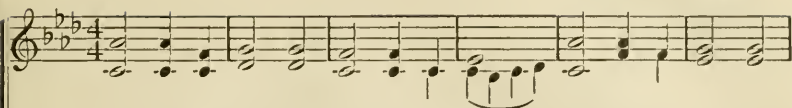
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
 This my song thro' end'-less a-ges,—Je-sus led me all the way;

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

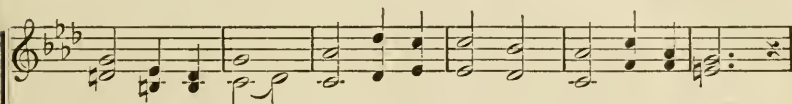
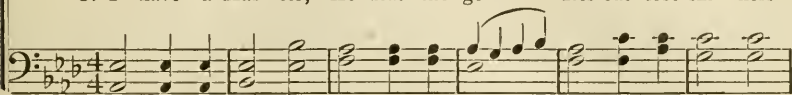
I Have a Saviour.

R. H.

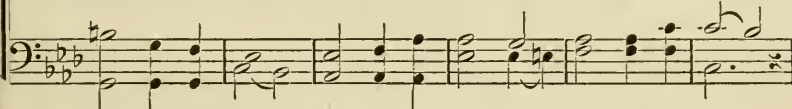
ROBERT HARKNESS.



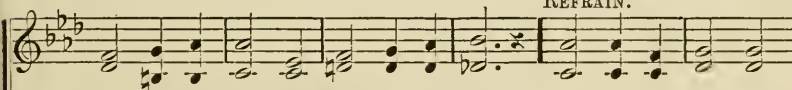
1. I have a Sav-iour, He died for me In cru-el an-guish
 2. I have a Keep-er, He now pre-vails; I fear no e-vil,
 3. I have a Mas-ter, He bids me go Res-cue lost sia-ners



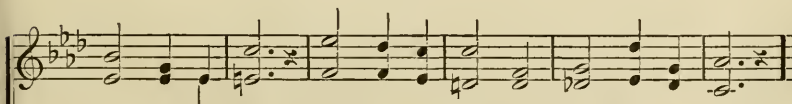
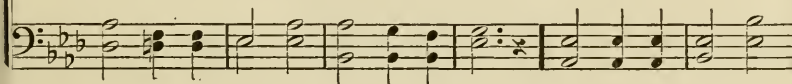
On Cal-v'ry's tree. I do not mer-it Such love di-vine,
 What-e'er as-sails. His arms en-fold me Safe and se-secure;
 From sin and woe. I love to serve Him, This Mas-ter true;



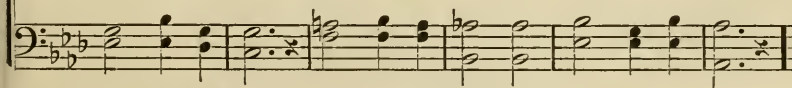
REFRAIN.



On-ly God's mer-cy Makes Je-sus mine.
 In His blest keep-ing Vic-t'ry is sure. Je-sus, my Sav-iour,
 Now I am will-ing His will to do.



I come to Thee, In full sur-ren-der, Thine own to be.



He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILLMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! oh! bless-ed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re-pine—
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

The Biglow & Main Co., owners. Used by permission.

I Give Myself to Thee.

MARY J. MASON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav-our, who died for me, I give my-self to Thee; Thy love so
 2. May it be joy to me To fol-low on - ly Thee; Thy faith-ful
 3. Sav-our, with me a - bide; Be ev - er near my side; Sup-port, de-

I Give Myself to Thee.—Concluded.

full, so free, Claims all my pow'rs; Be this my pur-
 serv-ant be, Thine to the end; For Thee I'll do and dare;
 fend and guide; I look to Thee. I lay my hand in Thine,

To serve Thee till I die, Wheth-er my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.
 For Thee the cross I'll bear; To Thee di-rect my prayer; On Thee de-pend.
 And fleet-ing joys re-sign, If I may call Thee mine E-ter-nal-ly.

72

A Song, a Cross, a Life.

A. S. R.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

1. I know a song—the sweet-est song That mor-tal lips can frame;
 2. I know a cross—e-ter-nal cross—The cross of Cal-va-ry;
 3. I know a life—the vic-t'ry life—'Tis bet-ter ev-'ry day:

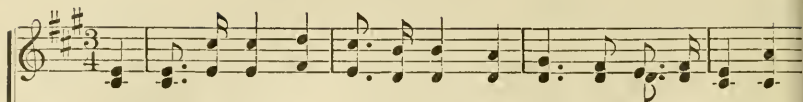
Its mu-sic throbs with heav'nly love, Its notes of joy pro-claim
 And One I know whose arms of love Were out-stretched will-ing-ly
 Its love is pure; its joys en-dure; It gives me strength to say

ad lib.

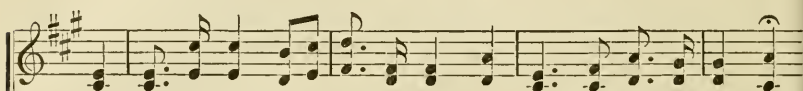
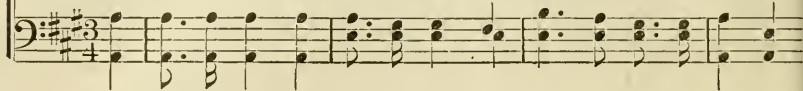
A match-less name, A ho-ly name,—'Tis Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus.
 Up-on that tree For you, for me,—'Twas Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus.
 I'll watch and pray, I'll live each day With Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus.

J. G. SMALL.

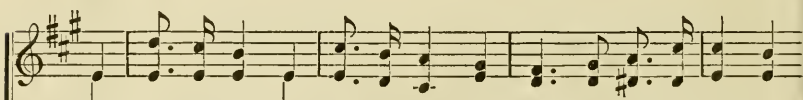
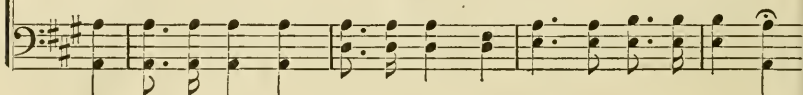
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



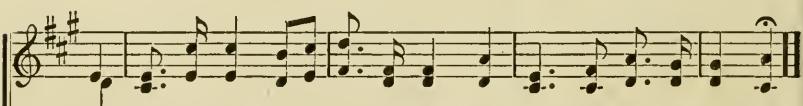
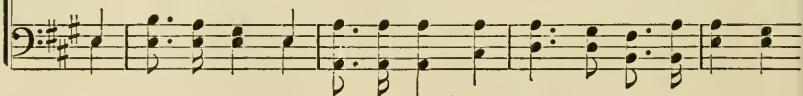
1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en,
4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der,



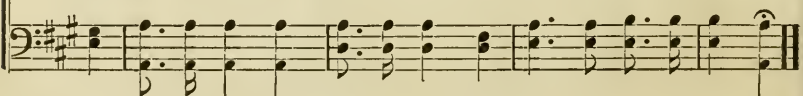
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my up-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
 So wise a Coun-sel-or and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er.



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er;
 Th'e-ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
 From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.



He Will Hold Me Fast.

"Thy right hand shall hold me."—PSALM 139: 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
 3. I am pre-cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.
 Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.
 Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, hold me fast, He will hold me fast; hold me fast;

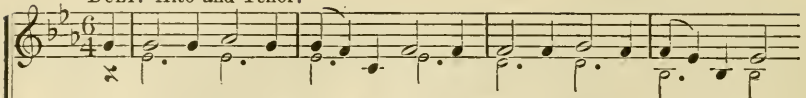
rall.

For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

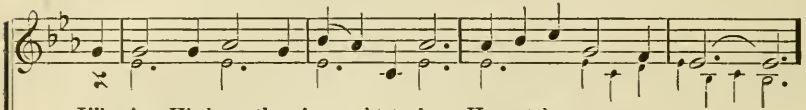
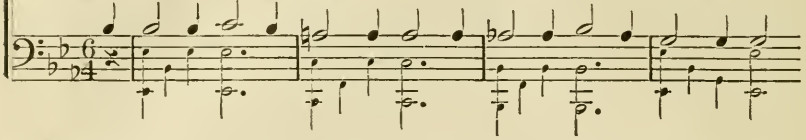
ANNA B. RUSSELL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

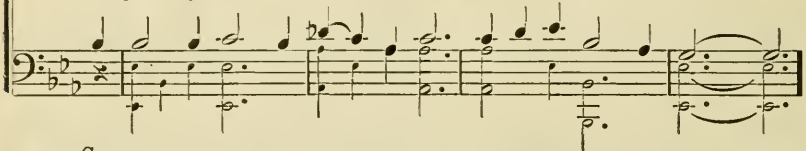
DUET. Alto and Tenor.



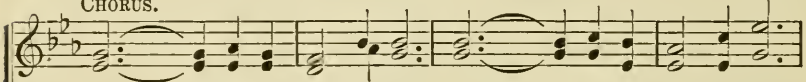
1. I'm not a-lone, for God is near, His pres-ence all my way doth cheer;
2. Sometimes, so bright and sweet the day, I seem to see so clear my way;
3. Sometimes the tri-als dark ap-pall, But still I know He's o-ver all,
4. What-e'er my path, what-e'er my way, E'en tho' I catch no guid-ing ray,



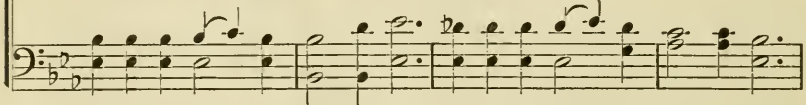
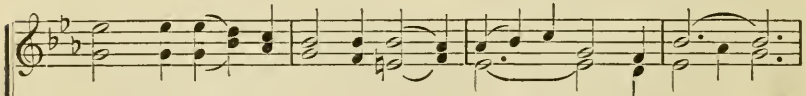
I'll sing His love, there's naught to fear, He watches o-ver me.
 'Tis eas-y then for me to say, He watches o-ver me.
 And e'er will hear my faint-est call; He watches o-ver me.
 I'll put my hand in His and say, He watches o-ver me.



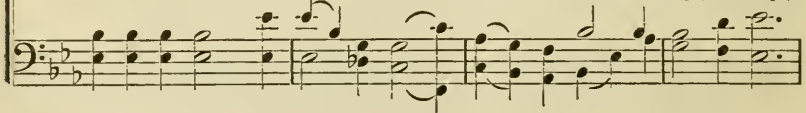
CHORUS.



God watch-es o-ver me, God watch-es o-ver me,
 God watch-es o-ver, God watch-es o-ver,

*rit.*

And He slum-bers not nor sleeps, Slum-bers not nor sleeps;
 And slum-bers not nor sleeps, nor sleeps, Slum-bers not nor sleeps;
 Slum-bers not, nor sleeps, nor sleeps;



God Watches Over Me.—Concluded.

a tempo. *slowly.* *pp*

And He slum - bers not nor sleeps, Slum - bers not nor sleeps.
 And slum - bers not nor sleeps, nor sleeps, Slum - - bers not nor sleeps.
 Slum - bers not nor sleeps.

76

I've Found Him.

J. H. THAYER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I've found Him, O, I've found Him, The Christ of Cal - va - ry;
 2. I've found Him, O, I've found Him, And He has saved my soul;
 3. I've found Him, O, I've found Him, Yet did He not find me?

And He is ver - y pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me.
 A ru - ined wreck He took me, And made me pure and whole.
 Be - fore I ev - er sought Him, He came to set me free.

REFRAIN.

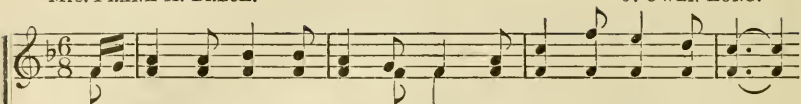
I've found Him, yes, I've found Him; Will you not find Him too?

O, haste to meet the Sav - iour! He's seek - ing now for you.

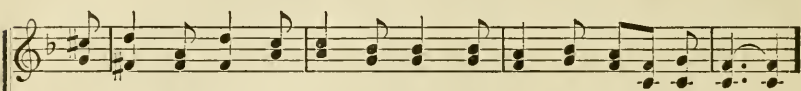
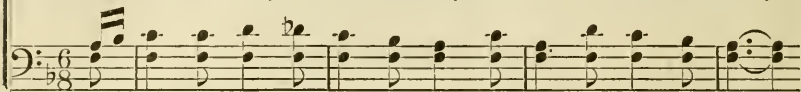
I Trust in Thee.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

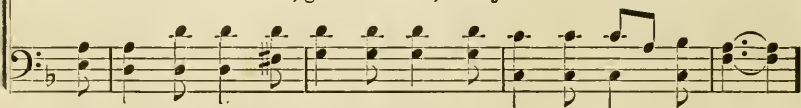
J. OWEN LONG.



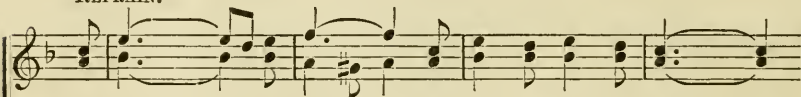
1. O God of all the a - ges past—The God of glo - ry still,
2. More tru - ly I Thy love would know, And un - to Thee be - long;
3. I lean on Thy al - might - y arm In dark - ness or in day;
4. Ful - fill the prom - ise Thou hast made, Nor let Thy bless - ing cease:
5. In Thee I trust, with Thee a - bide, In con - fi - dence sub - lime,



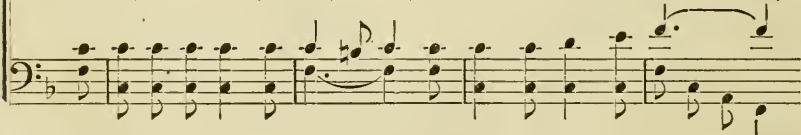
My all be - fore Thee I would cast, And do Thy right - eous will.
 In tri - al more like Thee to grow, And in temp - ta - tion strong.
 As - sured that naught my soul can harm, I'll trust Thee all the way.
 O Lord, my soul on Thee is stayed; Keep me in per - fect peace.
 Till I be - hold Thee, glo - ri - fied, Be - yond the realms of time.



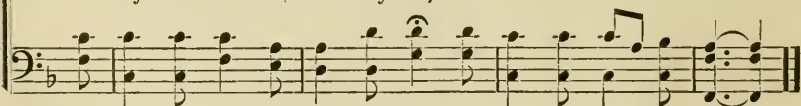
REFRAIN.



I trust in Thee; Thy pow'r and love I own;
 I trust, bless - ed Christ, in Thee, in Thee; ev - er will own;



For my sal - va - tion and my all, I trust in Thee a - lone.



O, I Want to See Him.

R. H. C.

R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. As I jour-ney thro' the land, sing-ing as I go, Pointing souls to
 2. When in serv-ice for my Lord, dark may be the night; But I'll cling more
 3. When in val-leys low I look tow'rd the mountain height, And be-hold my
 4. When be-fore me bil-lows rise from the might-y deep, Then my Lord di-

Cal - va - ry — to the crim - son flow, Man - y ar - rows pierce my soul
 close to Him; He will give me light; Sa - tan's snares may vex my soul,
 Sav - iour there, lead - ing in the fight, With a ten - der hand outstretched
 re - cts my bark; He doth safe - ly keep; And He leads me gen - tly on

from without, with-in; But my Lord leads me on; thro' Him I must win.
 turn my tho'ts a-side; But my Lord goes a-head; leads what-e'er be-tide.
 tow'rd the val-ley low, Guiding me, I can see, as I on-ward go.
 thro' this world be-low; He's a real Friend to me, O, I love Him so.

REFRAIN. D. S.—Cares all past, Home at last, ev - er to re - joice.

O, I want to see Him, look up-on His face, There to sing for-ev - er

of His sav-ing grace; On the streets of Glo-ry let me lift my voice;
 His sav-ing grace;

While Time is Spent.

M. CARRIE MOORE.

E. O. SELLERS.

1. I do not ask, I would not know, What Time is bring-ing me;
 2. The fu - ture in God's keep-ing lies; The past He doth com-mand;
 3. Un - der the shad-ow of His wings I lodge, while Time is spent,

I on - ly pray, come weal or woe, That I may faith - ful be.
 To Him I lift my fear-less eyes, Nor ask to un - der - stand.
 And glo - ri - fy the Word that brings The se - cret of con - tent.

REFRAIN.

Where He doth lead I'll fol - low on, What - e'er the cost may be;

And in the dawn-ing that a - waits I shall His glo - ry see.

Copyright, 1909, by Ernest O. Sellers.

Hamburg.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice to Je-sus' blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

81 The Shadow of Thy Wing.

PSALM 17: 5-7.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Hold up my go-ings, Lord, me guide In paths that are di-vine;
 2. Up-on Thee I have called, O God, Be-cause Thou wilt me hear;
 3. Thy won-drous lov-ing-kind-ness show, Thou who by Thy right hand

That so my foot-steps may not slide Out of those ways of Thine.
 That Thou may'st heark-en to my speech, To me in-cline Thine ear.
 Dost save all those who trust in Thee From such as them with-stand.

REFRAIN. (Bible.)

Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye; Hide me un-der the shadow of Thy wing;

Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye; Hide me un-der the shadow of Thy wing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

WILFRED ROBERTSON.

1. When sor - row and grief o'er - whelm you, Bend - ing you low with woe,
 2. When joys of the world al - lure you, Call - ing you from His side,
 3. No mat - ter if grief or sad - ness Hold with their va - ried bands,
 4. In ev - 'ry - thing do Him hon - or; Give Him the glo - ry due;

Then think of the sor - row of Je - sus, Who loves you so.
 Then fas - ten your eyes up - on Je - sus, Once cru - ci - fied.
 Just fas - ten your eyes up - on Je - sus; He un - der - stands.
 And fas - ten your eyes up - on Je - sus, Who lives for you.

REFRAIN.

Then fas - ten your eyes up - on Je - sus, Je - sus the Cru - ci -
 Je - sus the Sav - iour, Je - sus, who died for
 fed;
 you on the tree; Liv - ing is He and plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and me.

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R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

Will you take Je - sus to day? Will you take Je - sus to - day?

Copyright, 1910, by Charles M. Alexander. International Copyright secured.

He of - fers par-don and peace to all, Will you take Je-sus to - day?

84 **Simply Trusting.**

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

May be used as Duet.

1. Sim - ply trust-ing Christ my Sav-iour; In His pres-ence I'm so blest
 2. Hum - bly trust-ing in the shad-ow, When the sun is hid from view:
 3. Ev - er trust-ing in the sun-shine, With all fear and doubt-ing gone;

That the storms which beat a-round'me Drive me clo-ser to His breast.
 Not a cloud so dense and low-'ring, But His love can still shine thro'.
 On the moun-tain-top with Je - sus, Still,'tis "bet-ter far-ther on."

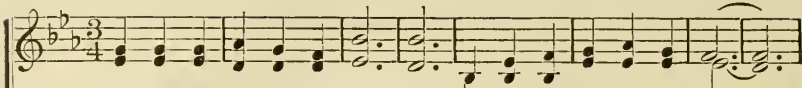
CHORUS.

Sim-ply trust-ing day by day, Trust-ing Je - sus all the way;

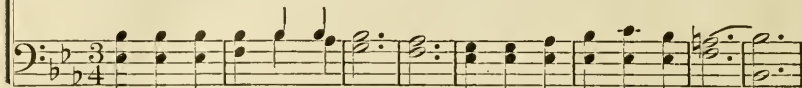
rit.
 Doubting not, what - e'er be - fall; Trust-ing Je - sus, — that is all.

H. B. G.

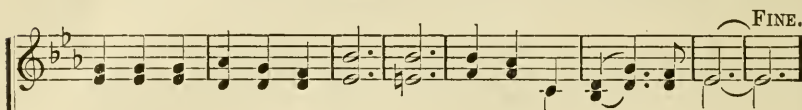
Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD.



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor-thy His love;

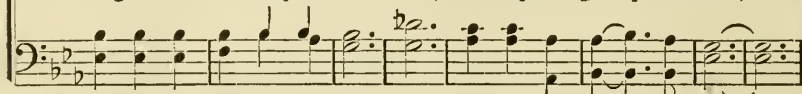


REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

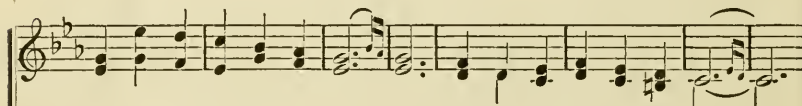


FINE.

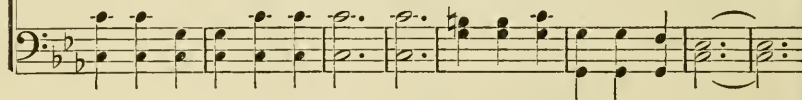
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice; Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He 'gave Him-self for your ran - som; Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



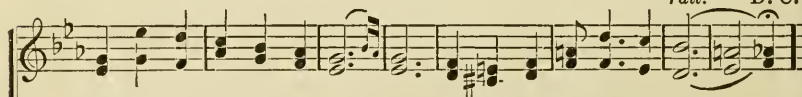
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



rall. D. C.



Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.



The Valley of Peace.

"My peace I give unto you."—JNO. 14: 27.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

I. H. MEREDITH.

With expression.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful val-ley of peace, Where the heart of the
 2. In that beau-ti-ful val-ley I know Wild clam-or is
 3. In the val-ley of peace I may hide, Where strifes of the
 4. In the val-ley of peace let me roam With Je-sus, my

wear-y may rest; Where tu-mult of tri-als may cease, And
 hushed in-to calm; And, walk-ing where still wa-ters flow, The
 world can-not mar, And there I will fol-low my Guide, My
 "Staff" and my "Rod," Till I come to my heav-en-ly home, Whose

REFRAIN.

those who are burdened be blest.
 sor-row-ing soul find-eth balm. In the val-ley of peace, the val-ley of
 Hope and my glo-ri-ous Star.
 build-er and mak-er is God.

peace, In the beau-ti-ful val-ley of peace, My Sav-iour is there ev-ry

bur-den to bear, In the beau-ti-ful val-ley of peace.
 val-ley of peace.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I must have Je - sus with me when the morn - ing light, O - ver the
 2. I must have Je - sus with me when the sun at noon Tells me the
 3. I must have Je - sus with me when the dark - ness falls, When in the
 4. I know He will be with me when the gath - 'ring gloom Tells me the

hill - tops gleam - ing, tells the pass - ing night; When from my sleep a -
 day is pass - ing, pass - ing all too soon; La - bor is yet be -
 mist - y si - lence earth to heav - en calls; When in the fad - ing
 day is end - ed and I turn to home; I may not walk the

wak - ing I be - hold the day, I know I need Him near me,
 fore me, man - y tasks un - done; O - ver the west - ern hill - tops
 twi - light, none is near to aid, If I know He is with me,
 same way oth - er souls have trod; Glad - ly I fol - low His way,

REFRAIN.

so un - to Him I pray. Je - sus, be with me
 has - tens the set - ting sun.
 I will not be a - fraid.
 knowing it leads to God, Je - sus, be with me ev - er, I pray,

all the day; I am con - tent to
 Je - sus, be with me all the way; I am con - tent to walk with Thee, to

I Must Have Jesus with Me.—Concluded.

walk with Thee al - way; In ev - 'ry tri - al,
walk with Thee al - way; In ev - 'ry tri - al ev - er be near,

rit.
O be Thou near! With Thee be-side me I'll not fear.
ev - er, I pray, be near!

88

Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow-er— all pow - er— Sure-ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

M. J. BABBITT.

1. A - bide in Me!—'tis Je-sus' voice; O cease thy fruit-less quest;—
 2. The peace which like a riv-er flows, The joy that is di - vine,
 3. At last, thro' yonder shining gate, My glo - ry thou shalt see;

In Me, be - liev-ing souls, re-joice, And en - ter in - to rest.
 The bless - ed-ness that love be-stows Shall be for - ev - er thine.
 And there, in man-sions that a - wait, Thou shalt a - bide with Me.

CHORUS.

A - bide in Me, thy hid - ing place, From sin and
 A - bide in Me, thy hid - ing place,

bur - - den free; And thine shall be
 From sin and bur - den free, from bur - den free; And thine shall be

my boundless grace; O soul, a - bide in Me.
 my boundless grace; O soul, a - bide in Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Espressivo*.

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and
 2. God's way is the best way, My path He hath planned; I'll trust in Him
 3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best, And lean-ing up-

tri - als Oft gath - er 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing
 al - way While hold - ing His hand. In shad - ow or sun - shine
 on Him, Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm can be - fall me,

My gold to re - fine, So hum - bly I trust Him, My Sav - iour di - vine.
 He ev - er is near; With Him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear.
 Safe, safe shall I be; I'll cling to Him ev - er, So pre - cious is He.

CHORUS. *Animato*.

God's way is the best way, God's way is the right way;

rit.
 I'll trust in Him al - way, He know - eth the best.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET.

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the
 2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day, When the
 3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wear-y day, For the

waves of dis-tress Deep-ly round me may roll; For I know whom I
 seal rent in twain And the stone rolled a-way; For an an-gel spoke
 storm o-ver-past And the clouds rolled a-way; There's a rose for each

trust, Tho' the way may be dim, I shall safe-ly go home, If I
 peace To my spir-it's a-larm: He is ris-en for thee, There is
 thorn, And a gain for each loss, Since my Sav-iour Him-self Gained a

CHORUS.

cling close to Him.
 noth-ing to harm. I will not be a-fraid When the dark grave I
 crown by the cross.

see, For my Sav-iour has died And has ris-en for me.

G. P. HOTT.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. With me a - bide, the morn-ing hour Fades swift - ly in - to
 2. With me a - bide, the noon-day hour Calls me in tones of
 3. With me a - bide, the eve-ning falls A - bout life's qui - et

noon; Life's gold - en hues, like spark - ling dew, Will
 love; I glad - ly hear when Thou art near To
 way; If near my side Thou wilt a - bide, With

REFRAIN.

van - ish, oh, so soon. A - bide with me, a -
 whis - per from a - bove.
 joy shall end the day. A - bide with me,

bide with me, I need Thee all the while, To
 a - bide with me,

cres - cen - do. dim - in - u - en - do.

fill and still my rest-less heart, My life to rec - on - cile.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There's One who keeps my soul in peace, Whose gen - tle
 2. Oh, what a debt to Him I owe, Who sought me
 3. All that for me the Lord hath done, He'll do for
 (1) There's One who keeps my soul in peace, Whose

voice bids fear to cease; 'Tis Christ who car - eth for my
 in my sin and woe! I'm His for all e - ter - ni -
 thee, O troub - led one; He will not turn Him from thy
 gen - tle voice bids fear to cease: 'Tis Christ who car - eth

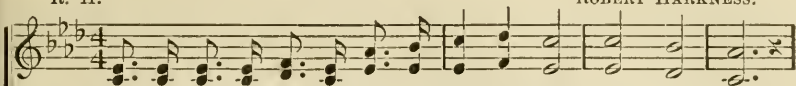
soul; 'Tis He that made me whole.
 ty; 'Tis He that res - cued me.
 plea, 'Tis He that an - swered me.
 for my soul; 'Tis He that made me whole.

REFRAIN.
 He hath made me whole, He hath made me whole; His love will
 He hath made, hath made me whole, He hath made, hath made me whole; His

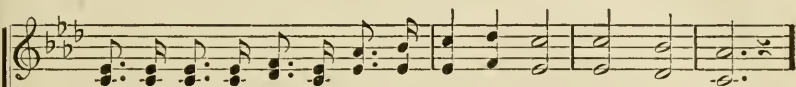
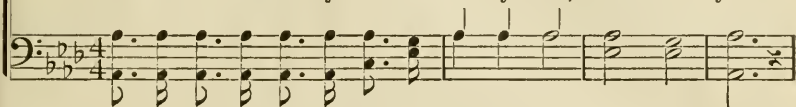
keep me to the end; 'Tis He that made me whole.
 love will keep me to the end, 'Tis He that made me whole.

R. H.

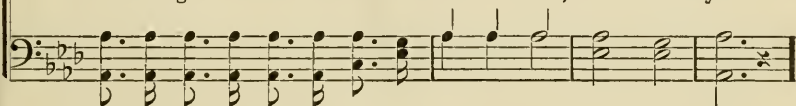
ROBERT HARKNESS.



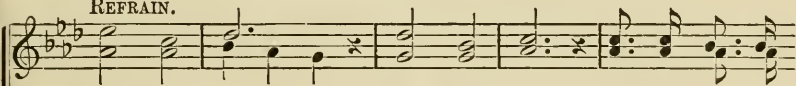
1. Work-ers now are need-ed, hear the Lord's command, Christ needs you!
2. Mul - ti-tudes are wait-ing for the Word of Life, Christ needs you!
3. At your side is some-one who should know the way, Christ needs you!
4. Sound a note of warn-ing to the lost in sin, Christ needs you!
5. Tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry to them one by one, Christ needs you!



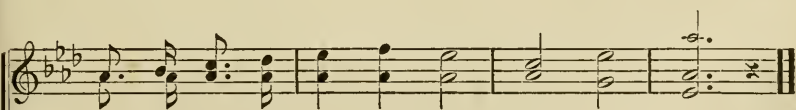
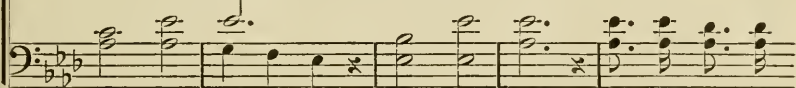
Fields are white to har-vest, there are sheaves at hand, Christ needs you!
 Be His faith-ful wit - ness in a world of strife, Christ needs you!
 Grop - ing in the dark-ness, seek - ing Christ to - day, Christ needs you!
 Ere it be too late, up - on this work be - gin, Christ needs you!
 Soon the night will come when work can-not be done, Christ needs you!



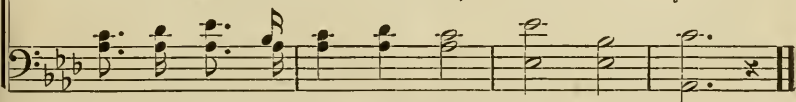
REFRAIN.



Christ needs you! Christ needs you! In His vine-yard
 Christ needs you!



there is work for all to do, Christ needs you!



CORA C. RUSSELL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Would you know the joy of liv - ing? Win some wand'ring soul to God.
 2. Lend a hand to those a - bout you, Share the bur-dens hard to bear;
 3. Emp - ty hands and lone-ly hearth-stones, All a - long your path-way lie;
 4. Then you'll hear the Sav - iour say - ing: "Ver - i - ly, I say to thee,

Would you know the joys of heav - en? Tread the path the Sav-iour trod.
 Com - fort bring to sad and lone - ly, Show them heaven's treasure rare.
 Share your joys, 'twill not im - pov - 'rish; Bless-ings shared will mul-ti - ply.
 That in shar - ing joys with oth - ers, Ye have done it un - to me."

REFRAIN.
 Share your joys, do not with - hold them, Each one
 Share your joys,

shared Each one shared will sweet-er be; sweet - er be; Share your

joys, don't miss the bless-ing God hath kept in store for thee.
 Share your joys,

W. D. CORNELL, alt.

W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah, soul! are you here with - out com - fort and rest, March - ing

mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough path - way of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
 ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

REFRAIN.

Peace! peace! won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove, Sweep

o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love!

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

E. BURTON-JONES.

1. I once was sad and lone - ly, No hope my heart could see;
 2. Be - fore me still are tri - als, Yet I need have no fear,
 3. It mat - ters not how drear - y May be the path you tread,

I thought that I was friend - less, That no one cared for me;
 Since Je - sus, Friend un - fail - ing, To me is ev - er near;
 This Friend can take your sor - row And give you joy in - stead.

But clouds a - way were driv - en, No more my heart de - spairs,
 With joy my heart is sing - ing, As on my way I fare,
 Oh, bring your sins to Je - sus, Your bur - dens and your cares,

For I, His cross be - hold - ing, Have found that Je - sus cares.
 To know I'm not for - got - ten, To know my Lord doth care.
 And learn how great His kind - ness, How much the Sav - iour cares.

REFRAIN.

Whate'er may go, this do I know, My Lord a-bides for aye;
 What-e'er may go, this do I know, for aye;

I've Found That Jesus Cares.—Concluded.

He cares for me, He bears for me The bur-dens of the day.
He cares for me, He bears for me

98 He's Everything to Me.

J. J. B.

JAS. J. BELL.

1. I have an ev - er - pres - ent Friend, Who loves and cares for me;
2. He com - forts when the tri - als come; He lifts the load of care;
3. He says that who - so - ev - er will, May come to Him to - day,

And He is al - ways kind and true; How can I faith - less be?
He shields me from temp - ta - tion when I can no lon - ger bear.
And taste of His re - deem - ing love, And live with Him al - way.

REFRAIN.

I'll al - ways trust my Sav - iour, And ev - er faith - ful be;

I'll nev - er cease to love Him, For He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.

I Am Happy.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. When the skies are hid, and the bil - lows roll, There is watch - ing
 2. When the day seems long with its load of care, He will give me
 3. When I walk the vale where the shad - ows lie, He will whis - per

One who can storms con - trol; He will bear me up, He who made me whole;
 grace for each weight I bear; For He knows my grief and He seeks to share,
 hope and will sat - is - fy; He who knows my need will each need sup - ply,

REFRAIN.

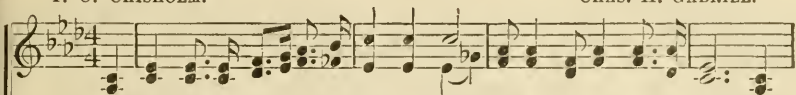
With His might - y arm He'll save.
 By His lov - ing watch o'er me. I have Faith, for He walks the wave be -
 Ev - 'ry mo - ment, night or day.

fore me; I have Hope, for His rain - bow stretches o'er me; I have Love,

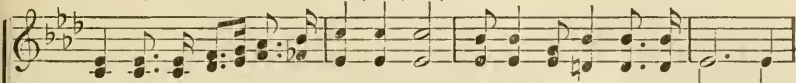
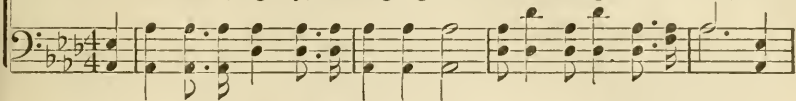
and a home high up in glo - ry, And I'm hap - py, hap - py, hal - le - lu - jah!

T. O. CHISHOLM.

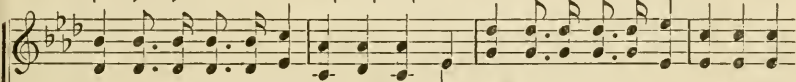
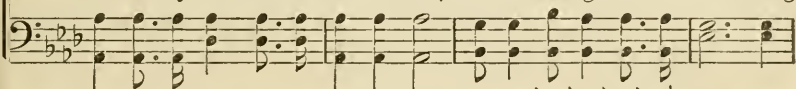
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



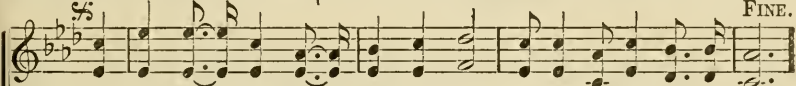
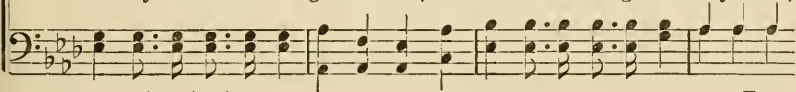
1. As onward you press tow'rd the heav'nly goal, Never lose sight of the cross; There
2. Tho' bit - ter the conflict with sin and wrong, Never lose sight of the cross; The
3. O won - der - ful, might - y, un - chang - ing love! Never lose sight of the cross; Tho'



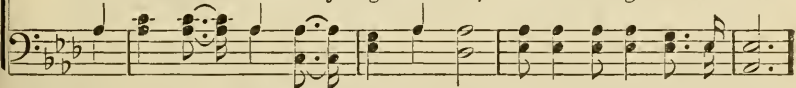
Je - sus was nailed to re - deem your soul, Nev - er lose sight of the cross; On
vic - t'ry is sure, tho' the fight be long, Nev - er lose sight of the cross: Tho'
God ev - 'ry to - ken but this re - move, Nev - er lose sight of the cross. Bring



Him your in - iq - ui - ties all were laid, There, bleeding, and dying, your debt He paid,
day should be turned into mid - night gloom, Tho' weary and lonely your path become,
Je - sus your best - tho' a gift so small, For love so a - maz - ing demands your all,

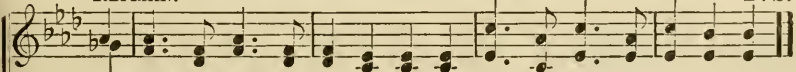


A full and a per - fect a - tone - ment made, - Never lose sight of the cross.
Press on - ward, for sure - ly 'twill lead you home, - Never lose sight of the cross.
And fol - low where Cal - va - ry's light doth fall, - Never lose sight of the cross.

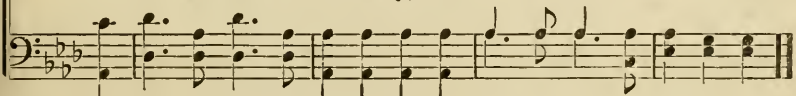


D. S. - Our on - ly hope, our on - ly plea, - Nev - er lose sight of the cross.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

O crim - son cross of Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died to make us free,



T. O. CHISHOLM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Thou who art faint and wear - y, Whose bur - dens press thee sore,
 2. Dost thou in se - cret won - der, "Hath God His child for - got?"
 3. "But I am so un - wor - thy, May I His com - fort claim?"
 4. O faint - ing one, take cour - age! Thou hast a faith - ful Friend;

Does faith be - gin to wa - ver, Hope sing her song no more?
 Nay, moth - ers have for - got - ten— His great - er love could not.
 Yea, sure - ly, if thou ask - est In His pre - vail - ing name.
 His love is ev - er - last - ing, He keep - eth to the end.

Do dark and doubt - ful ques - tions With - in thy mind a - rise?
 "Then why these bit - ter tri - als, These thorns that pierce me so?"
 "But I so oft - en grieve Him With fail - ure, fear and doubt?"—
 Tho' strange may seem His lead - ing, Be - lieve He know - eth best;

Have clouds shut out the sun - light Of heav - en from thine eyes?
 In faith - ful - ness He chas - tens; Here - aft - er thou shalt know.
 Con - fess it all to Je - sus, He will not cast thee out.
 And if thy feet grow wear - y, More sweet will be His rest.

REFRAIN.

Go, tell it to Je - sus, What - e'er thy troub - le be;

Go, Tell It To Jesus.—Concluded.

Go, tell it to Je - sus, And He will com - fort thee.

102 The Blessed Rock of Ages.

GRACE L. HOSMER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

p

1. On the blessed Rock of A - ges, In calm or tide, Al-ways in that sa-cred
2. On the blessed Rock of A - ges, Nor drawn a - way By the man-y lights al-
3. On the blessed Rock of A - ges When comes the call; Not to jour-ney, 'tis but

mf *cres.*

shel-ter Let me a - bide. Trusting on-ly in its keep-ing, Naught else to
lur - ing, O keep, I pray! And if swept by sorrow's tempest My strength shall
pass-ing, One step is all. On - ly that I may be read - y Thy face to

f *dim.* *p* *mf* REFRAIN.

see, Ev - er on the Rock of A - ges, Lord, hold Thou me.
flee, Father, on the Rock of A - ges, O hold Thou me. Lord, hold Thou
see, O up-on the Rock of A - ges, Lord, hold Thou me.

dim. *p*

me, Lord, hold Thou me, Ev - er on the Rock of A - ges, Lord, hold Thou me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Look a - bove the clouds, where the sun doth shine! Keep your fa - ces
 2. Troub - les may op - press, but a - cross the sky Gleams a rain - bow
 3. Look a - bove the clouds, sing a song of praise, Trust - ing in His

turned to the light di - vine; Hid - den in the folds of each sor - row lies
 bright when the storms pass by; Tho' for His dear sake you may suf - fer loss,
 love thro' the gloom - y days; Joy - ful bear your load till the set - ting sun;

REFRAIN.

Something grand and sweet, as a glad sur - prise.
 You shall win a crown if you bear a cross. Look a - bove the clouds! God is
 Heaven's morning dawns when life's work is done.

reign - ing still; Trust - ing in His love, do His bless - ed will: Look a - bove the

clouds! there His sun doth shine O - ver all the world, with a light di - vine.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. At the Fa - ther's throne a - bove Je - sus pleads for me, —
 2. When the E - vil One al - lures, Je - sus pleads for me;
 3. In the hour of my dis - tress, Je - sus pleads for me;
 4. This my rock, my sure de - fense, Je - sus pleads for me;

Pleads in pit - y, pleads in love, Pleads un - ceas - ing - ly;
 This my vic - to - ry as - sures, Je - sus pleads for me;
 In my want and help - less - ness, Je - sus pleads for me.
 This my ground of con - fi - dence, Je - sus pleads for me;

He that suf - ered in my stead, Now is ris - en from the dead,
 He was tempt - ed, in His day, Like as I in ev - 'ry way;
 Keen - er pain than mine He knew; He was sad and lone - ly, too;
 Ho - ly hands that wrought but good, Stained with sac - ri - fi - cial blood,

Ev - er lives to in - ter - cede, — Je - sus pleads for me.
 Who like He for me can pray? Je - sus pleads for me.
 Friend and Ad - vo - cate so true, — Je - sus pleads for me.
 Lift - ed, now, in prayer to God, — Je - sus pleads for me.

1. O sing me the sto - ry of Je - sus, O sing of His love for me,
 2. O sing the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, To me it is ev - er new,
 3. O sing me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Whose in - fi - nite love and might
 4. O sing once a - gain that sweet sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His great love:

And tell of the wondrous re - demp - tion He purchased on Cal - va - ry.
 And this is the rea - son I like it— Its won - der - ful words are true.
 Shine out as a light in the dark - ness And shat - ter the gloom of night.
 For then I shall know it in glo - ry, And join in the song a - bove.

Sing me the sto - ry, Sing of His love and His grace;
 Sing, sing

Sing me the sto - ry Of Je - sus who died in my place;
 Sing, sing

O sing me the sto - ry, Till I shall sing it in glo - ry;
 Sing, sing

Sing Me the Story.—Concluded.

Sing me the sto - ry Of Je - sus who died in my place.

Sing, sing

rit.

106

Bow Thine Ear.

PSALM 88.

FROM MASCAGNI.

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, Day and night I cried to Thee;
 2. Mourns my eye, my pow - ers lan - guish, Sore af - flic - tion press - es me;
 3. But, O Lord, at dawn a - wak - ing, Prayer and cries I'll send to Thee;

Hear my hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion, Quick - ly bow Thine ear to me.
 Lord, I cry to Thee in an - guish, Dai - ly stretch my hands to Thee.
 Why, my God, my soul for - sak - ing, Hid - est Thou Thy face from me?

REFRAIN.

Lord, bow Thine ear, and hear me; Bow down Thine ear and hear me;

For day and night I cry, (to Thee,) I cry to Thee, to Thee.

Singing As the Days Go By.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. O be hap - py in the Lord, trust - ing full - y in His word, Fear
 2. Mak - ing mel - o - dy to Him, tho' at times the path be dim, Smile
 3. Stars are shin - ing in the night; life it - self is glad and bright; Our

not the clouds that fill your earthly sky; There's a Friend that's ever near,
 bravely, check the wear - y, tho't - less sigh; Things will wear a ro - sy hue,
 man - y needs the Lord will yet sup - ply: Then ac - cept what seems the best,

He will give you joy and cheer; Keep sing - ing as the days go by.
 if you take a Christ - like view; Keep sing - ing as the days go by.
 trust - ing Him for all the rest; Keep sing - ing as the days go by.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Keep singing as the days go by, Keep sing - ing as the days
 Keep sing - ing, sing - ing as the days go by, Keep sing - ing, sing - ing

go by; If to Je - sus we belong, He will tune our hearts to song,
 as the days go by;

D. S.

W. C. MARTIN.

R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. When the deep shad - ows lin - ger a - round you, When the dark clouds hide
 2. Hin - dered by doubt or pressed by temp - ta - tion, When your bright faith grows
 3. O, there is com - fort for ev - 'ry sor - row, There is re - ward for

all the blue sky, Let not your griefs one mo - ment con - found you;
 mist - y or dim, Ask God for strength and sweet con - so - la - tion;
 la - bor and pain, Night shadows go at dawn of the mor - row,

REFRAIN.

All your heart needs the Lord will sup - ply.
 Go to the Sav - iour, tell it to Him. Whis - per your troub - les
 Clouds quick - ly pass, but bless - ings re - main.

soft - ly to Je - sus, Tell Him what brings you grief and dis - tress; Tell all the

pains and loss - es to Je - sus, It is His joy to com - fort and bless.

S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Shout a - loud the stir - ring sum - mons O'er the land from sea to sea,
 2. Men are want - ed, men of pur - pose, Men of high or low de - gree,
 3. From the count - ing - house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
 4. On - ward! are His march - ing or - ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry,

Men are want - ed, men of cour - age, For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 Each to be a fel - low - work - er With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 Lo, there throngs a loy - al le - gion For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 On - ward! till the world is ta - ken For the Man of Gal - i - lee.

rall.

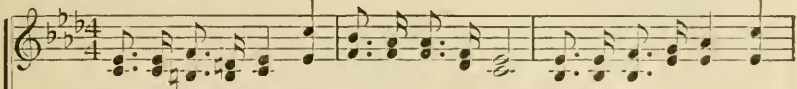
O, Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Thou who died to set men free,
 O, Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! In the fight to set men free,
 O, Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! We will fol - low on - ly Thee,
 O, Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! We will fol - low on - ly Thee,

a tempo.

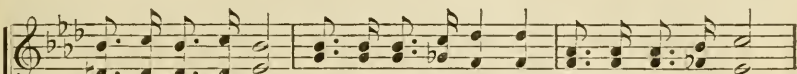
We will fol - low on - ly Thee, Bless - ed Man of Gal - i - lee!
 We will fol - low on - ly Thee, Glo - rious Man of Gal - i - lee!
 In a life of faith and serv - ice, Bless - ed Man of Gal - i - lee!
 O, Thou fear - less, peer - less Lead - er, Glo - rious Man of Gal - i - lee!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

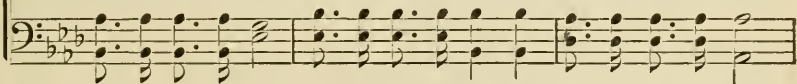
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand-ing, like a light-house, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human ship-wrecks ly-ing all a-round; O what mor-al dark-ness
3. Do not let the bush-el cov-er up your light, Keep your lamp in or-der,
4. Try to live for Je-sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway



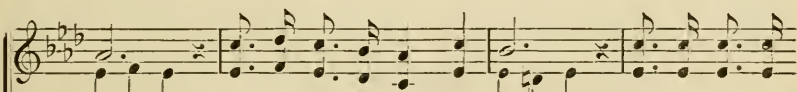
dark-ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sub-lime:
 ev - 'ry-where is found! Warn some oth-er ves-sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless-ing, bright-en up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till He bids you wel-come on the oth-er shore,



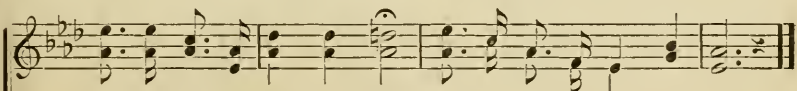
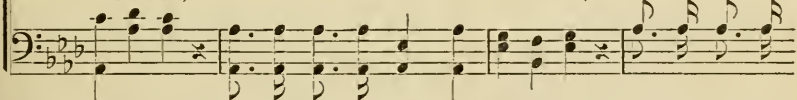
REFRAIN.

Let the gos - pel light shine out.

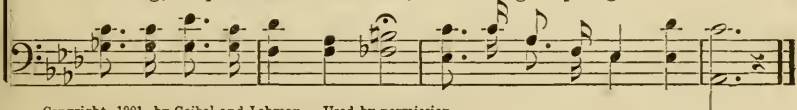
Let the gos - pel light shine

out,
shine out,

Let the gos - pel light shine out;

While your lamp is
shine out;

burn-ing, keep the win - dow clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.



JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

HARPER G. SMYTH.

1. Are you serv-ing Je - sus with your might? Are you mak-ing sun-shine
 2. Are you preach-ing Je - sus by your life? Are you help-ing oth - ers
 3. Are you do - ing ev - er Christ-like deeds? Are you scat-t'ring gladness,

chase the night? Are you spreading gladness as you go? Are you lead-ing
 in the strife? Are you glad-ly giv - ing all your days? Are you teaching
 just like seeds, Soon to bud and blos-som, sweet and fair, And to pour their

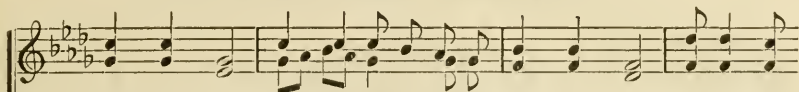
REFRAIN.

oth - ers Christ to know? Serv-ing Je - sus all a - long the way,
 oth - ers Christ to praise?
 fra-grance ev - 'ry-where? Serv - ing Je - sus all the way,
 Serv - ing Je - sus all a - long the way,

Serv - ing Je - sus, faith-ful night and day; Serv-ing your Master as you
 Serv - ing Je - sus night and day;
 Serv - ing Je - sus, faith-ful night and day;

on - ward go, Lift this en - sign high. Ev - er faith-ful, let there
 Ev - er faith - ful,

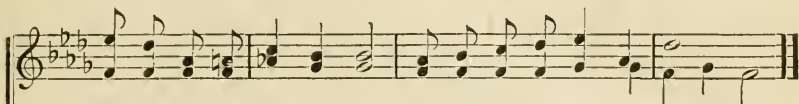
Serving Jesus.—Concluded.



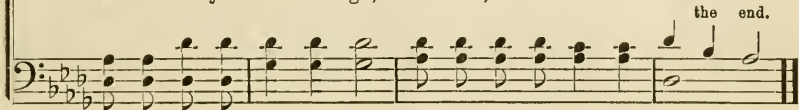
come what may; Al-ways read-y an-y price to pay; Lov-ing your
 come what may; Al-ways read - y the price to pay;



let there come what may; Al - ways read - y an - y price to pay;



Mas-ter as you on - ward go, Serve Him, faithful till the end.



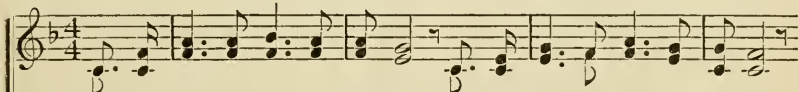
the end.

112

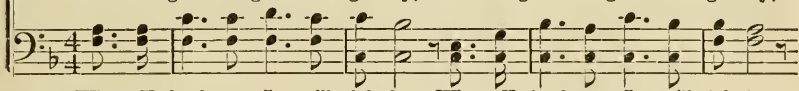
The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY.

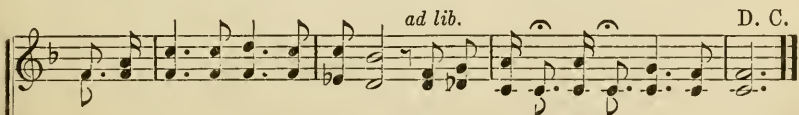
Arr. from P. P. BLISS.



1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,



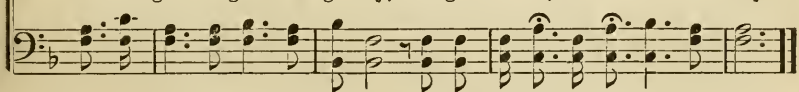
D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



ad lib.

D. C.

I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

113 Lo, the Golden Fields Are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lo, the gold-en fields are smil-'ing, Where-fore i - dle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of con - so - la - tion, That so oft has cheered thy heart;
 3. Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus, Pre-cious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go then, work, the Mas-ter call - eth; Go, no lon-ger i - dle be;

Great the har-vest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wear-y broth-er toil - er In thy com-fort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
 Waste no more thy pre-cious mo - ments, For the Lord hath need of thee.

Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy ear-nest heart re - ply
 Go and lift the heav-y bur - den He has struggled long to bear;
 Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus, Work while strength and breath remain;
 Once He gave His life thy ran - som That thy soul with Him might live;

ad lib. FINE.

To the call so oft re - peat - ed, "Bless - ed Mas-ter, here am I."
 Go, and kneeling down be - side him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
 What are years of con-stant la - bor, To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
 Now the serv-ice He de - mand - eth Can thy heart re-fuse to give?

D.S.—Go and fill thy place a - mong them; For the Lord hath need of thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Hark, the song, the song of bus - y work-ers, In the fields so fair to see;

W. C. MARTIN.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. In the war-fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
 2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions, Come in strong, Sa-tan - ic might,—
 3. From His throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;

When the con-flict, fierce, is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night,
 Pow - ers come, and dark do - min - ions, From the re - gions of the night;
 And our lead - er true is Je - sus, And we shall not, can - not fail:

God needs peo - ple brave and true: May He then de - pend on you?
 God re - quires the brave and true: May He then de - pend on you?
 Tri - umph crowns the brave and true,— May the Lord de - pend on you?

(1) peo - ple brave and true:

REFRAIN.

May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy - al - ty is but His
 May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy - al - ty is

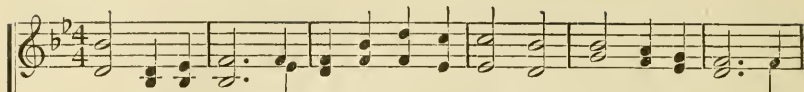
due; Say, O spir - it, brave and true, That He may de - pend on you.
 but His due;

spir - it, brave and true,

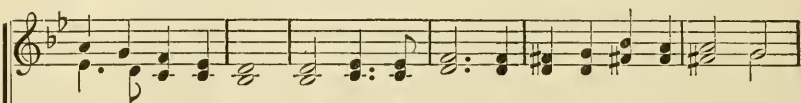
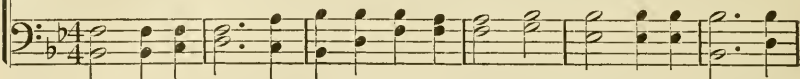
MARY A. THOMSON.

(TIDINGS.)

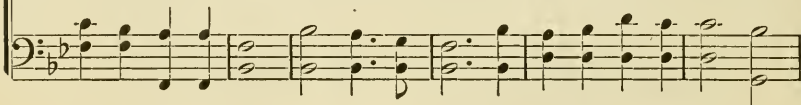
JAMES WALCH.



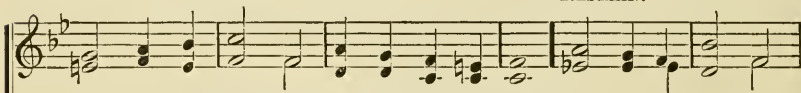
1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
3. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
4. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - 'ry



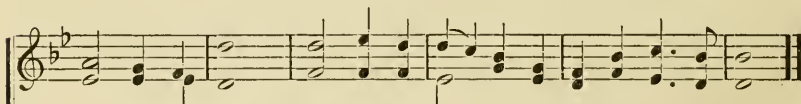
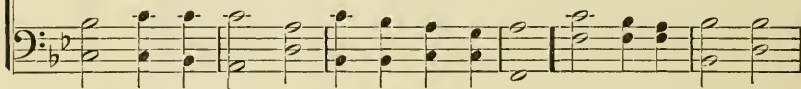
world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
live and move, is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;
heart His sav - ing grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,



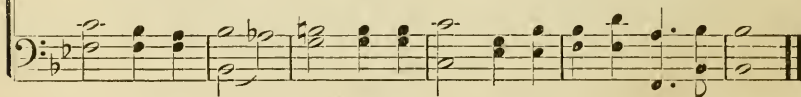
REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove. Pub - lish glad 'ti - dings,
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
Thro' thy neg - lect, un - fit to see His face.



Ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.



Go Forth, Go Forth.

"Now He that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food,
and multiply your seed sown."—2 COR. 9 : 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

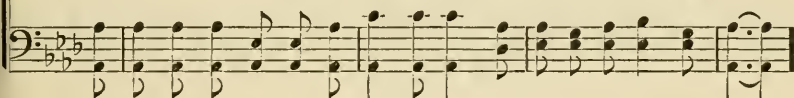
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



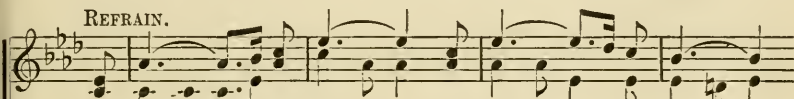
1. The field is the world, and its a - cres wide Are waiting the sow-er's hand,
2. Re - plen-ish your basket with precious seed, And scatter it where you go;
3. There's seed for the sower and bread for food, Which God doth Himself provide;
4. Go scat-ter the seed by the morning light, You know not how much will live:



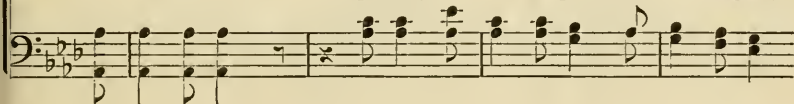
And emp-ty the fur-rows on ev - 'ry side; Then why do you i - dle stand?
The Word upon which your own soul doth feed Is that which your hand must sow.
No sow - er need hunger; his portion's good; With plenty he is sup - plied.
Withhold not your hand at approach of night, For God will the increase give.



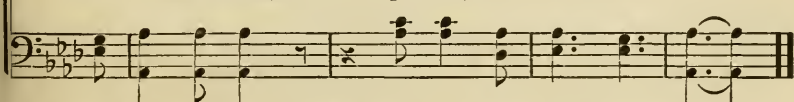
REFRAIN.



Go forth, go forth, And sow the grain;
Go forth, go forth, And sow the grain, and sow the grain;

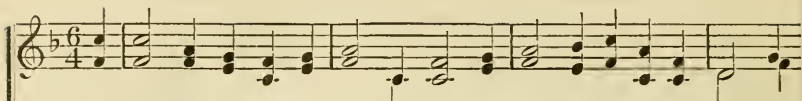


Go forth, go forth, You'll reap a - gain.
Go forth, go forth,

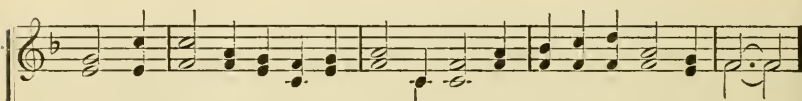
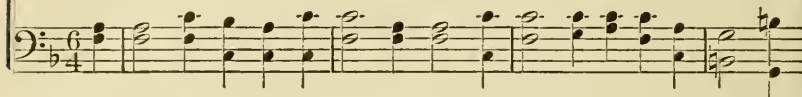


F. S. SHEPHERD.

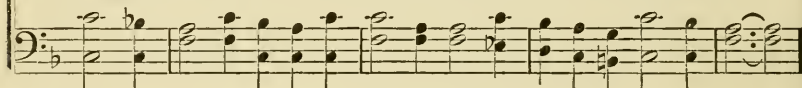
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



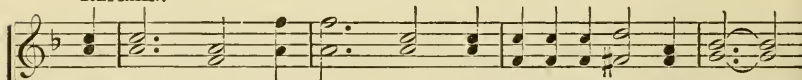
1. The grain stands white in the har-vest-field, And rich the fruitage which it will
2. Lost souls are has - ten-ing down to doom, With-out a ray to dis - pel the
3. Some lives are darkened by want and care; The lack of syn-pa-thy brings de-
4. The Lord soon com-eth His own to take, And of their stewardship reck-'ning



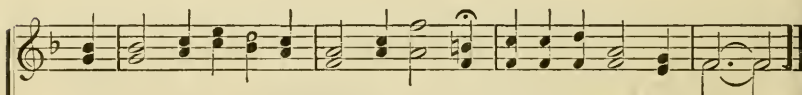
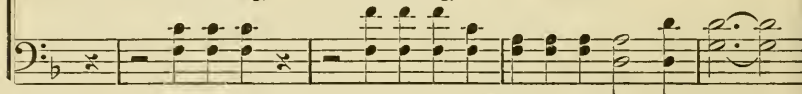
yield; Step in to-day and the sick - le wield, Redeeming the precious time.
 gloom; Give them the gos-pel, their path il-lume, Redeeming the precious time.
 pair; Seek out such souls and their burdens share, Redeeming the precious time.
 make; Blest will he be that, for Je-sus' sake, Has ev - er redeemed the time.



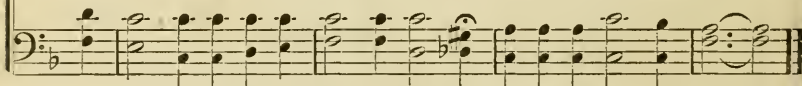
REFRAIN.



Re - deem - ing, re - deem - ing, Re - deem - ing the pre - cious time;
 Re - deem - ing, re - deem - ing,



Go work to-day in the har-vest-field, Re-deem-ing the pre-cious time.

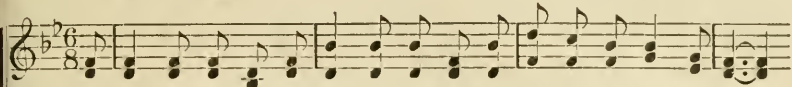


Tell It Again.

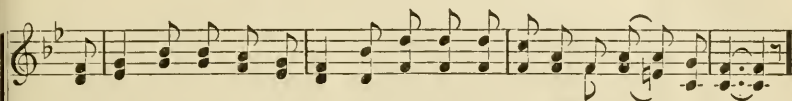
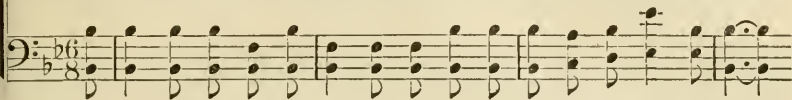
"The gospel of God."—ROM. 1: 1. "The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 TIM. 1: 2.

ADA R. HABERSON.

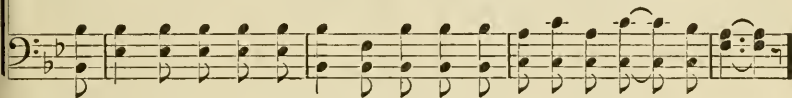
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



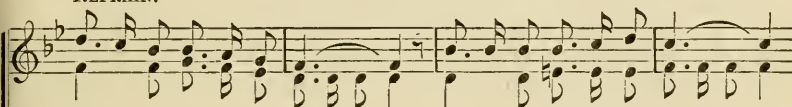
1. No oth - er sto - ry will bear re - peat - ing As oft - en as this is told;
2. Pro - claim with joy how the cross of suff'ring Will nev - er be borne a - gain,
3. Go tell the sto - ry in far - off coun - tries; Let ev - 'ry poor sin - ner hear
4. The whole sweet sto - ry is not yet finished, The se - quel is but be - gun;
5. Each heart that o - pens to hear the ti - dings, Re - ceiv - ing the Saviour's love,



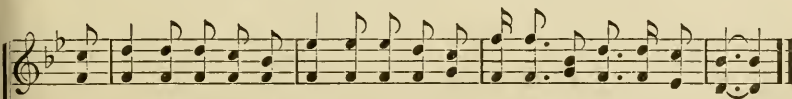
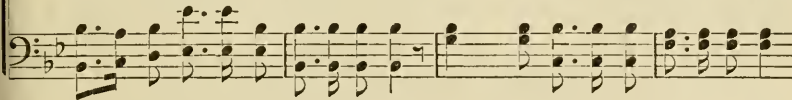
God's glad good news of His love to sin - ners Are tidings which never grow old.
That on - ly glo - ry a - waits the Saviour; That soon He will come to reign.
How Christ the Sav - iour has died to win them; His love o - ver - comes all fear.
When all the ransomed are safe - ly gathered, E'en then it will not be done.
Will add a page to re - demp - tion's sto - ry Rehearsed in the home a - bove.



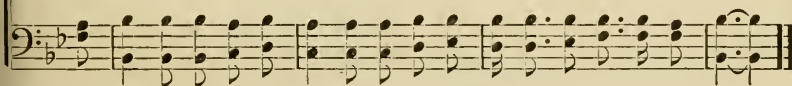
REFRAIN.



Tell it a - gain and a - gain, Tell it a - gain and a - gain;
Tell it, tell it a - gain and a - gain, Tell it, tell it a - gain and a - gain;



The gos - pel sto - ry, of grace and glory, Bears telling a - gain and a - gain.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king - dom of
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a

path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our
 Life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our
 dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex -
 crown shall our la - bor re - ward, When the home of the faith - ful our

strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
 glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

REFRAIN.

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,

on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Let us hope, and trust,

To the Work.—Concluded.

Let us watch, and pray, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.

120

Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. We shall reach the riv-er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 2. We shall pass in-side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall cross the storm-y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen-ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath-'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold, While be-fore our eyes un-fold
 We shall hear the won-drous strain, "Glo-ry to the Lamb that's slain!
 By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap-ture ev-'ry-where:

Heav-en's splen-dors yet un-told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a-gain!" Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o-ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ye her - alds of Je - sus, go forth with the light, And
 2. 'Tis thine, O be - lov - ed, re - deemed by the blood, Sal -
 3. Com - mis - sioned of Je - sus the lost ones to win, Go,
 4. In cit - y or vil - lage, wher - ev - er they be, Go

scat - ter its glad beams a - broad; 'T will glad - den the na - tions like
 va - tion's good news to in - part To - day to thy broth - er, who
 reach out a glad help - ing hand; In might - y bat - tal - ions they're
 thou with the life - giv - ing Word; Stay not, till all peo - ple, from

songs in the night, And win pre - cious souls for your Lord.
 sinks 'neath his load, With glad - ness to fill the sad heart.
 sink - ing in sin, Those you might bring safe - ly to land.
 sea un - to sea, The old gos - pel sto - ry have heard.

REFRAIN.

Go forth with the light, with the light, Go
 Go forth with the light, with the light, Ye

forth with the light! Go, scat - ter the beams o'er the
 her - alds of Je - sus, go forth with the light!

Heralds of Jesus.—Concluded.

dark o - cean wave, And point them to Je - sus, the might-y to save.

122

Ready.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 SAM. 15: 15.
S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Read-y to suf - fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
2. Read-y to go; read - y to bear; Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Read-y to speak, read - y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Read-y to speak; read - y to warn; Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
Read-y in life; read-y in death; Read-y for His re - turn.

REFRAIN.

Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH,

1. Now that har - vest-time is here, Will you be a vol - un - teer?
 2. Sin is rife on ev - 'ry hand, 'Tis no time to i - dle stand,
 3. Lord, I con - se - crate to Thee All I am, or hope to be;

For the work - ers of the Lord are few; Will you an - swer, "Here am I,
 Let us brave - ly help, its pow'r to stay; Speak to some - one, lost in sin,
 In Thy serv - ice I will e'er be true, Winning souls from sin's dark night

In Thy cause to do or die," If the Master's call should come to you?
 Of the love of Christ with-in; Help to spread the gos - pel light to - day.
 To the glo - rious gos - pel light, Which a - lone can wast - ed lives re - new.

REFRAIN.

Here am I, send me, Here am I, send me O - ver
 Here am I, send me, Here am I, send me

land or o - ver sea; Wheresoe'er the end may be, Here am I, send me.
 Here am I, send me.

"Go Ye Into All the World."

J. McG.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a - way, in hea - then dark - ness dwell - ing, Mil - lions of souls for -
 2. See o'er the world the o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol - diers of Christ, a -
 3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re -
 4. God speed the day, when those of ev - 'ry na - tion "Glo - ry to God!" tri -

ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal - va - tion's sto - ry tell - ing,
 rise and en - ter in! Breth - ren, a - wake! our for - ces all u - nit - ing,
 ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap - pall - ing,
 um - phant - ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion,

REFRAIN.

Look - ing to Je - sus, heed - ing not the cost?
 Send forth the gos - pel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is
 Life and sal - va - tion there - fore go pro - claim.
 Shout "Hal - le - lu - jah, for the Lord is King!"

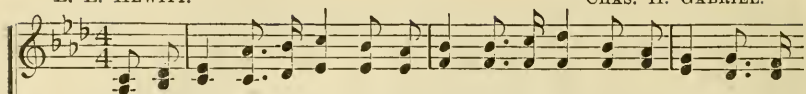
giv - en un - to me, All pow'r is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to

all the world and preach the gos - pel, And lo, I am with you al - way."

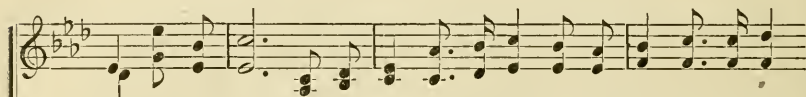
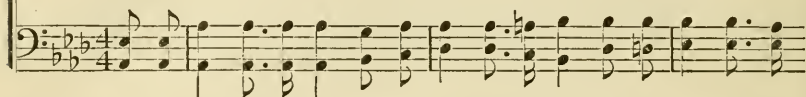
Will I Bring Any Sheaves?

E. E. HEWITT.

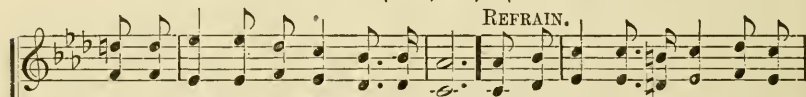
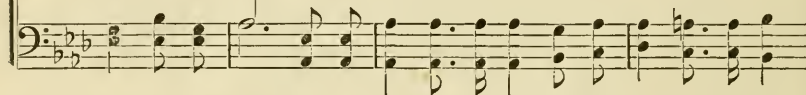
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



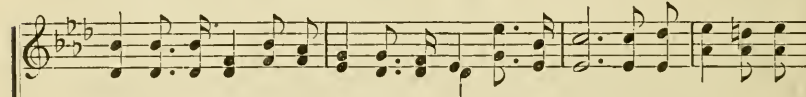
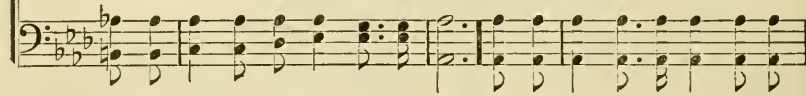
1. When the sun - set of time fades a - way in the sky, And the fields yield their
2. Not the joy of the har - vest for those who neglect The sweet serv - ice of
3. Let me sow the good seed, let me nur - ture the grain; Let me toil, as He



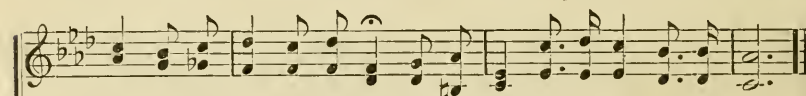
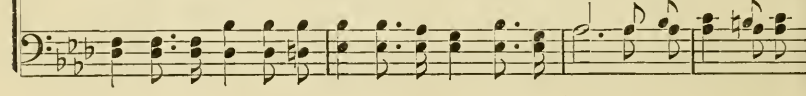
har - vests so fair, When the ranks of the reap - ers shall gath - er on high,
Je - sus be - low; But for those who go forth, as His word shall di - rect,
shows me the way; He will make it to grow, in the sun, in the rain,



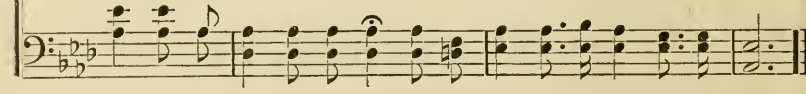
Will I bring an - y sheaves with me there?
With the love of the Mas - ter a - glow. An - y sheaves for the Lord, an - y
And some sheaves will I bind, "in that day."



sheaves will I bring To the gar - ners, e - ter - nal - ly fair? When the reapers shall



sing, and the glo - ry - bells ring, Will I bring an - y sheaves with me there?



Oh, Where Are the Reapers?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the
 2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be
 3. The fields all are rip - ning, and far and wide The world now is
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to -

good from the fields of sin? With sick - les of truth must the work be done,
 there, tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
 wait - ing the har - vest tide; But reap - ers are few, and the work is great,
 geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har - vest come,

REFRAIN.

And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
 But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers! Oh,
 And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
 Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."

who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?" Oh,

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

127 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

Dr. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
 3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phiant o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain;

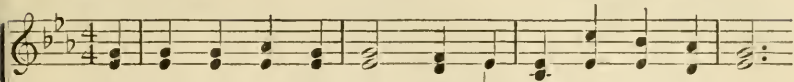
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train!

128 The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE.

(AURELIA.)

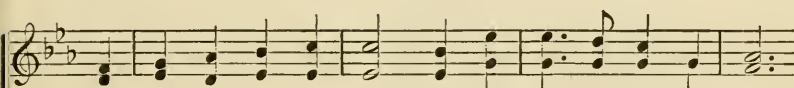
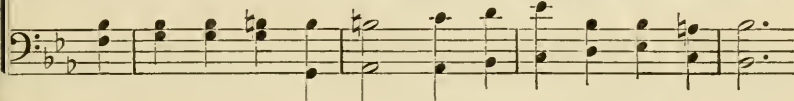
SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



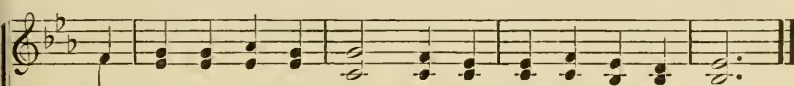
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God, the Three in One,



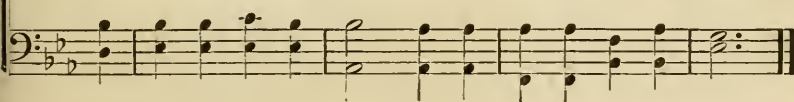
She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the Word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth.
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 Oh, hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace, that we,

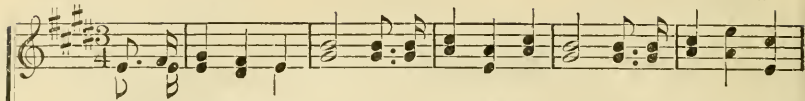


With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

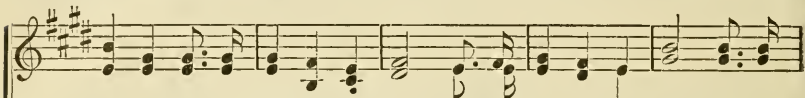
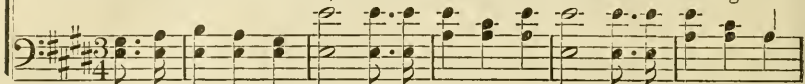


Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

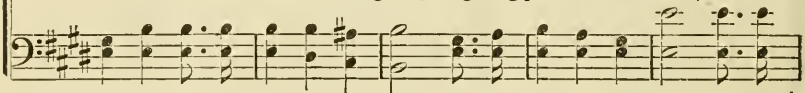
A. J. SHOWALTER.



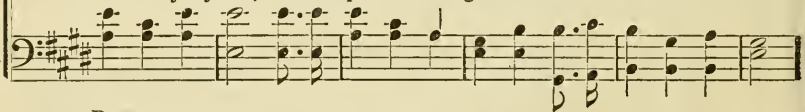
1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall a-rise, And the splendors im-
 2. When the King shall ap - pear In His beau-ty on high, And shall summon His
 3. O the bliss of that morn, When our loved ones we meet! With the songs of the



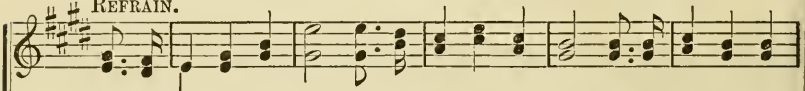
mor-tal Shall en - vel - op the skies; When the An - gel of Death Shall no
 chil-dren To the courts of the sky; Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
 ransomed We each oth - er shall greet, Sing - ing praise to the Lamb, Thro' e-



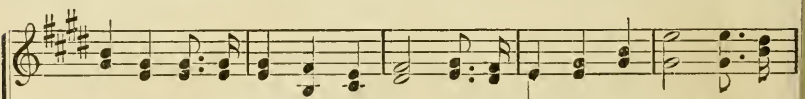
lon - ger de-destroy, And the dead shall a - wak-en In the morning of joy:
 all your em-employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morning of joy?
 ter - ni - ty's years, With the past all for - got-ten With its sor - rows and tears.



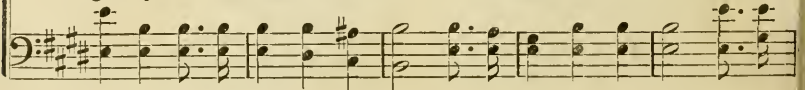
REFRAIN.



In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to



glo - ry, In the morning of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the



In the Morning of Joy.—Concluded.

morn-ing of joy, We'll be gathered to glo-ry, In the morning of joy.

130 If Jesus Reigned Alone.

JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. How sweet a place would be the world If Je - sus reigned a - lone;
2. All hearts from ha - tred would be free If Je - sus reigned a - lone;
3. De - spair and want could not be found If Je - sus reigned a - lone;
4. How sweet a place will earth be then, When Je - sus reigns a - lone;

The flags of war would all be furled If Je - sus reigned a - lone.
 Man-kind one fam-'ly blest would be If Je - sus reigned a - lone.
 For joy and plen-ty would a-bound If Je - sus reigned a - lone.
 Oh, E - den will be man's a - gain, When Je - sus reigns a - lone.

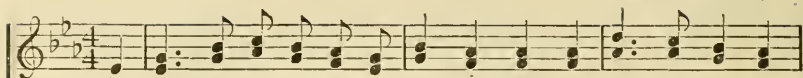
REFRAIN.

And yet that bless-ed time will come, For mil-lions loud-ly call:

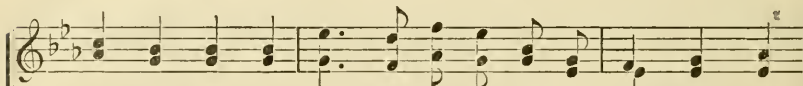
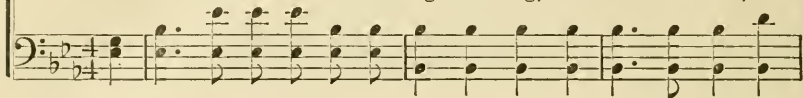
"Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!"

W. G. C.

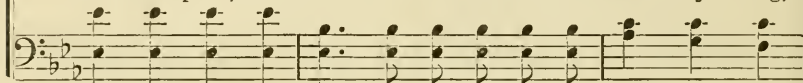
W. G. COOPER.



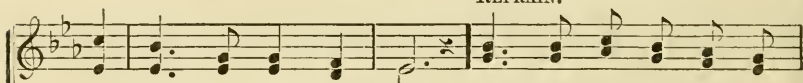
1. Oft hard to bear the toil and strug-gle here; But bless-ed rest re-
2. When an-gel bands their golden harp-strings touch, And sweet-est har-mo-
3. A count-less mul-ti-tude that song shall sing; A sin-ner saved, I'll



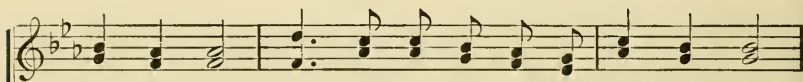
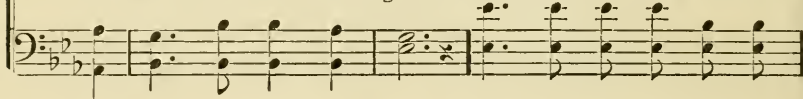
mains for me, And there shall burst up-on my rap-tured ear
 nies un-fold, I fan-cy then the mu-sic will be such
 there have place, And ev-er tell the love of Christ my King,



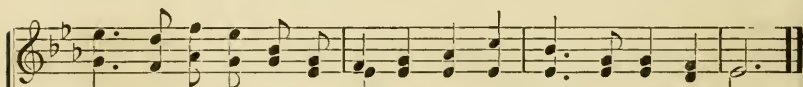
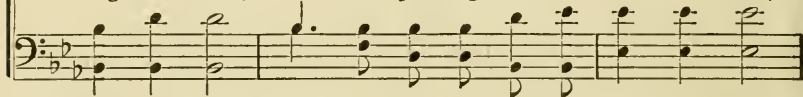
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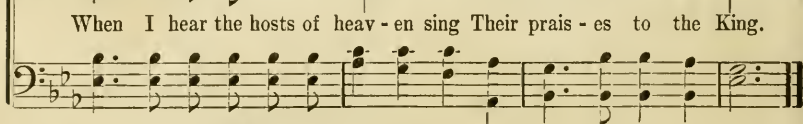
The song of vic-to-ry.
 As on-ly heav'n could hold. There'll be glo-ry in that
 And won-ders of His grace.



song I know, Far sur-pass-ing all I've heard be-low,



When I hear the hosts of heav-en sing Their prais-es to the King.



Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALTER WHITCOMB.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
 3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
 4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If Je - sus should
 hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go
 on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For He is "at
 free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For He is my

REFRAIN.

come to - day.
 home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?
 hand" to - day.
 all to - day.

I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus my Lord I

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Com-ing to you, ev - er com-ing to you, Je - sus, the Sav - iour, so
 2. Com-ing to you in the cloud and the sun; Speak-ing to you in the
 3. Com-ing to you in the friends that you meet, Catching your eye in the
 4. Ra - diant at last in the day of His pow'r, Je - sus will come, though you

ten - der and true; Ev - ry new day is a path - way of love, Je - sus is
 work He has done; Bless - ing He brings on the wear - i - est road, Com - ing to
 mar - ket and street, Call - ing to you in His tem - ple to - day, Je - sus is
 know not the hour: O to be read - y when He shall ap - pear, Watch - ing and

REFRAIN.

com - ing from glo - ry a - bove.
 guide you and car - ry your load. Com - ing, yes, com - ing to help and to
 com - ing—O, turn not a - way.
 wait - ing, the sum - mons to hear.

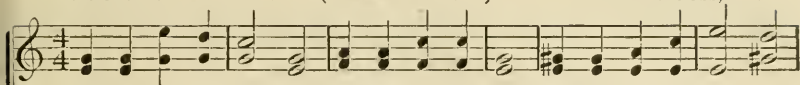
heal, Com - ing His won - der - ful grace to re - veal, Je - sus is com - ing, is

com - ing to - day; Wel - come your Mas - ter, O hear and o - bey.

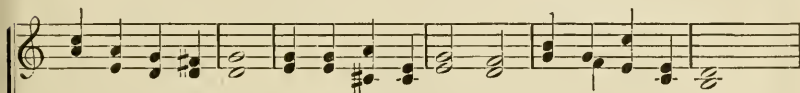
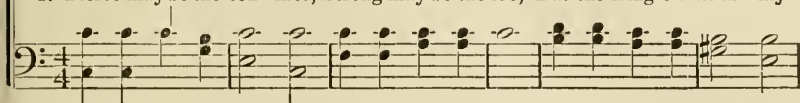
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(ARMAGEDDON.)

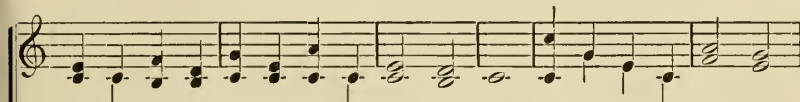
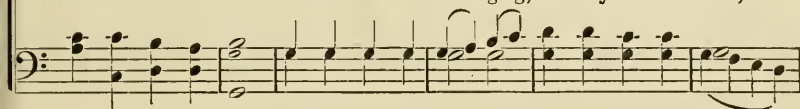
J. GOSS, arr.



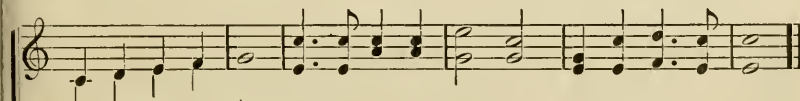
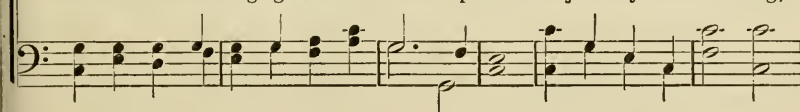
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,
3. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we His serv - ice,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



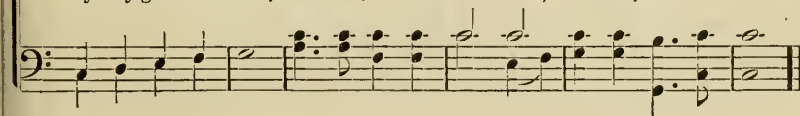
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 Raise the conq'ror's psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died,
 None can o - ver - throw. Round His standard ranging, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 He whom Je - sus nameth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 For His truth unchanging Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,



By Thy grace di - vine, We are, on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine!



PALMER HARTSOUGH.
DUET.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Love-ly, love-ly riv - er, On thy way so free, Murm'ring soft-ly ev - er
 2. O that love-ly riv - er, With its crys-tal flood, Flow-ing free-ly ev - er
 3. To this love-ly riv - er, We may glad-ly come; To its bow'rs of blessing

Tow'rd the boundless sea; Thou art sweetly tell-ing, In thy gen-tle song,
 From the throne of God; On its pleas-ant bor-ders Springs the living green;
 We may free-ly come; Of its leaves of heal-ing We may strength receive;

CHORUS.

Of the liv-ing wa-ters Flowing bright a - long. Love - ly riv - er,
 There the tree immortal With its fruits is seen.
 Of its pre-cious wa-ters We may drink and live. Beau-ti - ful riv - er, love-ly riv - er,

With its crys-tal flood, Bless - ings ev - er, Bear-ing
 With its crys-tal flood, its flood, Bless-ings, a - bun-dant ev - er, ev - er, Bear - ing

all a - broad; Love - ly riv - er, Love - ly
 all a - broad, a - broad; Beau-ti - ful riv - er, beau-ti - ful riv - er, Beau-ti - ful riv - er,

Lovely River.—Concluded.

riv - er, Beau-ti - ful riv - er flow - ing From the throne of God.
 beau - ti - ful riv - er,

136 The Glad New Song.

W. M. E.

WM. MCEWAN.

1. O bless - ed tho't! O joy di - vine! To know I'm His, and He is mine;
2. O Je - sus! sweetest name of all, The name on which I love to call;
3. O sim - ple faith! O sav - ing grace! To know we soon shall see His face;

That I shall sing in heav'n ere long The greatest theme, the glad new song.
 For He redeemed me from the wrong, And gave to me the glad new song.
 For He shall come in clouds ere long, And then we'll sing the glad new song.

REFRAIN.

The glad new song, the glad new song, I'll sing it with the ransomed throng;

Oh, praise the Lord, 'twill not be long, Un - til we sing the glad new song.

E. T. H.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

With feeling.

1. I am think-ing to - night of a far a - way home, Where the
 2. I am think-ing to - night of that heav-en - ly band, And
 3. I am think-ing to - night of those who have gone To

an - gels are hap - py in song, And the streets of pure gold, which I
 those who are crowned with the blest; 'Tis the host of the Lord who re-
 view that great cit - y a - bove: Oh, may we at length, through

long to be - hold, Are trod by the bright an - gel throng.
 ceived the re - ward Which is prom - ised to all who seek rest.
 Je - sus the Son, Pass in - to that ha - ven of love.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti - ful home, land of the blest, Whose glo-ries for - ev - er are bright;

rit.
 My soul goes up to the great white throne, Where Jesus is ev - er the light.

ISAAC WATTS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

REFRAIN.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O gold-en day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
 2. Life's upward way, a nar - row path, Lends on to that fair dwelling-
 3. I dim-ly see my jour-ney's end, But well I know who guid-eth

fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall
 place Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
 me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose

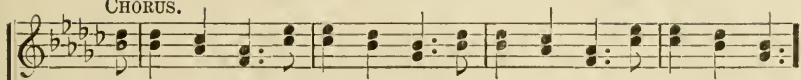
ope for me the gates of gold! Earth's lit-tle while will
 live who trust re-deem-ing grace. Sing, sing, my heart, a-
 matchless love is full and free. And when with Him I

soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The grace that
 long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the
 en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The con-q'ror's

saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
 glo-rious crowning day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
 palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.

Saving Grace.—Concluded.

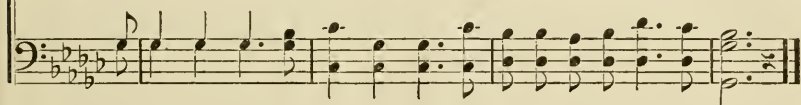
CHORUS.



Then I shall know as I am known, And stand complete be-fore the throne;



Then I shall see my Sav-iour's face, And all my song be "Saving grace!"

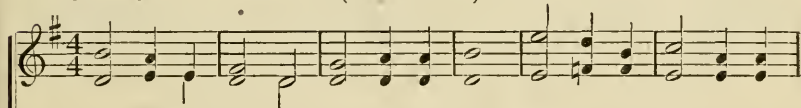


140 No Shadows Yonder.

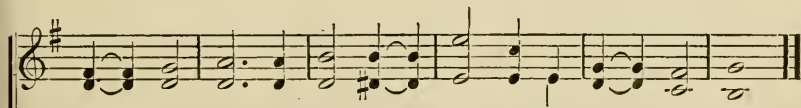
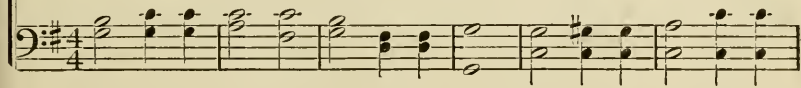
HORATIUS BONAR.

(HOLY CITY.)

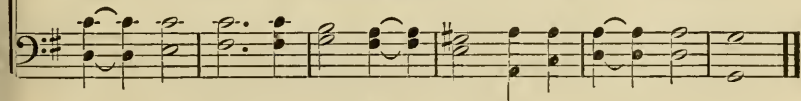
FR. ALFRED R. GAUL.



1. No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der, And
2. No weep-ing yon-der! All fled a-way! While here I wan-der, Each
3. No part-ing yon-der! No space or time Shall hearts e'er sun-der, In
4. None wanting yon-der! Bought by the Lamb, All gathered un-der The

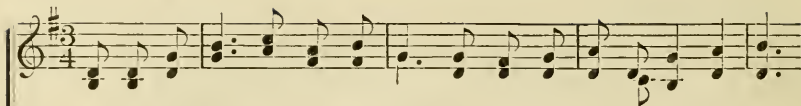


say, "How long Shall time me sun-der From that dear throng?"
 wear-y day, I sigh and pon-der My long, long stay.
 that fair clime, Dear-er and fond-er—In friend-ship sub-lime.
 ev-er-green palm, Loud as night's thun-der Swells out the glad psalm.

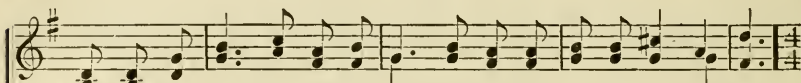
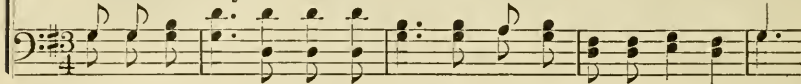


J. BURTIS WHITE.

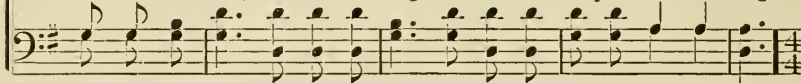
D. B. TOWNER.



1. O bless-ed day, when from the tomb The Son of man in tri-umph rose!
2. O bless-ed day, when on the way With His dis - ci - ples Je - sus walked!
3. O bless-ed day, in Beth - an - y, When Christ as - cend - ed to His home!
4. Thrice blessed day when Je - sus comes To take His ransomed children home.



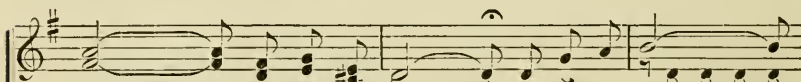
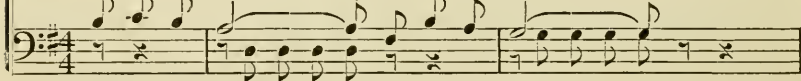
Where darkness reigned now shines the light Of hope e - ter - nal, pure and bright.
 Their sad - dened hearts with - in them burned As to the Scrip - tures Je - sus turned.
 Re - demp - tion's won - drous work is done; And lo, the Com - fort - er has come!
 Ye saints of God, a - rise and sing Ho - san - nas to your Sav - iour King!



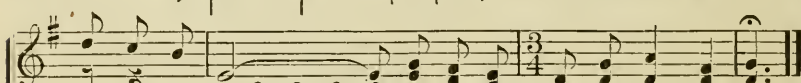
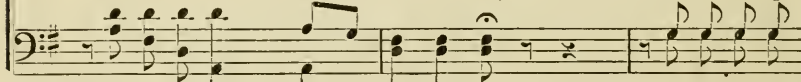
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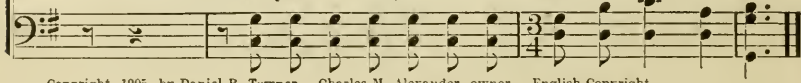
O bless-ed day, when I shall see The ris - en
 O bless-ed day, when I shall see



Christ who died for me, And on that bright
 The ris - en Christ who died for me, And on that bright



and peace - ful shore Rest in His love for - ev - er - more!
 and peace - ful shore,

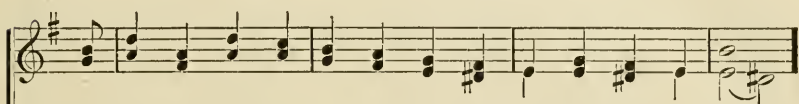


REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



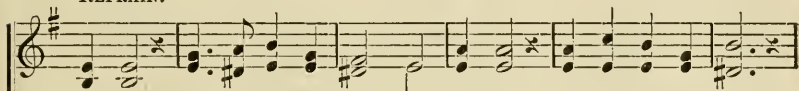
1. The judg-ment day is com - ing on, God's Word de - clares it true;
2. The bro - ken laws, the sins for - got, Will meet you on that day,
3. God's mer - cy will be end - ed then, The day of grace be done;
4. But, hark! the door stands o - pen wide, God's Spir - it still is nigh;



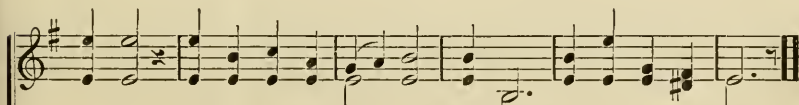
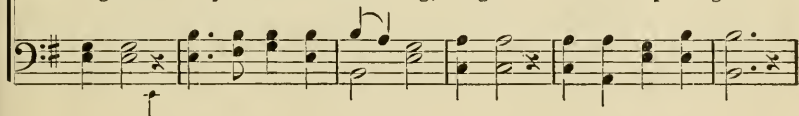
Up - on the great white throne will be The One oft spurned by you.
 And from the rec - ord writ - ten there You can - not turn a - way.
 The time you might have cho - sen life Will be for - ev - er gone.
 In gen - tle tones the Sav-iour pleads, Oh, turn! Why will ye die?



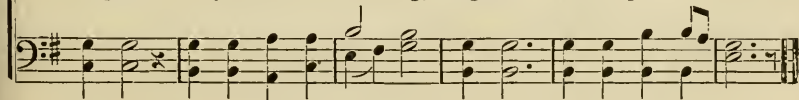
REFRAIN.



Judgment! all your sins con-front - ing, Judgment! with no help or guide.

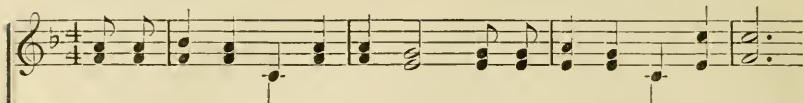


Judgment! all your rec - ord fac - ing; Judg - ment! with no place to hide.

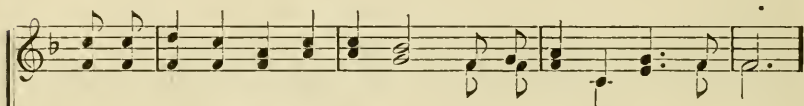
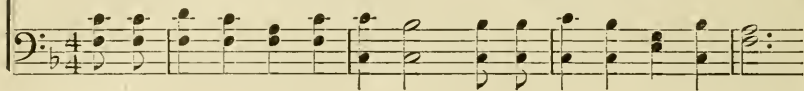


FLORA KIRKLAND.

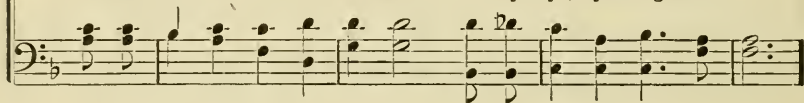
GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



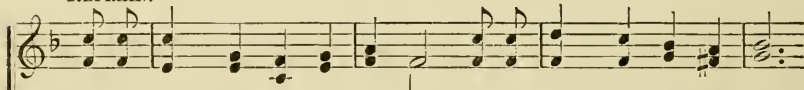
1. In the deep, deep waves of sor-row, 'Mid the strong, swift tides of grief,
2. Hear it sing-ing, "I am with thee!" Hear a-gain! "Be not a-fraid."
3. Doth thy way seemed hedged about thee? "I will guide thee with mine eye."
4. Art thou wear-y? Hark, the ech-o! "Come, thou wear-y one, to me;"



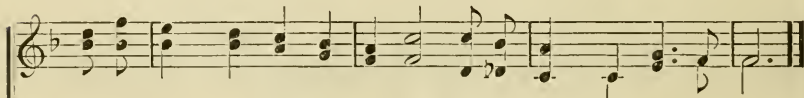
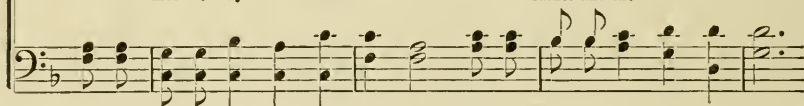
Hark, a sound of heav'n-ly mu-sic Bring-ing sweet and sure re-lief!
 Canst thou fear, when He is near thee, He, on whom thy trust is stayed?
 Do the cares of life per-plex thee? "I will an-swer ere they cry."
 Art thou troub-led for the fu-ture? "As thy days, thy strength shall be."



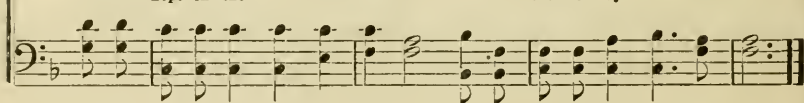
REFRAIN.



Pre-cious mu-sic of the Bi-ble! Mu-sic saints and proph-ets heard!
 mel-o-dy saints and the



Bring-ing hope in times of an-guish; Wondrous mu-sic of God's word!
 hope in the mel-o-dy



144 Thy Word is Like a Garden, Lord.

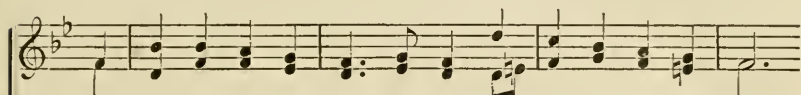
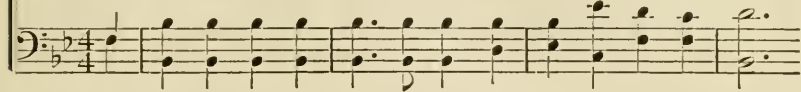
EDWIN HODDER.

(BETHLEHEM.)

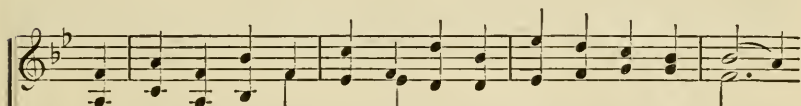
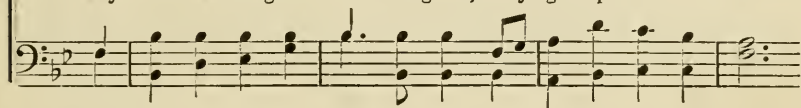
G. W. FINE.



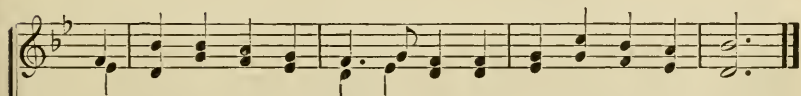
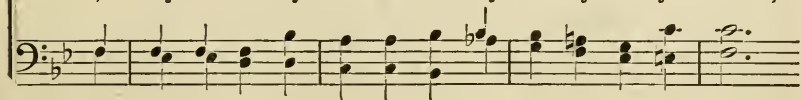
1. Thy Word is like a gar-den, Lord, With flow-ers bright and fair;
 2. Thy Word is like a star-ry host: A thou-sand rays of light
 3. O, may I love Thy precious Word, May I ex-plore the mine,



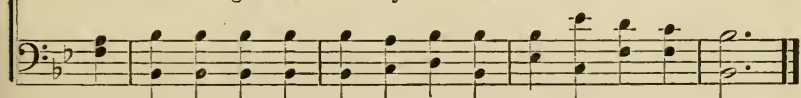
And ev-'ry one who seeks may pluck A love-ly clus-ter there.
 Are seen to guide the trav-el-er, And make his path-way bright.
 May I its fra-grant flow-ers glean, May light up-on me shine!



Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew-els rich and rare
 Thy Word is like an ar-mo-ry, Where sol-diers may re-pair,
 O, may I find my ar-mor there! Thy Word my trust-y sword,



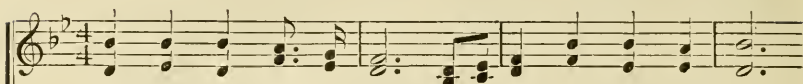
Are hid-den in the might-y depths For ev-'ry search-er there.
 And find, for life's long bat-tle-day, All need-ful weap-ons there.
 I'll learn to fight with ev-'ry foe The bat-tle of the Lord.



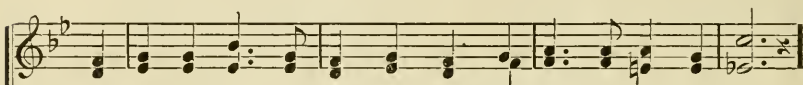
"Thy Word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against Thee."—PSALM 119: 11.

R. H.

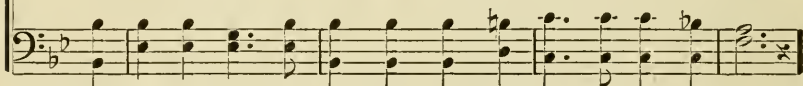
ROBERT HARKNESS.



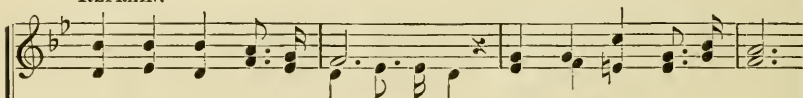
1. Hide God's Word in your heart, Its pre - cious Truth be - lieve:
2. Hide God's Word in your heart, If you would grow in grace,
3. Hide God's Word in your heart, And seek the Spir - it's pow'r
4. Hide God's Word in your heart, And, hav - ing hid - den well,
5. Hide God's Word in your heart, Each day a verse re - peat;



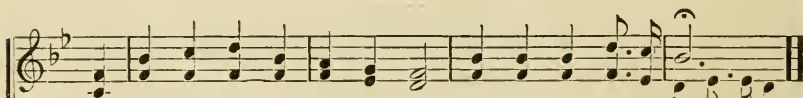
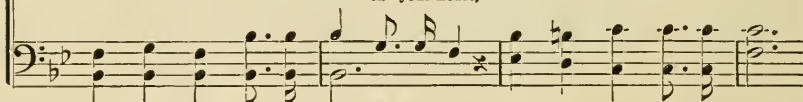
At His com-mand Take from His hand, The Bread of Life re - ceive.
 And like Him be Un - til you see Your Mas - ter face to face.
 To un - der-stand Each blest com-mand He gives from hour to hour.
 Seek out the lost, The tem - pest-tossed; Go forth His love to tell.
 Tho' sin al - lure, Suc - cess is sure, You can - not have de - feat.



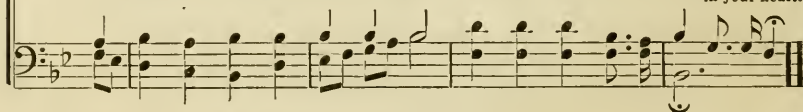
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Hide God's word in your heart, Hide God's Word in your heart—
 in your heart,

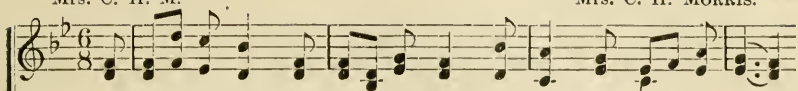


His Word of love Sent from a - bove, Hide God's Word in your heart.
 in your heart.

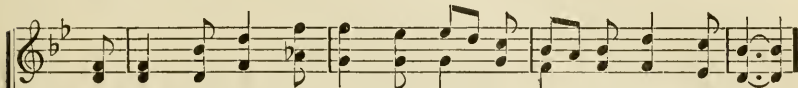


Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



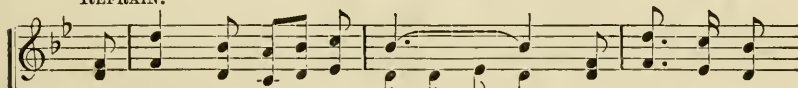
1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son He free - ly gave,
2. I was a way - ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who - so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul:



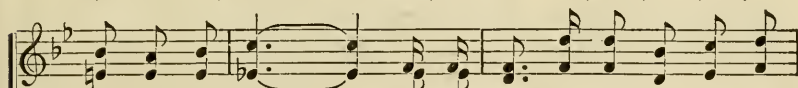
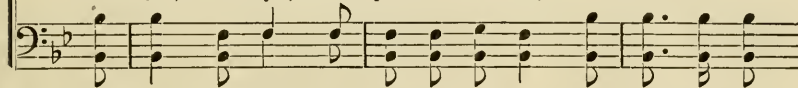
That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.
 Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
 I took Him at His gra - cious word, From sin He set me free.
 I'll sing His praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.



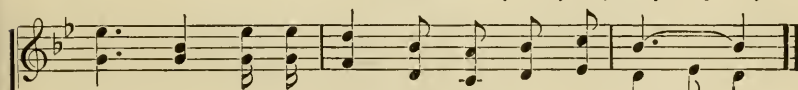
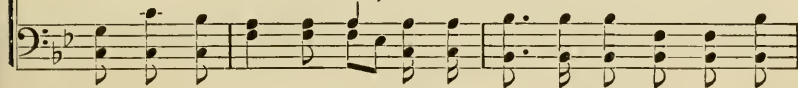
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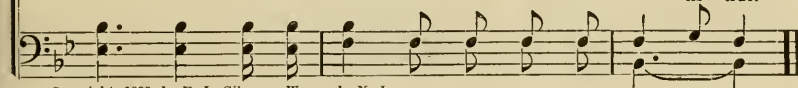
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, God's won - der - ful
 'Tis true, O yes, the prom - ise is true,



prom - ise is true, 'tis true, For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and



tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true. 'tis true.



147 Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart.

Adapted by E. O. S.

E. O. SELLERS.

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way,
 2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab - lished and fixed on high;
 3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
 4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Saviour and Morning Star,

To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'nly way.
 Thy faith - ful - ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er night.
 For Thou art my por - tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days.
 Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.

REFRAIN. Ps. 119: 11.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, That I might not
 in my heart,

sin a - gainst Thee; That I might not sin, That
 a - gainst Thee;

ad lib.
 I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

ANON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
 2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
 3. More - o - ver they Thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame.
 4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
 5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

The judg - ments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous - ness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey - comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
 Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump - tuous sins;
 I shall be right - eous, then, and from The great trans - gres - sion free.

REFRAIN. Psalm 119: 97.

O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -

ta - tion all (all) the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

rit.
 love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day (all the day).

M. E. SERVOS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. O ho-ly Word, with rev'rent hands I turn thy sa - cred pa - ges o'er
 2. O ho-ly Word of love di - vine, Thy light shall guide me in the way,
 3. Dear mes-sen-ger of wondrous grace, Thy precepts in my heart I hide;
 4. When pain and sorrow lin - ger near, Thou tellest of a Saviour's care.
 5. One page a - lone is more to me Than all of hu-man life be - side;

Thy truths to search as God commands, 'Mid all thy vast un-fath-omed store.
 And thro' life's darkest night shall shine To lead me in - to per - fect day.
 The law of love in thee I trace; And in thy prom-is - es con - fide.
 Thou hast a balm for ev - 'ry fear, A hope for ev - 'ry ear - nest prayer.
 For there I learn, to set me free, A Sav-iour in my stead hath died.

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M. E. THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car - ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle
 2. If Thou wilt guide me, Glad - ly I'll go with Thee; No harm can

lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still. In the green pas-tures low,
 come to me, Hold - ing Thy hand. And soon my wear - y feet,

Thou Art My Shepherd.—Concluded.

Where liv-ing wa-ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
Safe in the gold-en street, Where all who love Thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.

151 A Welcome for the Children.

MAUD FRAZER.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Long a - go when Christ our Sav-iour Did up-on this earth a - bide,
2. This dear Sav-iour still is liv - ing, Tho' His form we can-not see;
3. Come, ye chil-dren, come to Je - sus; He will hear you when you pray;
4. Lit - tle ones of ev - 'ry na - tion Doth the bless-ed Lord in - vite,

He did not for - get the chil - dren, But He called them to His side.
Still His gen - tle voice is call - ing, "Let the chil-dren come to me."
He will kind - ly guide your foot-steps In the shin - ing up-ward way.
Rich or poor, it does not mat - ter, All are pre-cious in His sight.

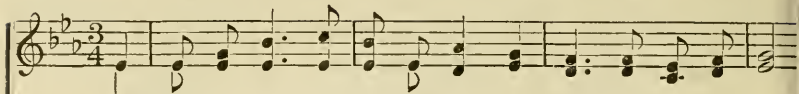
REFRAIN.

There's a wel-come for the chil - dren, In the Sav-iour's lov - ing heart;

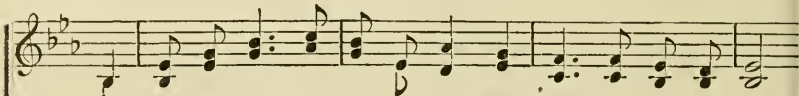
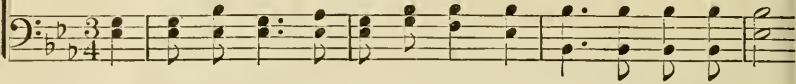
There's a wel-come for the chil - dren; In His love they have a part.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

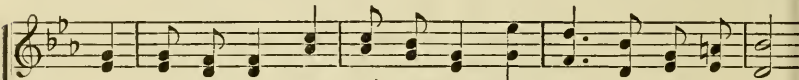
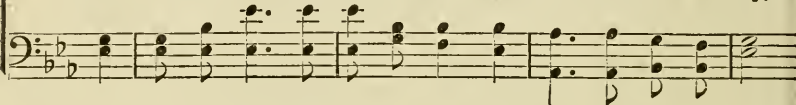
W. A. OGDEN.



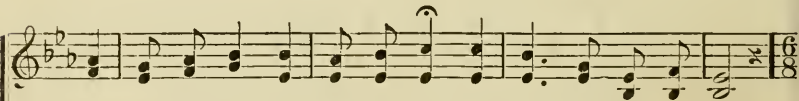
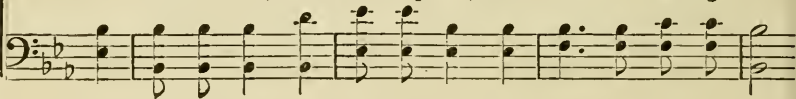
1. When light di - vine had touched the hills, By slumb'ring Gal - i - lee,
 2. And when they bro't the suf-f'ring ones, The low - ly and the dear,
 3. He heard the prayer, and gave the will And strength to touch the hem,
 4. Oh, ten - der One, oh, might-y One, Who nev - er sent a - way



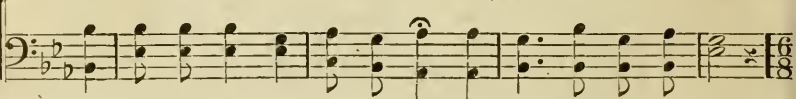
The gold - en wave then rolled a - far To - wards the west - ern sea,
 And layed them at the Heal - er's feet, From far a - way and near,
 And gave the faith, and vir - tue flowed From Him and heal - ed them;
 The sin - ner or the suf - fer - er, Thou art the same to - day;



And when the men had knowl - edge of The Ho - ly One of God,
 They bent be - fore the won - drous One, And ear - nest - ly be - sought
 For' ev - 'ry one whose fee - blest touch Thus met the Saviour's pow'r
 The same in love, the same in pow'r, And Thou art wait - ing still



They journeyed forth thro' all the land, And spread His fame a - broad.
 That they might on - ly touch the hem A - round His gar - ment wrought.
 Rose up in perfect health and strength In that ac - cept - ed hour.
 To heal the mul - ti - tude that come, Yea, who - so - ev - er will.



Sing of the Mighty One.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. *Spirited.*

O sing of the lov - ing One! O sing of the heal - ing One!

O sing of the might - y One, He's just the same to - day!

153

Happy Hearts.

LANTA WILSON.
Cheerfully.

C. A. FYKE.

1. I'm glad the gold-en sun-light Is shin-ing o'er our way, And na-ture seems so
2. The per-fume of the flow-ers Floats upward to the sky; The birds are singing
3. And if the birds and flowers All praise the Lord our King, I'm sure the lit - tle

REFRAIN.

hap - py, This ho - ly Sab - bath day.
prais - es To God who dwells on high. Dear Fa - ther, we will praise Thee, This
chil - dren A song of praise may bring.

hap - py, hap - py day, For 'tis Thy lov - ing - kindness That brightens all our way.

ROBT. MORRIS, LL. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, 1874.

1. As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pas-tures they shall go;
 2. Near the well of cool-ing wa-ter, In the sul-try noon of day,
 3. If up-on the crag-gy moun-tain An-y lambs should flee a-way,

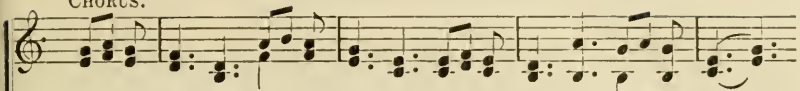
All His bless-ings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be-stow.
 Ev-'ry lit-tle son and daughter With the gen-tle One shall stay.
 Je-sus, from the cool-ing foun-tain, Will o'er-take them where they stray,

In His bos-om, when they lan-quish, Pre-cious chil-dren He will take,
 Shep-herd strong, He will de-fend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
 Will re-store each one, for-giv-en, From the wild and sto-ny waste,

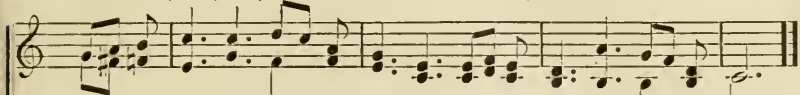
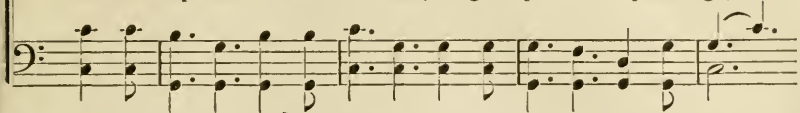
Where no blight, nor sin nor an-guish An-y sor-row can a-wake.
 Shep-herd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safe-ly to the fold.
 And with-in the fold of heav-en Bring the saved ones home at last.

As a Shepherd.—Concluded.

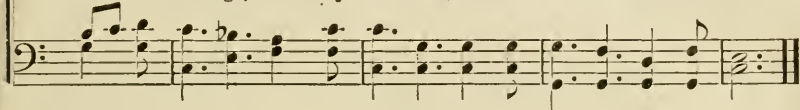
CHORUS.



As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;



And His blessings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be - stow.

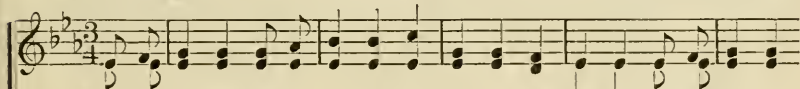


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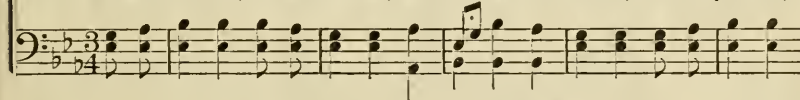
Jewels.

W. O. CUSHING.

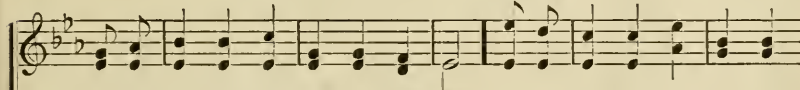
GEO. F. ROOT.



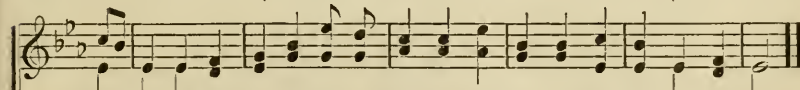
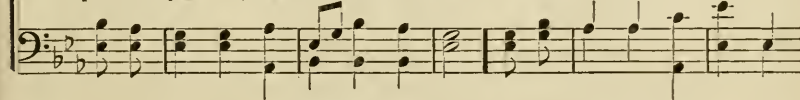
1. When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els,
 2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom; All the pure ones,
 3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Redeemer, Are the jew - els,



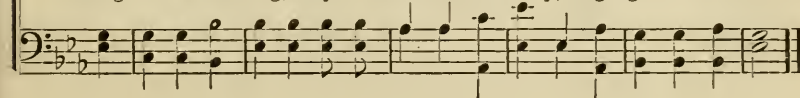
REFRAIN.



pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own;
 all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing,
 pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.



His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.



D. K. P.

H. R. PALMER

1. An - gry words! O let them nev - er From the tongue un - bridled slip;
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friend - ship is too sa - cred far,
 3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken, Bit - t' rest tho'ts are rash - ly stirred,

May the heart's best im - pulse ev - er Check them ere they soil the lip.
 For a mo - ment's reck - less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
 Brightest links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

CHORUS.

"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - iour; Chil - dren, o -
 "Love each oth - er, love each oth - er;"

bey the Fa - ther's blest com - mand. "Love one an - eth - er,"
 'Tis the Fa - ther's blest com - mand. "Love each oth -

thus saith the Sav - iour; Chil - dren, o - bey His blest com - mand.
 er, love each oth - er;" 'Tis His blest com - mand.

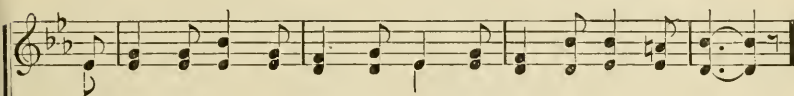
157 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

J.

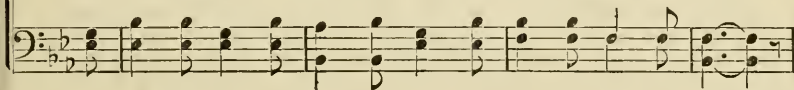
G. B. HOLSINGER.



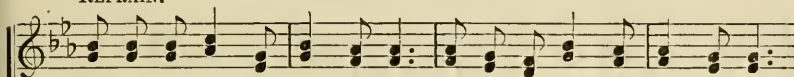
1. The lit - tle chil - dren Christ re - ceived, O praise His pre - cious name!
2. A kind - ly warn - ing Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je - sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them too;
4. The Lord will kind - ly wel - come all The chil - dren to His love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones; They so soon learn of sin;



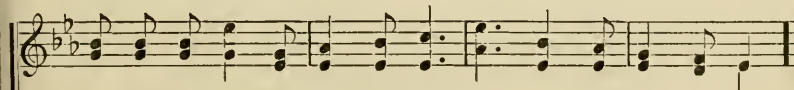
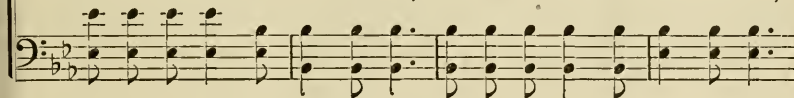
He took them up in - to His arms And blessed each one that came.
 One of these pre - cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their Friend.
 And all the love we can be - stow, For Je - sus we should do.
 And send up - on them, day by day, His bless - ing from a - bove.
 The harvest's great, the la - b'ers few; Oh, who will bring them in?



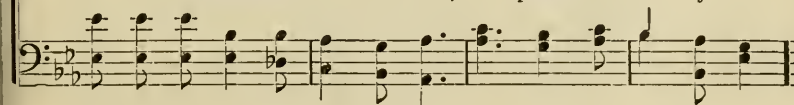
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,



Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His ho - ly name!



JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O wel - come Sun - day morn - ing, A gift from God a - bove;
 2. A touch of ho - ly beau - ty It lays up - on the earth:
 3. From earth - ly toil and pleas - ure We glad - ly turn a - way,

It comes with heav-en's warn - ing, It comes with heav-en's love.
 Sweet tho'ts of love and du - ty In hu - man hearts have birth.
 To take from God this treas - ure, This ho - ly, hap - py day.

REFRAIN.

The day comes back a - gain, The gift of God to men,

The day when Je - sus rose Tri - um - phant o'er His foes.

Copyright, 1908, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.

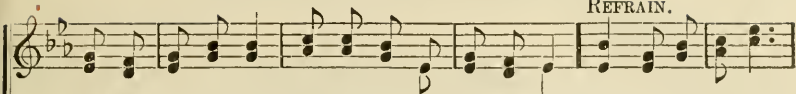
ANNA B. WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

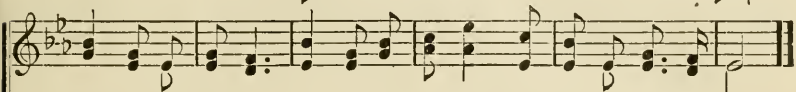
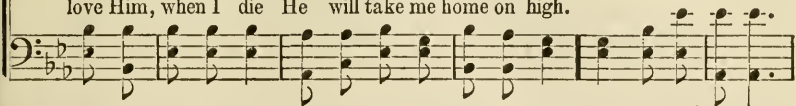
1. Je - sus loves me! This I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide! He will
 3. Je - sus loves me! Loves me still! Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me, all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

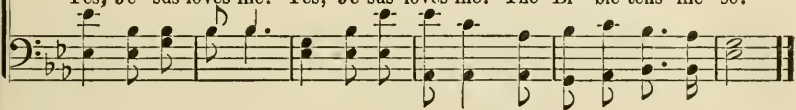
REFRAIN.



ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me!
shin - ing home on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.



Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

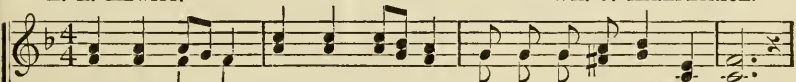


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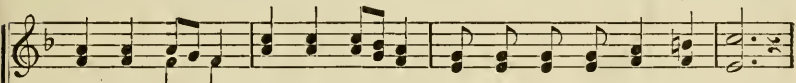
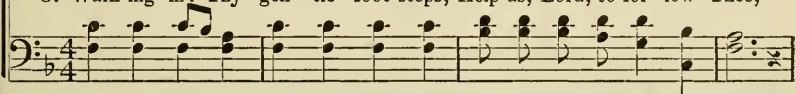
Tender Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT.

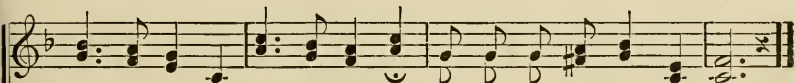
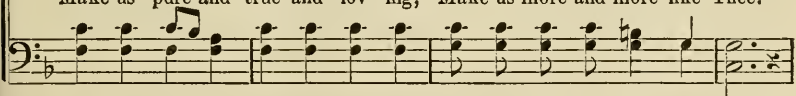
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



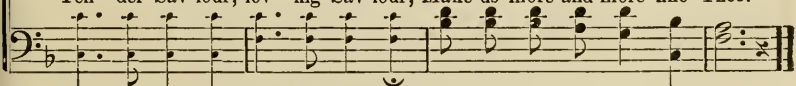
1. Ten - der Sav-iour, by Whose child-hood Ev - 'ry lit - tle one is blest,
2. Hold us by Thy hand, dear Sav-iour; Lead us in Thy ho - ly ways;
3. Walk-ing in, Thy gen - tle foot-steps, Help us, Lord, to fol - low Thee;



Help us love and trust and serve Thee, Fold us to Thy gen - tle breast.
Grow-ing in Thy grace and wis-dom, Fill our hearts with joy - ful praise.
Make us pure and true and lov - ing, Make us more and more like Thee.



Ten - der Sav-iour, lov - ing Sav-iour, Fold us to Thy gen - tle breast.
Ten - der Sav-iour, lov - ing Sav-iour, Fill our hearts with joy - ful praise.
Ten - der Sav-iour, lov - ing Sav-iour, Make us more and more like Thee.



DOROTHY A. THURPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare. }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. }
 3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be; }
 { Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow' r to free. }

Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!
 Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray!
 Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee!

163 Father, Grant Thy Blessing.

R. H. *Quietly.*

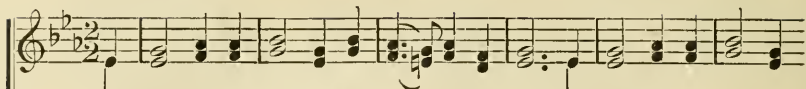
ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Fa - ther, grant Thy bless - ing Ere we go to rest;
 2. Fa - ther, watch Thou o'er us Thro' the dark - some night,

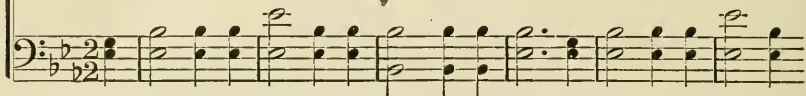
May calm sleep re - fresh us, In Thy keep - ing blest.
 From all harm pro - tect us, Till the morn - ing light.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

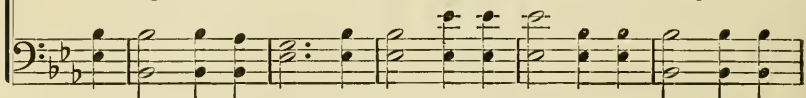
Sir H. R. BISHOP.



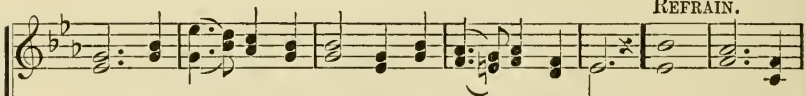
1. Praise God for the Bi - ble Which comes like a friend To counsel and com - fort,
2. Praise God for the Bi - ble, The mir - ror of sin, That shows us our wrong - ness
3. Praise God for the Bi - ble; It burns like a fire, As dross from the sil - ver,
4. Praise God for the Bi - ble That kills, like a sword, Our sins and wrong - doings,



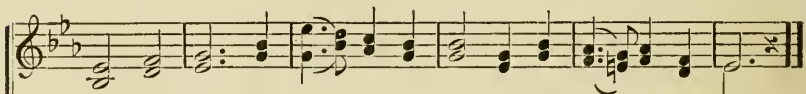
To guide and de - fend; Praise God for the Bi - ble, Far bet - ter than
 With - out and with - in; Praise God for the Bi - ble, The wa - ter of
 Each e - vil de - sire; Praise God for the Bi - ble, His let - ter of
 And fights for the Lord; Praise God for the Bi - ble, A lamp in our



REFRAIN.



gold The words of sure prom - ise Its pa - ges un - fold.
 truth Which gladdens and cleanses The way of our youth. Praise, praise, for -
 love To fa - thers and chil - dren, In - vit - ing a - bove.
 path To guide thro' life's journey And shad - ows of death.



ev - er praise, Praise God for the Bi - ble That glad - dens our days.



165 Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

P. H.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the Mas - ter's
 2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the ear - ly
 3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the heart of

field so fair? Are you cast - ing it forth with a full hand, brother, In the
 morn so bright? Are you sow - ing the seed as the day wears onward, And ap -
 ten - der years? Are you sow - ing the seed o'er the ground so sto - ny Toil - ing

REFRAIN.

strength of faith and prayer?
 proach the shades of night? Oh, the spring so bright is pass - ing by,
 on with prayers and tears? pass - ing by.

And the reap - ing - time will sure - ly come; Haste! the seed wide
sure - ly come;

fling - ing, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the har - vest - home.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. What we need is sun-shine, sun-shine ev - 'ry day; Tho' the clouds may
 2. You may scat-ter sun-shine, tho' your heart is sad; While you're helping
 3. Live a - bove the shad-ows, lest they mar your life; Live a - bove the

hov - er all a - long the way, Still the sun is shin - ing,
 oth - ers you will be made glad; For the "cup of wa - ter"
 world, with all its sin and strife; Sow the seeds of kind - ness,

rit.
 just beyond your view; Look above the shadows, where the sky is blue.
 giv - en in His name Joy to you will bring like sunshine aft - er rain.
 ban - ish pet - ty care; Scat-ter then His bless-ed sunshine ev - 'ry - where.

REFRAIN.

Sun - shine, sun-shine, all the way, Sun - shine,
 sun - shine, all the way,

sun-shine, ev - 'ry day; In this world of sad - ness
 sun - shine, sun-shine ev - 'ry day;
 ev - 'ry day;

The Sunshine Song.—Concluded.

There is joy and glad-ness, If we scat-ter sun-shine on life's way.

167 Kind Words Can Never Die.

A. H.

ABBY HUTCHINSON, about 1840.

1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
 2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly
 3. Our souls can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,

Stored in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times,
 In win-try hours; But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,
 Wrapped in its gloom; What tho' the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a-way,

REFRAIN.

Aye, in all years and climes, Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev-er die,
 With man-y an add-ed hue They bloom a-gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die,
 Live thro' e-ter-nal day, With Christ a-bove. Our souls can nev-er die,

Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the
 2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the pur-chase of blood! To ev - 'ry be-
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great is the

world that He gave His own Son, Who yield - ed His life an a-
 liev - er the prom-ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who
 vic - t'ry that Je - sus hath won; But pu - rer and high - er and

tone-ment for sin, And o-pened the Life-Gate that all may go in.
 tru - ly be-lieves, That mo-ment from Je - sus a par-don re- ceives.
 great-er will be Our won-der, our trans-port, when Je - sus we see.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice; Praise the Lord,

praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re-joice; O come to the Fa-ther, thro'

To God Be the Glory.—Concluded.

Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

169 Teach Me Thy Will.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Teach me Thy will; Wilt Thou pro-
 2. Lord, I would trust Thee In ev - 'ry - thing, And I would
 3. Teach me Thy les - sons, Which life must learn; For heav'n-ly
 4. Tho' poor and hum - ble Thy child may be, Thou wilt re-

tect me, And keep me still In Thy blest path - way,
 al - ways Thy prais - es sing; Keep me from stray - ing,
 wis - dom My heart doth yearn. Thou art my Sav - iour,
 mem - ber And care for me; Nev - er for - get - ting

rit.
 Where Thou shalt guide? Oh! keep me ev - er Close to Thy side.
 Guide all the way, Un - til the dawn - ing Of heav - en's day.
 Gra - cious and kind; All that is need - ed In Thee I find.
 A lov - ing child; For on Thy chil - dren Thy love hath smiled.

ANNA L. COGHILL.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing! Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing! Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing! Un - der the sun - set skies,

Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor; Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Are you build - ing on the Rock, High a - bove the sand - y beach,
 2. Years, like tides, will come and go; Tell me, are you ver - y sure
 3. Lay with pa - tience, faith and prayer Your foun - da - tions, deep and wide;

Are You Building on the Rock?—Concluded.

Where no sud - den wave can shock, Where no beat - ing tide can reach?
That they will not o - ver - throw Much that seemed at first se - cure?
Build there-on with watch-ful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

REFRAIN.

Are you hear - ing and o - bey - ing? Are you work - ing, watch - ing, pray - ing?

Tell me, does your dwelling stand On the rock, or on the sand?

rit.

172 - Father, We Thank Thee.

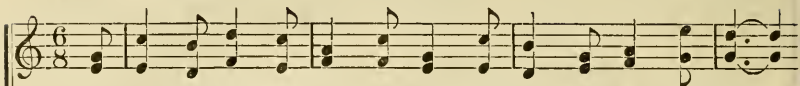
1. Father, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleas - ant morn - ing light,
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth - ers kind and good;

For rest and food, and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
In all our work, and all our play, To love Thee bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

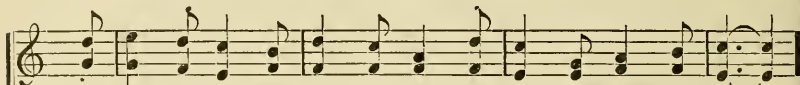
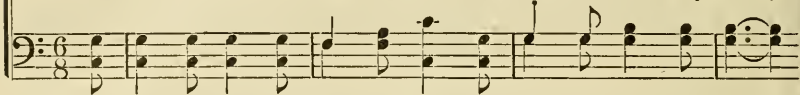
MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

Inscribed to the Juniors.

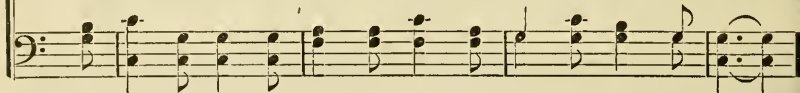
JOHN D. BRUNK.



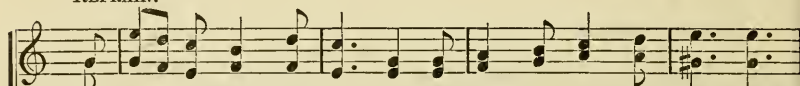
1. They speak no word that can be heard, The flow - ers sweet and fair;
2. Each flow - er face is full of grace In these bright sum - mer days,
3. So chil - dren here the world may cheer, No mat - ter where they dwell;



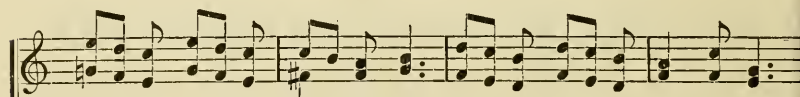
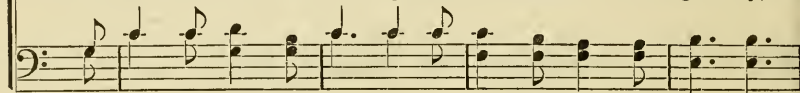
Yet as they grow and joy be - stow, God's love they all de - clare.
 In gar - dens rare, or wild or fair Be - side the com - mon ways.
 Be kind and true, God's er - rands do, His love to oth - ers tell.



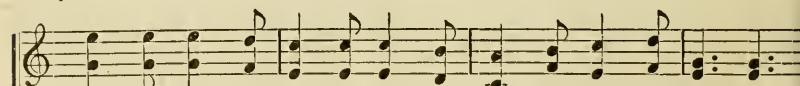
REFRAIN.



Each flow - er tells the sto - ry Of God's great love and glo - ry;



Ro - ses, dai - sies, vio - lets blue, All re - peat the sto - ry true,



God is love, our God is love; Each flow - er tells the sto - ry,



Each Flower Tells the Story.—Concluded.

God is love, our God is love; Each flow-er tells the sto - ry.

174

Jesus and the Children.

GRACE GORDON.

FLORENCE WILLIAMS FALCONER.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren came to Je - sus, Ea - ger sought their Lord;
2. Lit - tle chil - dren came to Je - sus, Heard His ten - der call;
3. Lit - tle chil - dren still may seek Him, He is wait - ing near;

Ten - der was His lov - ing wel - come, List the Mas - ter's Word.
Gen - tle was the Mas - ter's greet - ing, As He blessed them all.
As of old His words are spo - ken, Still His voice we hear.

REFRAIN.

Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren, Bid them come to me;

Suf - fer ye the lit - tle chil - dren, And for - bid them not.

Rev. J. A. TAYLOR.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. The Mas-ter says, "The world's the field," To those who dare to do,
 2. Pray ye the Lord of all the earth To thrust the reap-ers in,
 3. Then go ye in - to all the world, Nor halt your on-ward round
 4. "In ev - 'ry place dis - ci - ples make," 'Tis Je - sus gives com-mand,

"The grain is ripe, a plen-teous yield, But la - bor - ers are few."
 And save the sheaves of price - less worth From out the flames of sin.
 Un - til the gos - pel flag's un-furled Wher - ev - er man is found.
 Un - til the day of God shall break O'er earth, Im-man-uel's land.

REFRAIN.

Reap - ers, reap - ers, hear the Mas - ter's call, Reap - ers, reap - ers,

there is work for all; Go ye forth with wcep - ing, sow and

gath - er in, Ye shall come re-joic - ing with the souls you win.

BIRDIE BELL.

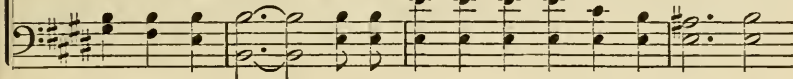
ALFRED JUDSON.



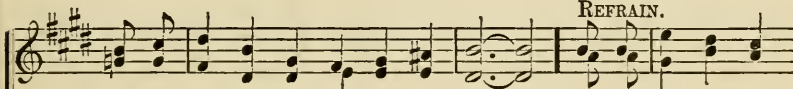
1. In the morn-ing of life we would serve Thee, In the spring-time of
 2. We are read - y to go at Thy bid - ding, With a mes-sage of
 3. We are will - ing to fol-low Thy foot - steps; Give us strength for each
 4. O the du - ties of life press a - round us, And the time of our



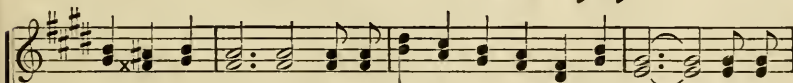
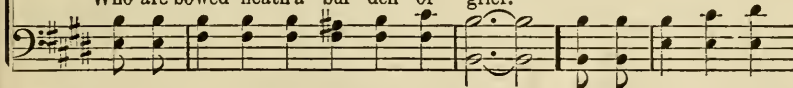
glad-ness and truth; Send us forth on Thine er - rands of mer - cy
 kind-ness and cheer; We would car-ry Thy sun-shine to oth - ers
 task we may meet; Fit our hands for the work which Thou giv - est,
 la - bor is brief; We must haste on our mis - sion to oth - ers



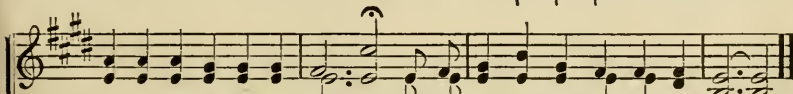
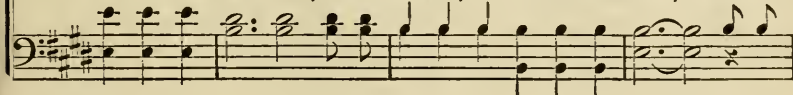
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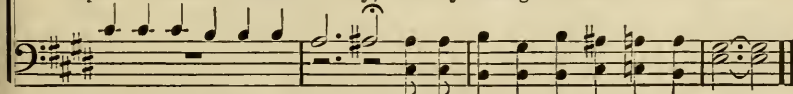
In the cour-age and vig - or of youth.
 Who a - bide where the shad-ows are drear. In the morn-ing of
 For the time of our toil-ing is fleet.
 Who are bowed 'neath a bur - den of grief.



life we would serve Thee, Blessed Master, our lives are Thine own; We would

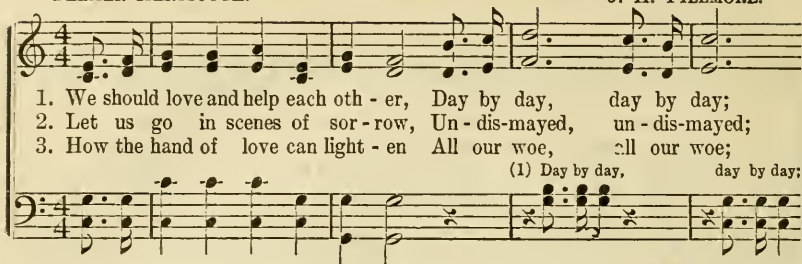


speed on Thine errands of mer - cy, And Thy message of com-fort make known.



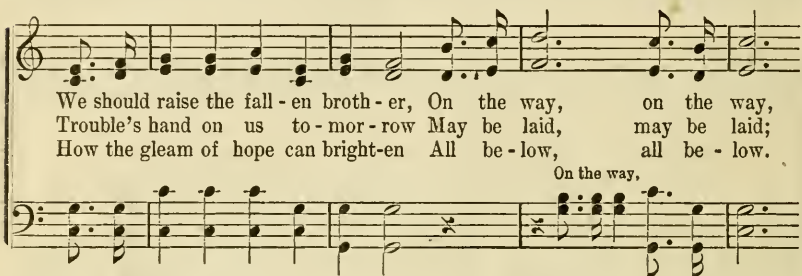
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



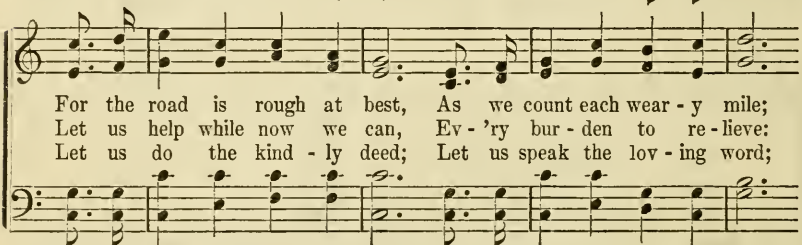
1. We should love and help each oth - er, Day by day, day by day;
 2. Let us go in scenes of sor - row, Un - dis - mayed, un - dis - mayed;
 3. How the hand of love can light - en All our woe, all our woe;

(1) Day by day, day by day;

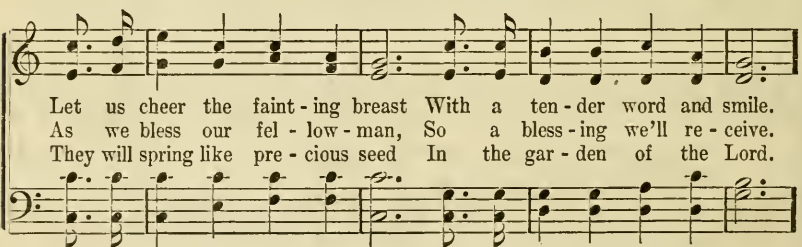


We should raise the fall - en broth - er, On the way, on the way,
 Trouble's hand on us to - mor - row May be laid, may be laid;
 How the gleam of hope can bright - en All be - low, all be - low.

On the way,

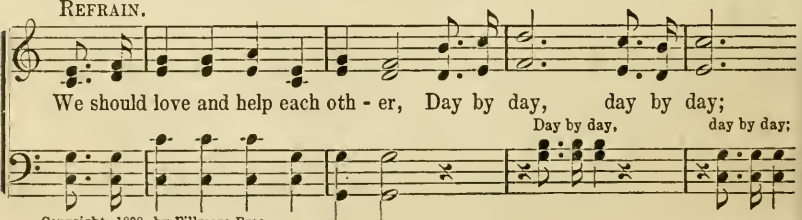


For the road is rough at best, As we count each wear - y mile;
 Let us help while now we can, Ev - 'ry bur - den to re - lieve;
 Let us do the kind - ly deed; Let us speak the lov - ing word;



Let us cheer the faint - ing breast With a ten - der word and smile.
 As we bless our fel - low - man, So a bless - ing we'll re - ceive.
 They will spring like pre - cious seed In the gar - den of the Lord.

REFRAIN.



We should love and help each oth - er, Day by day, day by day;
 Day by day, day by day;

Love and Help Each Other.—Concluded.

We should help the fall - en broth - er, On the way, on the way.
On the way.

178 Remember in Youth Thy Creator.

MAUD MARION.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Re - mem - ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor; Give heed to the voice of His Word;
2. Re - mem - ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, Ere days that are e - vil draw nigh,
3. He claims our af - fec - tion in child - hood; He of - fers the gift of His love:

For hap - py are they who be - lieve Him And trust in the arm of the Lord.
And years that af - ford us no pleasure Shall chase the bright beams from our sky.
Oh, then let us ear - nest - ly seek Him, And lay up our treasures a - bove.

REFRAIN.

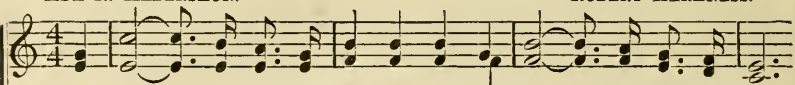
Re - mem - ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, How gen - tle His goodness and care;

The best of His bless - ings He of - fers, The gift of His love you may share.

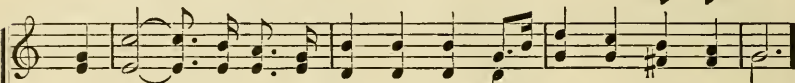
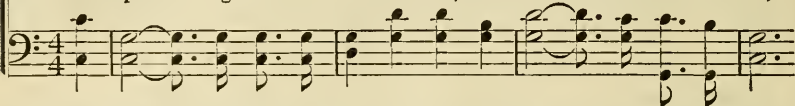
The Trumpet Call.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

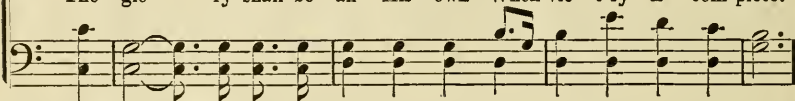
ROBERT HARKNESS.



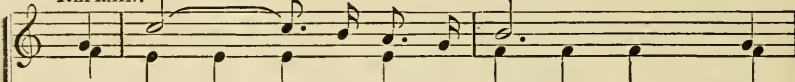
1. I hear my Captain's trump-et call That sum - mons to the fight;
 2. In Is - rael's need their God they sought, In this the se - cret lay,
 3. We raise our ban-ners in His name; His Word He will not break;
 4. De - pend - ing on His arm a - lone, We can - not know de - feat;



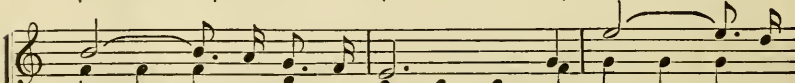
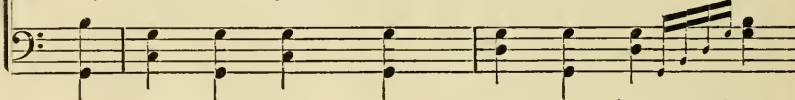
The bat - tle is not mine at all, I go in His own might.
 Je - ho - vah for His peo - ple fought And so they won the day.
 He will not put our trust to shame, His hon - or is at stake.
 The glo - ry shall be all His own When vic - t'ry is com - plete.



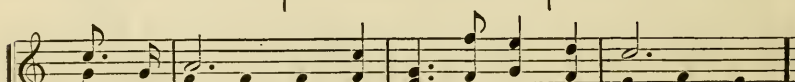
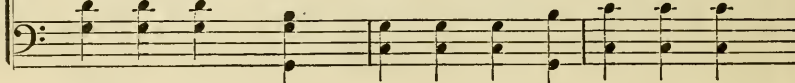
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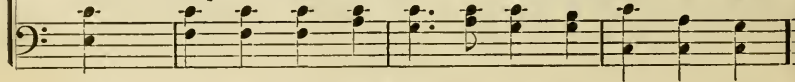
Oh, hear the trump - et call, And
 Oh, hear the gos - pel trump - et call, And



arm you for the fight; O - bey the
 strong - ly arm you for the fight; O - bey at once



trump - et call, Go forth in His own might.
 the trump - et call, Go forth in His own won - drous might.



IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
and CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Loy - al to Je - sus, This be our song, Loy - al to Je - sus,
2. Loy - al for - ev - er, Ear - nest and true, For the dear Sav - iour,
3. Loy - al for - ev - er Un - to our King; Lov - ing the serv - ice

All our life long; All of our tal - ents To Him we bring,
All we can do; Free - ly we of - fer Glad - ly our all;
To Him we bring; Faith - ful and will - ing, On - ward we press;

REFRAIN.

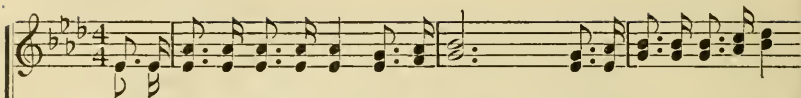
Serv - ing with gladness Je - sus our King.
He will ac - cept it Tho' it be small. Loy - al to Je - sus, Loy - al to
All of our toil - ing Je - sus will bless.

Je - sus, Loy - al for - ev - er, Dai - ly we sing; Glo - ry and hon - or,

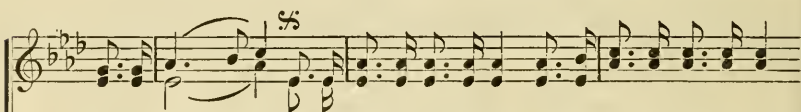
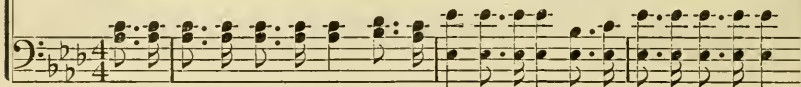
Prais - es for - ev - er, Loy - al to Je - sus, To Je - sus our King.

D. H. BENDER.

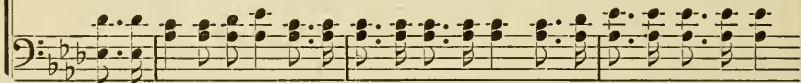
JOHANAN.



1. There's a land where all are blest, Land of love, Where redeemed ones are at rest,
 2. There a - mid ce - les - tial green, Land of love, Viewing glories here unseen,
 3. With the ransomed gone before, Land of love, Gathered on the golden shore,
 o - ver there,

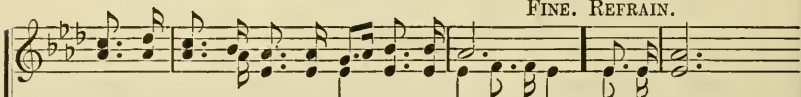


Land of love; There we'll sing our Saviour's praise, In transcendent, joyful lays,
 Land of love, We shall cease from toil and care, Bask in genial, fragrant air,
 Land of love, We shall sit at Je - sus' feet, And love's tribute oft re-peat;
 o - ver there;

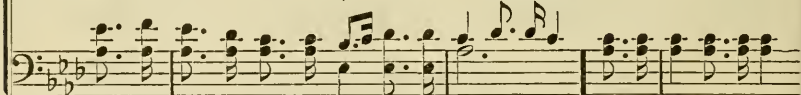


D. S.—In transcendent, joyful lays, We will sing our Saviour's praise,

FINE. REFRAIN.

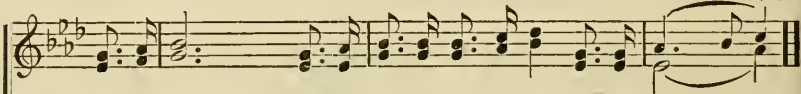


Thro'-out ceaseless, heav'nly days, Land of love. Land of love,
 Dwell with an-gels bright and fair, Land of love.
 There our rest will be complete, Land of love.
 o - ver there. o - ver there,

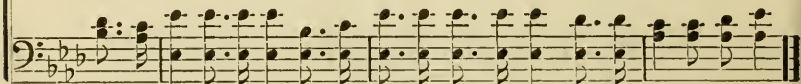


Thro'-out cease-less, heav'n-ly days, Land of love. (o-ver there.)

D. S.

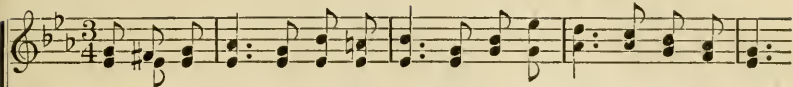


Land of love, Throughout ceaseless, heav'nly days, Land of love,
 o - ver there, o - ver there,

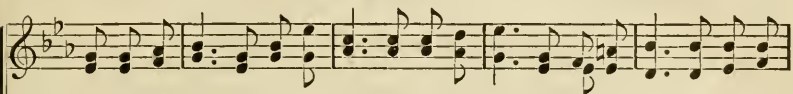
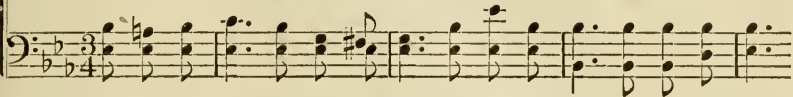


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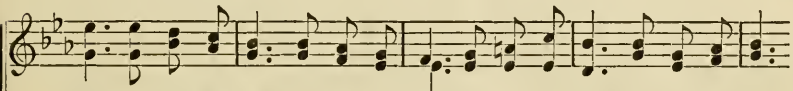
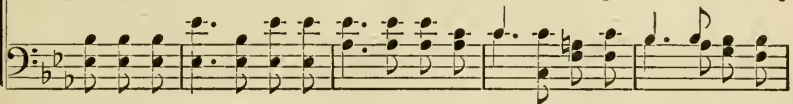
RUFUS BUZZARD.



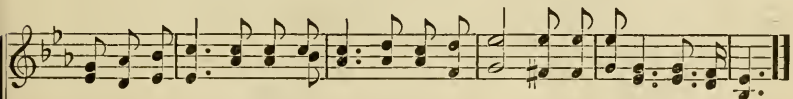
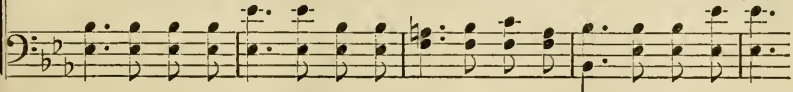
1. As years go by and words seem less, Faith, hope, and love are more to me;
2. Hope 'mid the wreckage, sad, of life Heard like a song-bird 'mid the gloom,
3. I'm ris-ing still, I feel, I know, To no-bler life be-yond the sky;
4. I stand up-on the op'ning way—Still veiled to what is on be-fore,



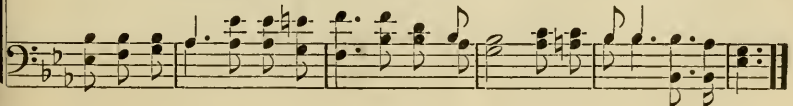
Sweet hope that thro' the mystic veil With clearer vi-sion God can see. All earthly
 "All things shall work for good to those Who to the Lord in love have come." In one great
 Earth's sun-rise gold is on my head, But heav'n's pure light is by and by. The near-er
 Yet praying that each onward step Fast hold should take on that bright shore. The earthly



things more shad'wy grow, Still passing with the years a-way; Th'e-ter-nal and
 broth-er-hood the same, The Heav'nly Father's chil-dren all, Bear-ing the sig-
 I ap-proach the end Im-mor-tal sym-pho-nies I hear From worlds un-seen,
 life is dear and sweet With all its pre-cious blessings giv'n, But that strong arm



in-vis-i-ble Brighten as nears the heav'nly day: It is bet-ter far-ther on.
 net of His name—And on their lips these notes of praise: "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
 with notes of joy, Onward and upward, calling clear, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
 of love has kept The best for His redeemed in heav'n: "It is bet-ter far-ther on."



MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

m (SOPRANO and ALTO DUET and Chorus if desired.)

1. God save the dear boys, they are precious, May right ev-'ry vic - to - ry win;
2. Re - mem - ber the love of fond fa - thers, Re - mem - ber the mothers who pray;
3. Oh! broad is the path some are go - ing, Un - heed - ing the dan - gers there - in;

O list to the prayer now as - cend - ing, And save the dear boys from all sin.
Their hopes in their darlings are cen - tered, God save the dear children to - day.
And wild are the out - some are sow - ing, God save the dear boys from all sin!

The death - traps of Sa - tan are man - y, And fain would he lure them with - in;
And pit - y the boys worse than orphaned, For sad has their her - it - age been;
Help them to re - mem - ber the reap - ing; Save all from the "wa - ges of sin;"

They need, oh, they need Thy safe guard; God save the dear boys from their sin.
The off - spring of par - ents be - sot - ted—O Saviour, save these from their sin.
Let good seed be found in their keeping, And har - vests of good gathered in.

m REFRAIN.*cres.*

- God save the dear boys, God save the dear boys, Thou knowest the strongest may fall;

God Save the Boys.—Concluded.

From per-il, from snare and temp-ta-tion, We pray Thee, O Lord, save them all.

184 Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R.
ADA R. HABERESHON.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, make no de-lay; Here in His Word He has shown us the way;
2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice! Let ev'ry heart leap forth and re-joice;
3. Think once again, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest command, and o-bey;
4. Look in His face, a smile you will meet; With o-pen arms His love doth entreat;
5. Come with your sin, your sorrow and care; He will not turn away from your prayer;

Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!"
And let us free-ly make Him our choice: Do not de-lay, but come.
Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say, "Will you, my chil-dren, come?"
Lay all your bur-dens down at His feet; Come as you are, but come.
Come to the Cross, He died for you there; Sin-ner, He bids you come.

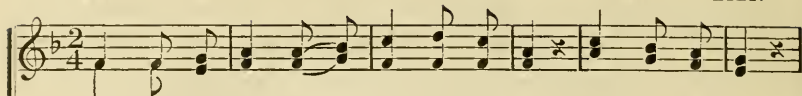
REFRAIN.

Joy-ful, joy-ful, will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

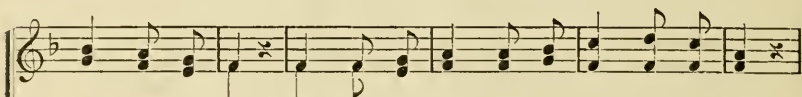
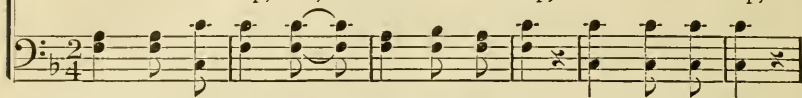
And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

JAMES H. AIKMAN.

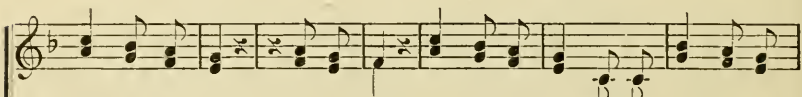
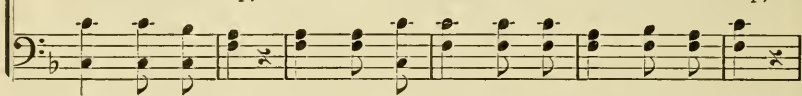
THOMAS H. BAYLY.



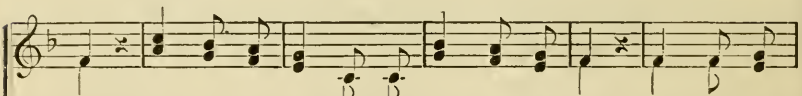
1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup,
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glis-tens bright; Touch not the cup,
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup,
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup,



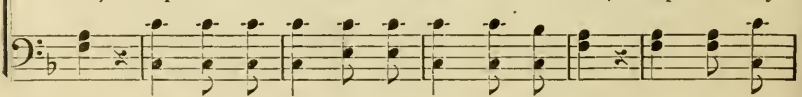
touch not the cup; Man - y I know who have quaffed from that bowl;
 touch not the cup; Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light;
 touch not the cup; Hark to the warn - ing of thou-sands who've died;
 touch not the cup; All that thou lov - est en-treats thee to stop;



Touch not the cup, touch it not. Lit - tle they tho't that the de-mon was
 Touch not the cup, touch it not. Fangs of the ser-pent are hid in the
 Touch not the cup, touch it not. Go to their lone - ly and des - o-late
 Touch not the cup, touch it not. Stop! for the home that to thee is so



there, Blind - ly they drank and were caught in the snare; Then of that
 bowl, Deep - ly the poi - son may en - ter thy soul, Soon will it
 tomb, Think of their death, of their sor - row and gloom; Think that per-
 dear; Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near; Stop! for thy



Touch Not the Cup.—Concluded.

death-deal-ing bowl, oh, be-ware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 plunge thee be-yond thy con-trol; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 haps thou mayst share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 soul's sake, in trem-bling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

186 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

M. B. SLEIGHT.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
 2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
 3. Hark-en, lest He plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"

Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"

As of old He called the fish - ers, When He walked by Gal - i - lee,
 Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea,
 Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet sum - mons, Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we,

Still His pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Thee!"

Jesus Can Save You To-day.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. A. BALDWIN.

1. No mat-ter how far from the fold you have wan-dered, Je - sus can
 2. To blot out your past there is no use of try - ing, Je - sus can
 3. Al-though your sins rise up as high as a moun-tain, Je - sus can
 4. No mat - ter how long with the storms you have striv - en, Je - sus can
 5. This mo-ment is yours, not an hour can you bor - row, Je - sus can

save you to - day; No mat-ter how man-y the years you have squandered,
 save you to - day; There's on - ly one Friend who can save you from dy-ing,
 save you to - day; For sin and un-clean-ness He's o-pened a foun-tain,
 save you to - day; Tho' lost to your sight are the pearl gates of heav-en,
 save you to - day; Then come to Him now, do not wait for to-mor-row,
 to-day;

REFRAIN.

Je - sus can save you to - day. Je - sus can save you to - day, to-day,

Je - sus can save you to - day; Re-pent and be-lieve Him, Come
 to - day;

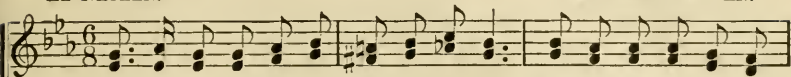
now and re-ceive Him, And Je - sus will save you to - day.

God Is Now Willing; Are You?

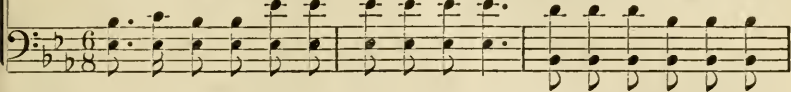
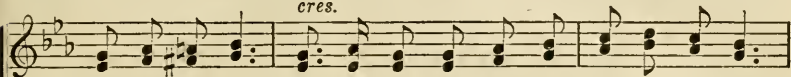
"Who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ."—2 COR. 5: 18.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



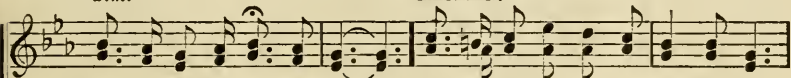
1. God is now will-ing, in Christ rec-on-ciled, Will-ing to par-don, and
2. God is now will-ing to give you His peace, Will-ing from bond-age of
3. God is now will-ing to an-swer your prayer, Per-fect-ly will-ing your
4. God is now will-ing with-in you to dwell, Will-ing with bless-ing your

*cres.*

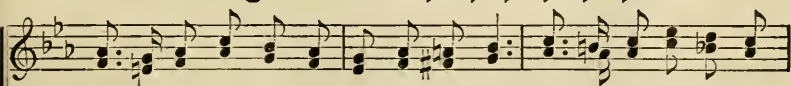
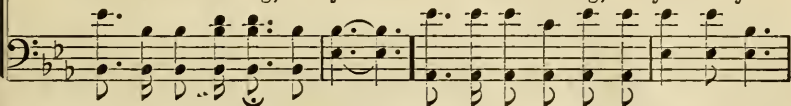
cleanse the de-filed, Will-ing to take you and make you His child;
 sin to re-lease, Will-ing the con-flict with-in you should cease;
 bur-den to bear, Read-y and wait-ing to take all your care;
 spir-it to fill; Yield to His plead-ing and give up your will;

*dim.*

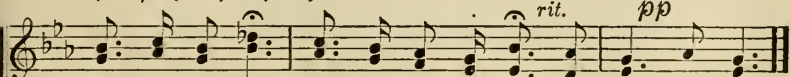
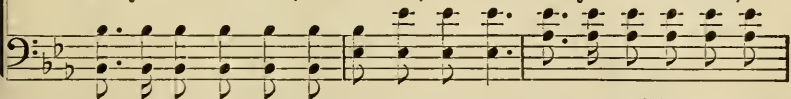
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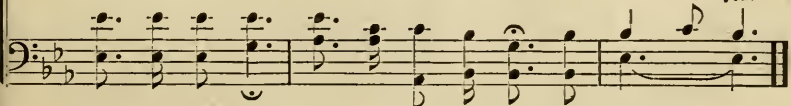
God is now will-ing; are you? God is now will-ing; are you? are you?



Will you not trust Him, so faith-ful, so true? If you re-fuse Him, O

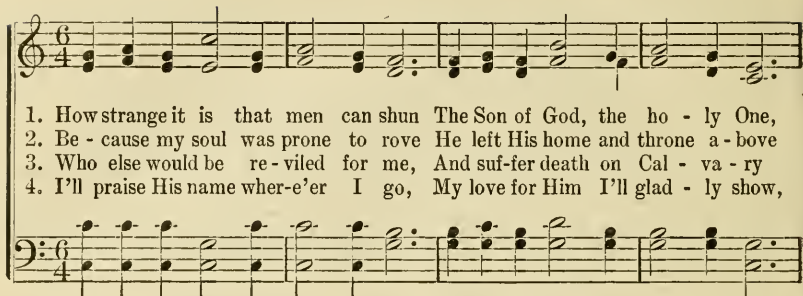


what will you do? God is now will-ing; are you? are you?

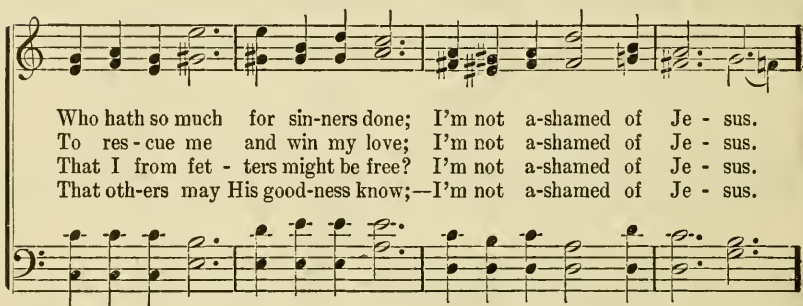


JAMES ROWE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

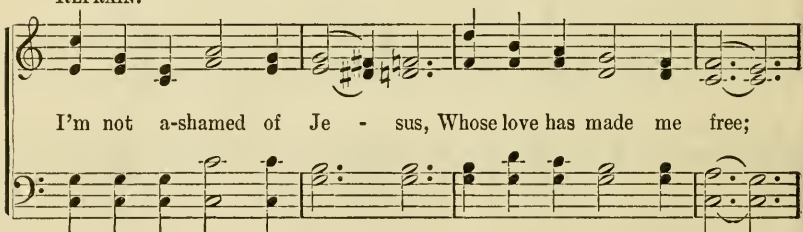


1. How strange it is that men can shun The Son of God, the ho - ly One,
 2. Be - cause my soul was prone to rove He left His home and throne a - bove
 3. Who else would be re - viled for me, And suf - fer death on Cal - va - ry
 4. I'll praise His name wher - e'er I go, My love for Him I'll glad - ly show,

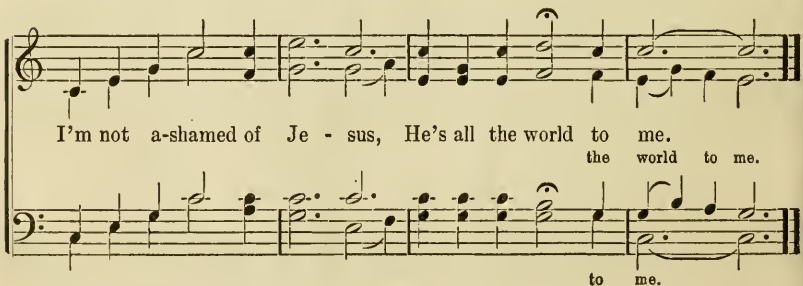


Who hath so much for sin - ners done; I'm not a - shamed of Je - sus.
 To res - cue me and win my love; I'm not a - shamed of Je - sus.
 That I from fet - ters might be free? I'm not a - shamed of Je - sus.
 That oth - ers may His good - ness know; - I'm not a - shamed of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



I'm not a - shamed of Je - sus, Whose love has made me free;



I'm not a - shamed of Je - sus, He's all the world to me.
 the world to me.
 to me.

1. Some-one is slight-ing the Sav-iour of men; Lord, is it I?
 2. Some-one is halt-ing, and count-ing the cost; Lord, is it I?
 3. Some-one's be-tray-ing his Mas-ter to-day; Lord, is it I?
 4. Some-one is liv-ing in self-ish de-light; Lord, is it I?
 5. Some-one in si-lence is mak-ing the choice; Lord, is it I?

Lord, is it I? Some-one is spurn-ing His love once a-gain;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one in dark-ness and sin may be lost;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one is walk-ing a per-il-ous way;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one is turn-ing his face from the light;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one will yield to the Lord, and re-joice;

CHORUS.

Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
 Lord, is it I? is it I? Lord, is it I?

I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Par-don our

rall.
 weak-ness, and blot out each sin; Hear us, dear Lord, as we cry!

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

Lento.

1. Be - fore thee standeth Is-rael's King, Be - fore thee stands a rob-ber bold;
 2. Be - fore thee stands the Lord of life, Be - fore thee stands the man of sin;
 3. Be - fore thee stands the sinner's Friend, Be - fore thee stands one who would kill;

One is thy King, one is thy King; Oneshame doth bring, oneshame doth bring;
 With one is life, with one is life; With one is strife, with one is strife;
 Wilt own thy Friend, wilt own thy Friend, Or loose thy fiend, or loose thy fiend?

By whom wilt thou be hence controlled? Whom wilt thou choose? Whom wilt thou choose?
 With whom wilt thou the day be-gin? Whom wilt thou choose? Whom wilt thou choose?
 Thou may'st have ei-ther at thy will—Whom wilt thou choose? Whom wilt thou choose?

Copyright, 1916, by John D. Brunk.

W. E. WITTER and MRS. C. M. ALEXANDER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too, heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Why will you lon-ger doubt Him? Come, sin - ner, come! What will you
 4. Far off you may have wandered, Come, sin - ner, come! God's gifts you
 5. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by permission.

Come, Sinner, Come.—Concluded.

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
 do with - out Him? Come, sin - ner, come! For you His heart is yearn - ing,
 may have squandered, Come, sin - ner, come! Cease now, yourt heart to hard - en,
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will now re - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Why not to Him be turn - ing? Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will free - ly par - don, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

193

Thy Will Be Done.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

"Thy will be done."—MATT. 6: 10.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Thy love, our Fa - ther, day by day Has strewn new joys up - on our way;
2. How bright our path with heav'n's own light! It grow - eth ev - er still more bright;
3. What won - drous gifts Thou dost be - stow, As more of Thee we learn to know!
4. Up - on the cross our Sav - iour bled That joy might ev - er crown our head:
5. Thy will is far be - yond our tho't, And is with per - fect bless - ing fraught:

rit.

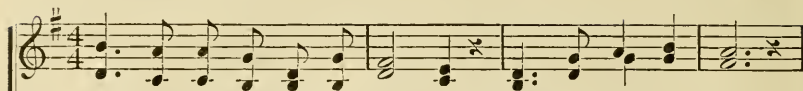
Thy good - ness makes it sweet to say, Thy will, Thy will be done.
 The joy Thou send - est must be right, Thy will, Thy will be done.
 And ev - er - more it will be so; Thy will, Thy will be done.
 It was in ag - o - ny He said, "Thy will, Thy will be done."
 The echo of heav'n's song we've caught, Thy will, Thy will be done.

Trusting Only Thee.

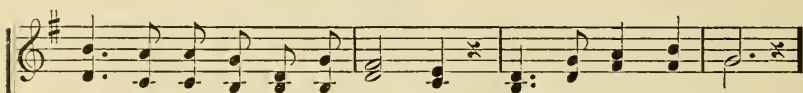
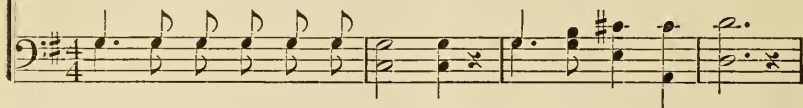
"Trust ye in the Lord forever."—Is. 26: 4.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

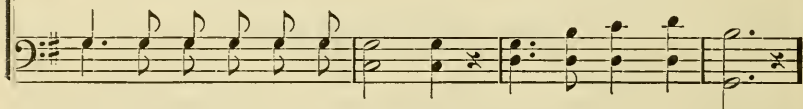
E. S. LORENZ.



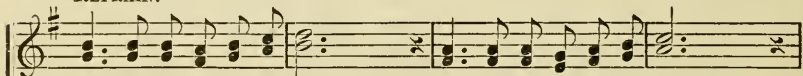
1. I am trust-ing Thee, dear Sav - iour, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!
 2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
 3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;
 4. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall:



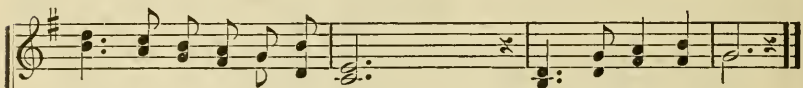
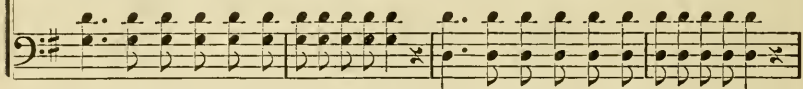
Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, O, how great and free!
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy I am trust - ing now.
 Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy pre - cious blood.
 I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, Trust - ing Thee for all.



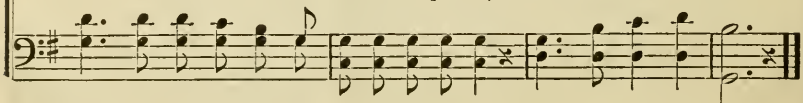
REFRAIN.



Trusting Thee, tho' darkness fall, Trusting Thee, tho' sins ap-pall,
 tho' darkness fall, tho' sins appall,



Trust - ing Thee, I con - quer all, Trust - ing on - ly Thee.
 I con - quer all,



Jesus is Calling.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing: oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam,
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest:
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow,
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way? Call - ing to - day!
 He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Call - - ing to - day! Je - - - sus is
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day!
 call - ing to - day!

REV. W. A. BRADLEY.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. O sin - ner, leave the dark - ened path, For God has found a way
 2. How long will you re - ject His love, And scorn His grace di - vine?
 3. Each mo - ment, as it pass - es by, With vast re - sults is fraught;
 4. Be - lieve His Word, your sins for - sake And take th' e - ter - nal prize:

Where all the lost may safe - ly come To heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
 Your Sav - iour died to gain for you The gift you now de - cline.
 You may ac - cept, you may re - ject The king - dom for you bought.
 Come now, sur - ren - der at His feet; Ac - cept His sac - ri - fice.

REFRAIN.

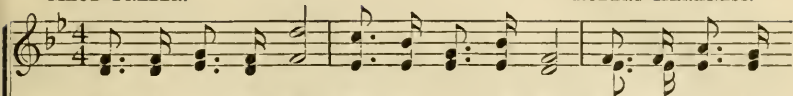
For God so loved the world, That He gave His on - ly

Son, That who - so - e'er on Him be - lieves, E -

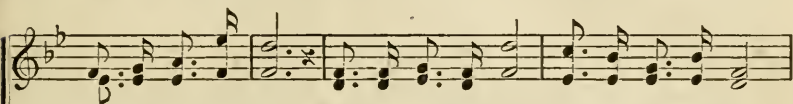
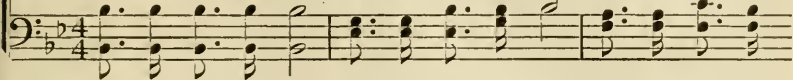
ter - nal life at once re - ceives The mo - ment it is done.

MAUD FRAZER.

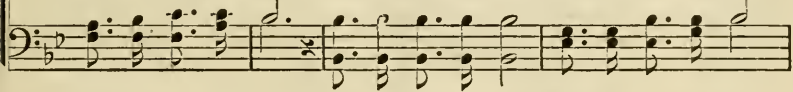
ROBERT HARKNESS.



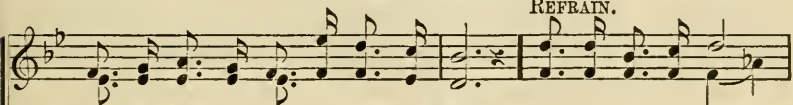
1. "Who - so - ev - er will!" "Who - so - ev - er will!" Hear, oh, hear that
 2. Come just as you are, tho' you've wan - dered far, Tho' your man - y
 3. In that cit - y bright, where doth come no night And no tears of



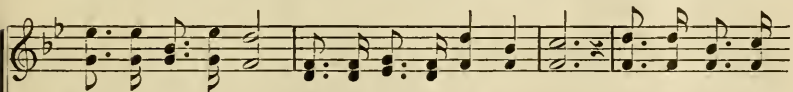
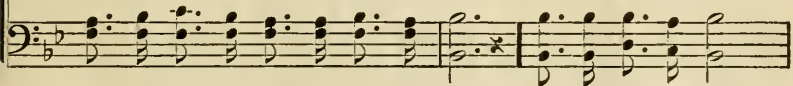
gra - cious, ten - der call! None re - fused shall be, Sav - ing grace is free,
 sins your heart ap - pall; Cal - v'ry's fount doth flow, Washing white as snow;
 sor - row ev - er fall, You may have a place With the saved by grace;



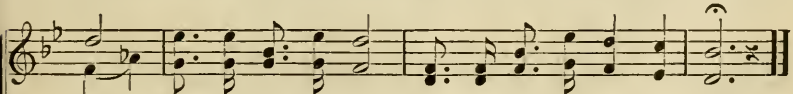
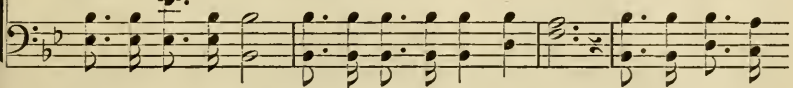
REFRAIN.



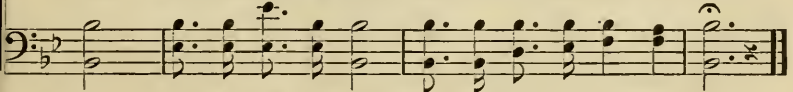
In the Sav - iour's heart is room for all.
 At the won - drous cross is room for all. There is room for all,
 In the Fa - ther's house is room for all.



There is room for all; There is room for all who come! Hear His wel - come



voice, Make Him now your choice; There is room for all who come.



MAUD FRAZER. (G. H. K.)

GEO. H. KURTZ.

1. Some-day, may-be soon, the Lord Je - sus may come And gath - er His
 2. He'll come in the clouds, and all eyes shall be - hold The King in His
 3. The trump-et shall sound the glad day of the Lord, When all shall a -
 4. O sin - ner, re - pent; now to God turn your face In this bless - ed

ran-somed ones home; My broth-er, to Him are you faith-ful and true?
 beau-ty un - told; But, sin - ner, what hope of His glo - ry have you?
 rise at His word; The blood-washed with Him heav-en's gate will pass thro';
 day of free grace; It may now seem pleas-ant sin's path to pur - sue,

REFRAIN.

If not, then, oh, what will you do?
 Un - saved, then, oh, what will you do? What will you do, what will you do?
 Uncleansed, then, oh, what will you do?
 But what in the end will you do?

What will you do in the judg - ment day? No Christ to plead,

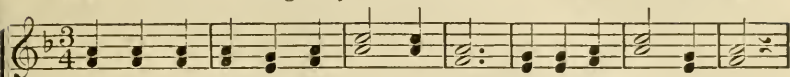
what can you say? Oh, what will you do in the judg - ment day?

Will You Be Saved To-Night?

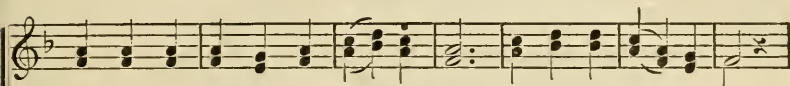
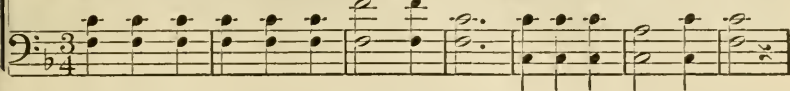
"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Changed by H. T. C.

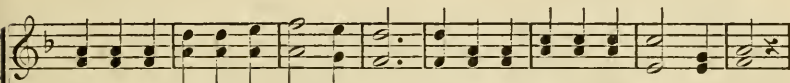
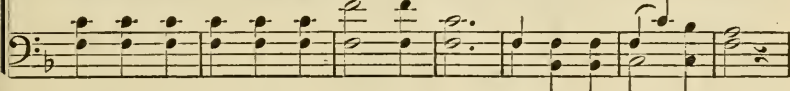
MRS. I. E. WILSON.



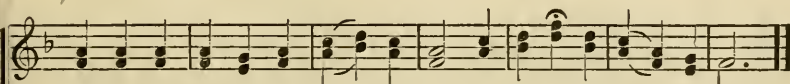
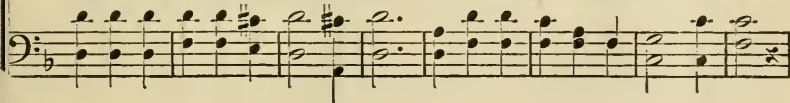
1. Je - sus is plead-ing with thy poor soul, Will you be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus has died on the cross for thee, Will you be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at thy closed heart, Will you be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice you should hear no more, Will you be saved to - night?



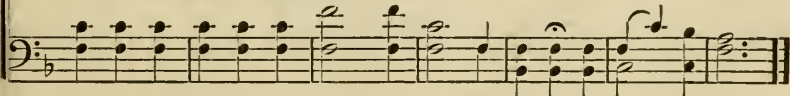
If you be - lieve, He will make thee whole, Will you be saved to - night?
 How can thy heart so un - grate - ful be, Will you be saved to - night?
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part, Will you be saved to - night?
 Say now, I'll o - pen the bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night.



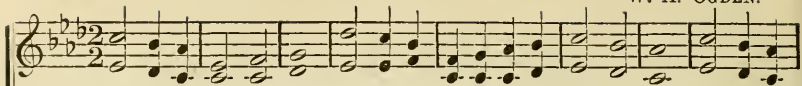
Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day,
 Now He will save thee by grace di - vine, Now, if you will, you may call Him thine;
 O - ver and o - ver His voice you hear; Soft - ly it falls on thy lis - t'ning ear;
 Bless - ed Re - deem - er, come in, come in; Pit - y my fol - ly, for - give my sin;



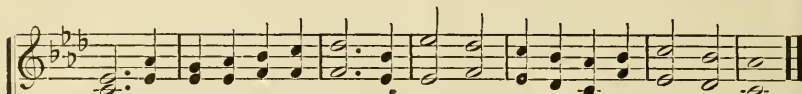
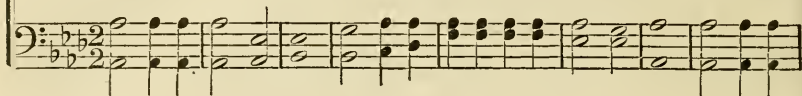
Will you go on in the same old way, Or will you be saved to - night?
 Will you the fol - lies of sin re - sign, Oh, will you be saved to - night?
 Will you re - ject Him; this Friend so dear, Or will you be saved to - night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night.



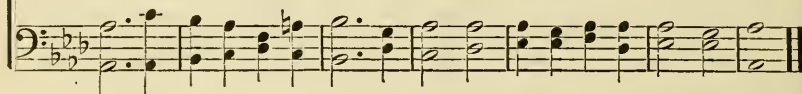
W. A. OGDEN.



1. No father's house is full, E'en tho' there seems no resting-place for more; Forgiving
2. No mother's heart is full, Unless it be with longing, burning, wild Heart-throbbings
3. God's flock is nev-er full; Fear not to en-ter bold-ly at His door; None ev-er



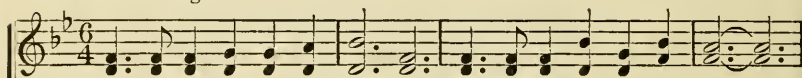
arms and doors are o - pen wide, If one re-pent-ant child im-plore out-side.
 that no cheerful face can hide, — The wish to clasp her sin-ning child, out-side.
 were re-fused who there ap-plied; He has a - bid-ing-place for all in - side.



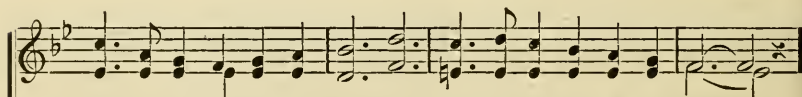
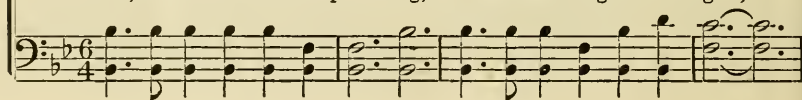
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JULIA H. JOHNSTON.
 Words arranged.

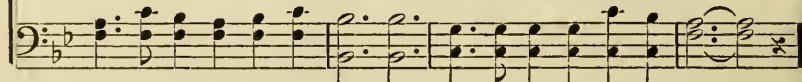
HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.



1. Come, for the Sav-iour is call - ing, Come to Him, just as you are;
2. You need not wait to grow bet - ter, Ev - 'ry such ef - fort is vain;
3. Come as you are with-out fear - ing, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
4. Come, for the Sav-iour is plead - ing, He loves and longs to for - give;



Haste, for the shad-ows are fall - ing, Gates of the night are a - jar.
 Je - sus can break ev-'ry fet - ter, Blot out your guilt and your stain.
 Yes, for the vil - est of sin - ners His life a ran-som He gave.
 He of-fers you free sal - va - tion; Ac - cept His par-don and live.



Just As You Are.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Just as you are with-out wait - ing, Tho' you have wandered a - far,

He will re-ceive, if you on - ly be-lieve; O come to Him just as you are.

202 Give Your Heart to Jesus.

G. W. H.

GEO. W. HASKELL.

1. Give your heart to Je - sus, Soul with care op-pressed; He will lift your
 2. Give your heart to Je - sus, Souls that are at rest, Tast-ing shal-low
 3. Give your heart to Je - sus, Lay it at His feet; 'Tis the on - ly

bur - den, He will give you rest. Tell Him all your sor-row, Let Him
 pleas-ures That can nev - er last. Shun the world's allurements; Leave the
 of - f'ring For the Mas-ter meet. Let Him be your Sav-iour, Be your

know your grief; He will be your help-er, He will give re - lief.
 ways of sin; Heed the Guest that's knocking, Let the Mas-ter in.
 all in all; He will guard and keep you, You can nev - er fall.

The Mother Who Prayed for Me.

To the mothers who pray for their children.
 MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

Slowly, thoughtfully.

1. She has en-tered in - to well-earned rest, She is now a - mong the
 2. Oh, how oft - en, when the call of sin From the nar-row way my
 3. Tho' no more I see her at my side, Yet such love must e'er the
 4. Keep me faith-ful, Lord, un - til that day When Thy voice shall call from

free, the blest; But I oft - en feel her near in her sym-pa-ty and cheer, -
 soul would win, I can hear her gen-tle voice bid me make of God my choice;
 same a - bide, And I love my Sav-iour more as her love I pon-der o'er;
 earth a - way, That at last by Thy good grace I a - gain may see her face;

REFRAIN

The sweet moth-er who prayed for me.
 The dear moth-er who prayed for me. The moth-er who prayed for me,
 The dear moth-er who prayed for me.
 The dear moth-er who prayed for me.

The moth-er who prayed for me, Thanks un - to the Lord I'll give

just as long as I shall live For the moth-er who prayed for me.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Slowly and with expression.

1. Was it for me, thro' God's great love, That Je-sus left His home a - bove,
 2. Was it for me He bore the scorn, The scourging lash, the cru - el thorn?
 3. Was it for me 'on Calv'ry's cross He suffered there its pain and loss?
 4. It was for me, I know it well; To all the world His praise I'll tell;

A sac - ri - fice so great, so free? Such love di - vine, was it for me?
 Would He such love on me be - stow, And for my sins to Cal - v'ry go?
 Oh, matchless love, how could it be That He should give His life for me?
 From shore to shore His love pro - claim, And seek the hon - or of His name.

REFRAIN. *Quicker.*

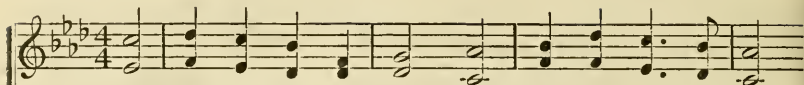
It was for me, oh, praise His name, He suf - fered
 It was for me, oh, praise His name,

long and bore such shame; Oh, matchless love,
 He suf - fered long and bore such shame; Oh, matchless love,

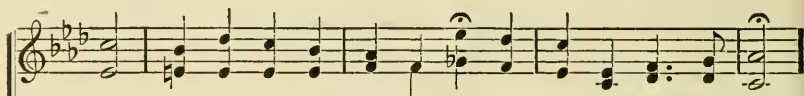
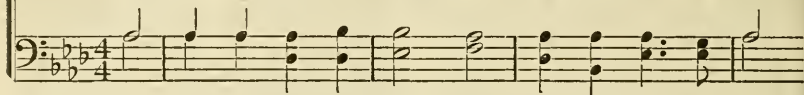
how could it be, That He should care so much for me?
 how could it be,

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

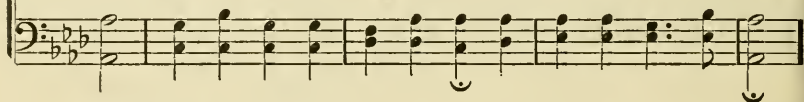
JOHN D. BRUNK.



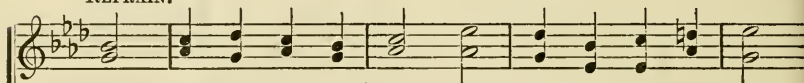
1. Thine anx - ious doubts and fears, Tired heart, for - get them all
2. Don't try to un - der - stand Sal - va - tion's won - drous scheme;
3. Oh, is not this e - nough, To know that Je - sus died
4. Come as a lit - tle child In sim - ple, trust - ing love;



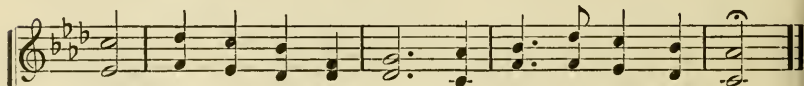
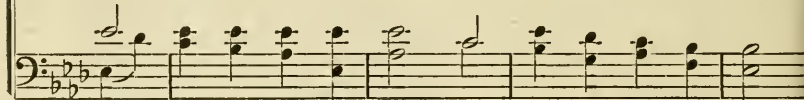
And, e - ven as a lit - tle child, Come at the Sav - iour's call.
 But sim - ply trust the might - y love That suf - fered to re - deem.
 To pay for you the debt of sin, And calls you to His side?
 True, thou art weak, but He is strong And rul - eth all a - bove.



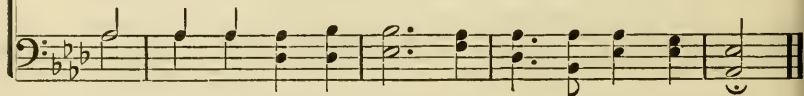
REFRAIN.



Come as a lit - tle child Comes to the moth - er's breast;



Come as a lit - tle child, To Je - sus come and rest.



FRANK DYER.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. I have heard the still small voice Deal - ing with my in - most soul,
 2. He has sought me man - y years, Foll'wing me in all my sin;
 3. In my soul the fight is on;— Sa - tan wants to keep me, still;
 4. I con - fess Thee now my Lord; Thou hast won me by Thy love:

Face to face with life's great choice—Shall the Sav - iour make me whole?
 Shed for me His blood and tears; Now He cries, "O let me in."
 But to him I cry, "Be - gone!" Je - sus, now pos - sess my will.
 I will now pro - claim Thy Word Till with Thee in heav'n a - bove.

REFRAIN.

I will con - fess Him, Je - sus my Sav - iour, Je - sus who

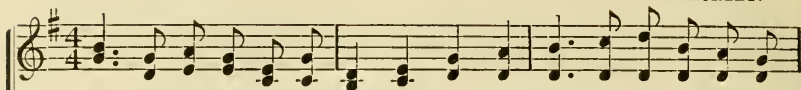
died for sin - ners like me; Why should I doubt and why should I

ad lib.
 wa - ver? I will con - fess Him, my Sav - iour is He.

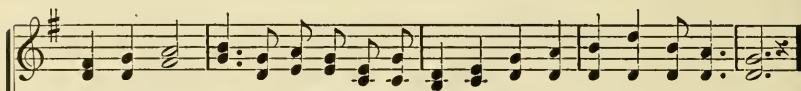
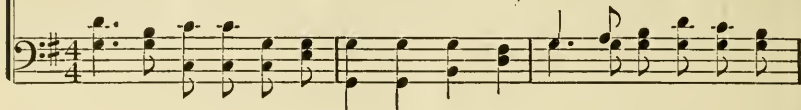
I Am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

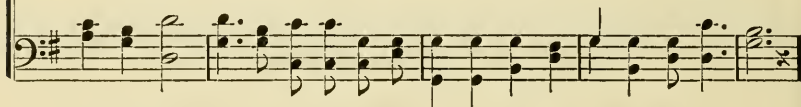
B. D. ACKLEY.



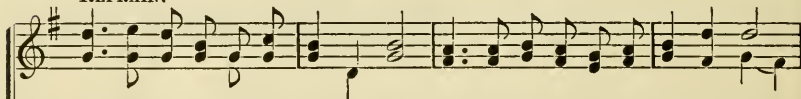
1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me; Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Full - y trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will



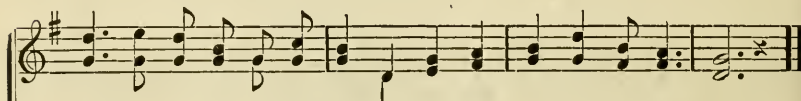
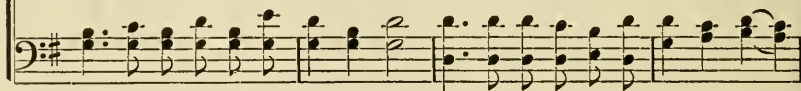
Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
 throne I come; Je - sus opened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
 I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
 call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
 still a - tone, Cleansing me till ev-'ry stain has vanished; I am com-ing home.



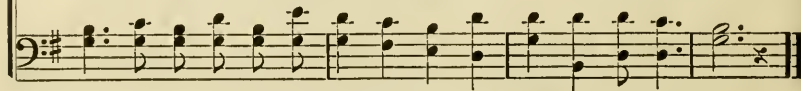
REFRAIN.



Je - sus, I am coming home to - day, Nev - er, nev - er - more from Thee to stray;



Lord, I now ac - cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.



HENRY OSTROM.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. You serve but one Mas-ter; There's no room for two; O say "Yes" to
 2. Say not, "I'm de-cid-ing," For un-til you start You keep back from
 3. Too long you've re-sist-ed, Why add to the sin? 'Tis late for your

Je - sus Who says "Come" to you. Each short fleet - ing mo - ment Re -
 Je - sus The trust of your heart, Re - sist - ing your Sav - iour Tho'
 com - ing If now you be - gin; How can you op - pose Him By

ords which you choose, — On this side, win Je - sus, On that side, you lose.
 long - ing to yield; Say "Yes," and in Je - sus The way is re - vealed.
 lon - ger de - lay? One step, and you en - ter The cross - o - pened way.

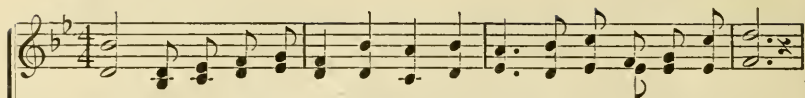
REFRAIN.

Ac - cept or re - ject Him, Be bound or go free;

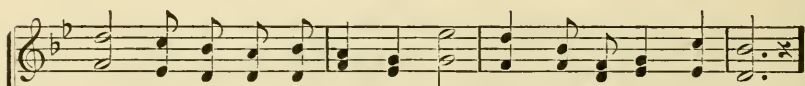
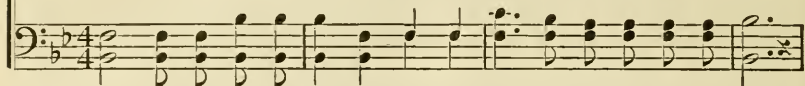
rit.
 This mo - ment, this mo - ment Your last choice may be.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

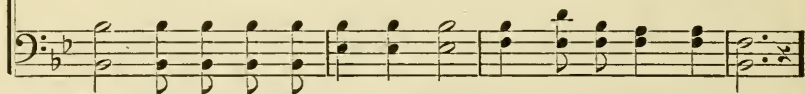
JOHN D. BRUNK.



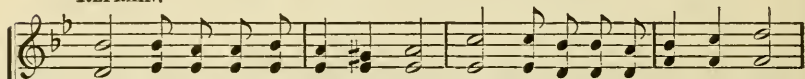
1. Come, none on earth can comfort thee Or bid thy burdened heart be free;
2. Tho' years in sin thou hast mis-spent, Fear not, but come, believe, re-pent.
3. No wonder that with joy we weep; God doth no more the rec - ord keep



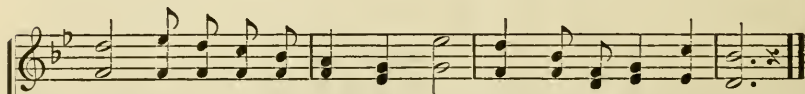
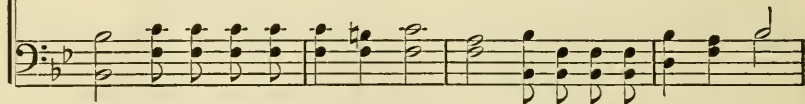
Come, there is peace at Cal - va - ry; Come, hear the word—for-giv'n!
 This is the mes-sage God hath sent—"All, all shall be for-giv'n."
 Of pardoned sins; they're buried deep, As in the sea— for-giv'n!



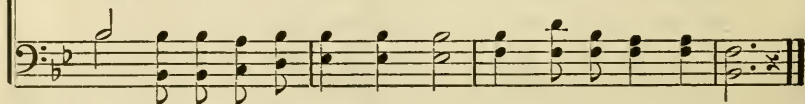
REFRAIN.



No one but Christ thy debt can pay, He is to life the on - ly way.



None but His lov-ing voice can say—"Thy sins are all for-giv'n!"



210 Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you: Oh, re-tun ye un - to God! -to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
 "Look un-to me, ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

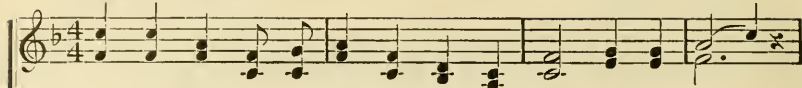
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you:
 He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p ritard. - - - - -

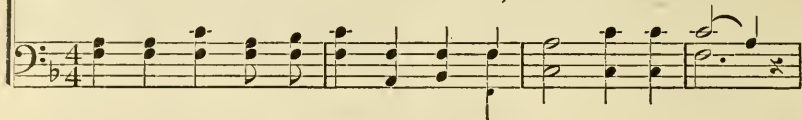
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re-tun ye un - to God! Oh, re-tun ye un - to God!
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



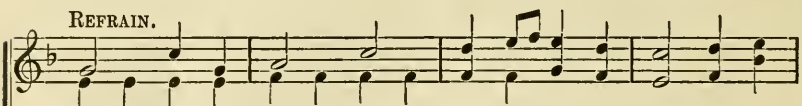
1. I re-joice in a new-found glad-ness,—Je - sus is mine!
2. Won-drous love, that He came to save me,— Je - sus is mine!
3. Oh, how per - fect the peace He gives me,— Je - sus is mine!
4. With my Lord I have sweet com-mun-ion,— Je - sus is mine!
5. Earth-ly treas-ures will not a - vail me,— Je - sus is mine!
6. Faith in Him can be shak-en nev - er,— Je - sus is mine!



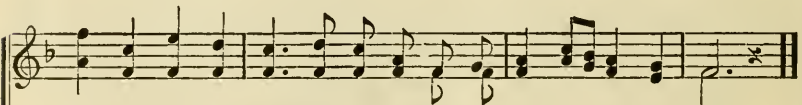
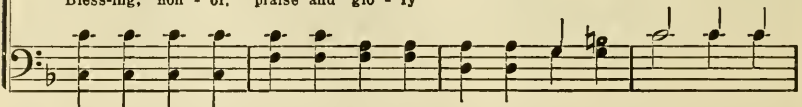
Faith for doubt-ing, and joy for sad-ness,—Je - sus is mine!
 Grace di - vine, that His life He gave me,— Je - sus is mine!
 In the arms of His love re - ceives me,— Je - sus is mine!
 And how pre - cious the bless - ed un - ion,— Je - sus is mine!
 Friends may leave me, and foes as - sail me,— Je - sus is mine!
 Here, in life, and in heav'n for - ev - er,— Je - sus is mine!



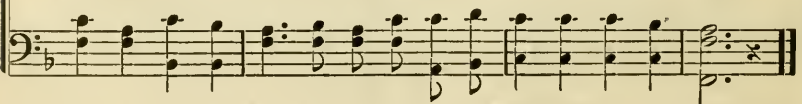
REFRAIN.



Bless - ing and glo - ry Un - to Him be giv'n! I will
 Bless-ing, hon - or, praise and glo - ry

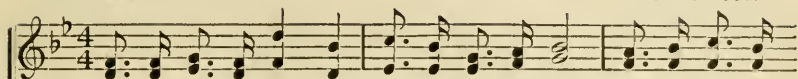


serve Him while on earth, and praise Him Thro' e - ter - nal years in heav'n.

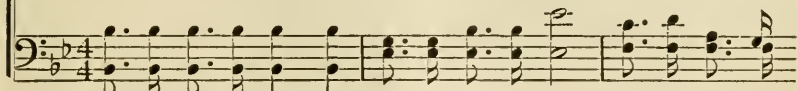


REV. WM. O. CUSHING.

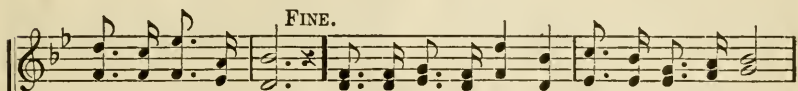
GEO. F. ROOT.



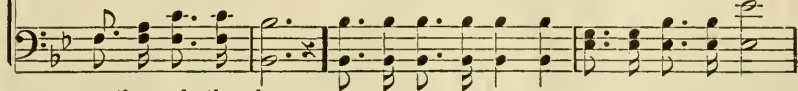
1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul, re-
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan-d'rer
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day! An - gels, swell the



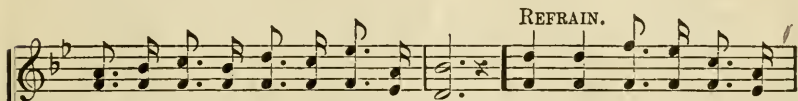
D. C.—'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the



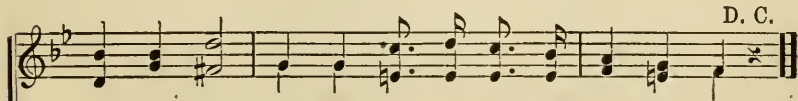
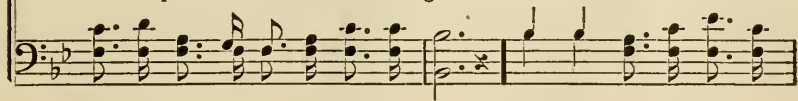
turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
 now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
 glad tri - um - phant strain! Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way!



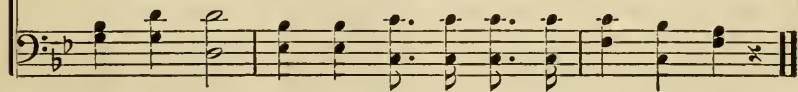
an - them of the free.



Wel - com - ing His wear - y, wand'ring child.
 And is born a - new a ransomed child. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
 For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.

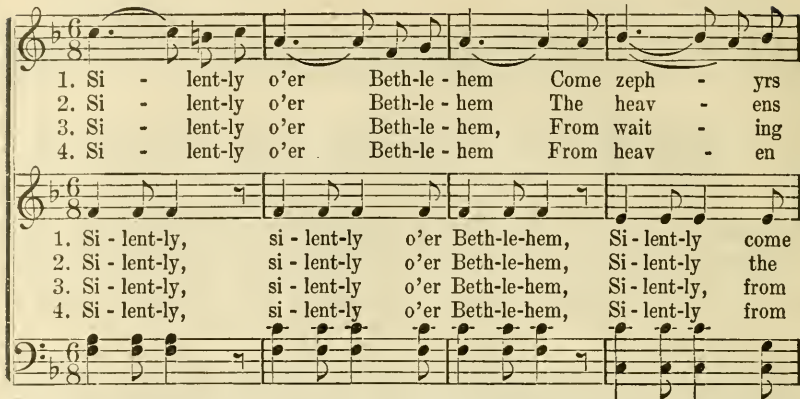


an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;



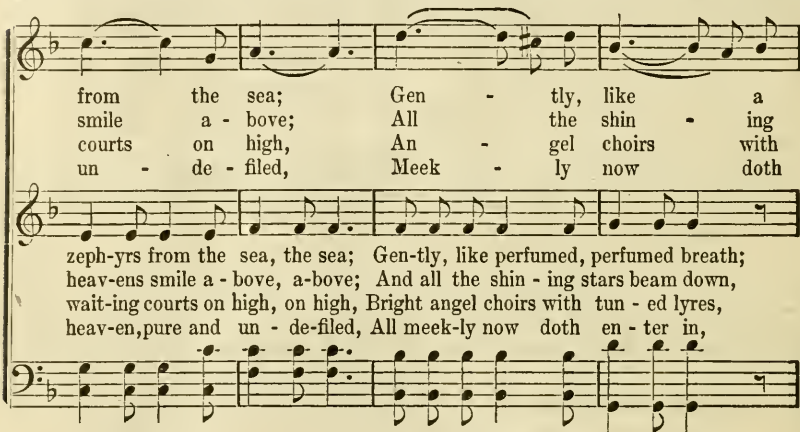
JOHN W. WAYLAND.

JOHN D. BRUNK.



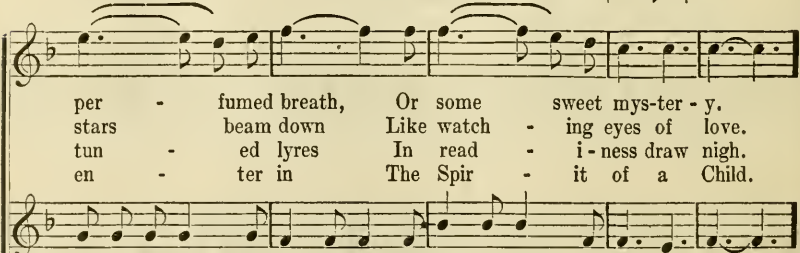
1. Si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le - hem Come zeph - yrs
 2. Si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le - hem The heav - ens
 3. Si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le - hem, From wait - ing
 4. Si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le - hem From heav - en

1. Si - lent-ly, si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le-hem, Si - lent-ly come
 2. Si - lent-ly, si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le-hem, Si - lent-ly the
 3. Si - lent-ly, si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le-hem, Si - lent-ly, from
 4. Si - lent-ly, si - lent-ly o'er Beth-le-hem, Si - lent-ly from

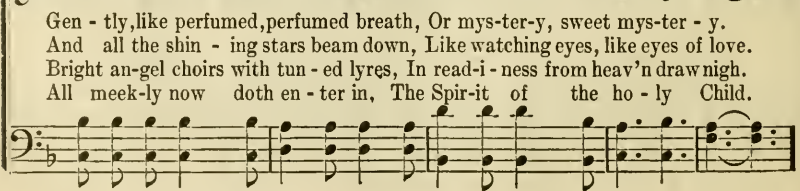


from the sea; Gen - tly, like a
 smile a - bove; All the shin - ing
 courts on high, An - gel choirs with
 un - de - filed, Meek - ly now doth

zeph-yrs from the sea, the sea; Gen-tly, like perfumed, perfumed breath;
 heav-ens smile a - bove, a-bove; And all the shin - ing stars beam down,
 wait-ing courts on high, on high, Bright angel choirs with tun - ed lyres,
 heav-en,pure and un - de-filed, All meek-ly now doth en - ter in,



per - fumed breath, Or some sweet mys-ter - y.
 stars beam down Like watch - ing eyes of love.
 tun - ed lyres In read - i - ness draw nigh.
 en - ter in The Spir - it of a Child.



Gen - tly,like perfumed,perfumed breath, Or mys-ter-y, sweet mys-ter - y.
 And all the shin - ing stars beam down, Like watching eyes, like eyes of love.
 Bright an-gel choirs with tun - ed lyres, In read-i - ness from heav'n draw nigh.
 All meek-ly now doth en - ter in, The Spir-it of the ho - ly Child.

Silently, O'er Bethlehem.—Concluded.

p REFRAIN.

1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Zeph - yrs from the sea;
 2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Smile ye heav'ns a - bove;
 3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Wait ye courts on high;
 4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Meek and un - de - filed;

pp

rit. e dim.

Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, O sweet mys - ter - y.
 Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Watch, O eyes of love!
 Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Come ye an - gels nigh.
 Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Come, O heav'n - ly Child!

214

Christmas.

NAHUM TATE.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an - gel
 2. "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind, — "Glad tidings
 3. "To you, in David's town, this day Is born, of Da - vid's line, The Sav - iour,
 4. "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view displayed, All mean - ly
 5. Thus spake the ser - aph — and forthwith Appeared a shin - ing throng of an - gels,
 6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good - will hence -

of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.
 who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign: —
 wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid, And in a man - ger laid."
 praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song, Addressed their joyful song: —
 forth from heav'n to men Begin, and nev - er cease, Be - gin, and nev - er cease!"

The Angels' Hymn.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

Allegro.

1. Fear not, fear not, O ye shep-herds, Rath-er give ye
 2. For in yon-der town of Da-vid—Seek ye there with
 3. This the sign by which to know Him, Seek ye, then, be

thanks and sing, For to you and to all peo-ple Ti-dings
 one ac-cord—There is born to you a Sav-iour Which is
 not a-fraid—Ye shall find a Babe in Beth-l'hem, In a

REFRAIN. *p*

of great joy I bring. "Glo-ry in the high-est!
 e-ven Christ the Lord.
 low-ly man-ger laid. "Glo-ry, glo-ry in the high-est!

f Praise in-crease, let praise in-crease!
 Un-to God let praise in-crease! Glo-ry,

glo-ry in the high-est! Un-to men good-will and peace."

T. H. A.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Have you ev - er built an al - tar in your home, Where you
 2. It is sweet to have an al - tar in the home, There to
 3. It means con - quest with an al - tar in your home; En - e -
 4. Will you build to - day the al - tar in the home? Will you

dai - ly bring your load of care, Where you praise the God of
 meet with Je - sus face to face, There to tell to Him your
 mies must quit their ground and yield; Vic - to - ry is yours thro'
 break all oth - er i - dols down, Wor - ship God to - geth - er

mer - cy and of grace, Where you prove the joy of fam - ily prayer?
 sor - row and your fears, And re - ceive from Him a - bun - dant grace.
 Je - sus Christ our Lord, If you're first in prayer up - on the field,
 at the throne of grace, Praise the Lord and all His mer - cies own?

REFRAIN.

Build to - day the fam - ily al - tar; Gath - er round the mer - cy - seat;

Bring your bur - dens, fears and troub - les, Lay them at the Mas - ter's feet.

LUKE 2: 39, 40.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

1. Hap - py days of child-hood, mem-o - ries of home! Sweet scenes, how they
 2. Thus an hum-ble cit - y of old Gal - i - lee, Bor-dered by the
 3. O the won-drous vi - sions of those childhood years, Now in joys of

lin - ger, tho' the years may come; Swift hours veil in shad - ow
 mountains and the rest - less sea, Blest with ho - ly child - hood,
 tri - umph, now in chas-t'ning tears; O the light of wis - dom

ev - 'ry gold - en day, But the joys of child-hood, years hide not a - way.
 to each heart is near; Childhood home of Je - sus, dear, for - ev - er dear.
 on that youthful face, Dai-ly wreathed in glo - ry by the Father's grace.

f REFRAIN.

O the faith of child-hood! O the love of home! Ev - er may they

lin - ger, tho' a - far we roam; Let time veil in shad - ow

Childhood and Home.—Concluded.

ev -'ry gold-en day, But the joy of child-hood grant us, Lord, al - way!

218 He Lives.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Re-joyce, for the Sav-iour has ris - en, And gone is the darkness of night;
2. Re-joyce in the glad gos-pel sto - ry; Re - joyce in the prom-ise it gives
3. Re-joyce for the joy it is bring-ing, The hope of a glad, brighter day;

The stone has been rolled from the pris-on; He lives in His glo - ry and might.
That we shall be-hold Him in glo - ry; Re-joyce, for we know Je-sus lives.
O list, while the an - gels are sing - ing; Go, bear ye the message a - way.

REFRAIN.

He lives! O be glad all the earth! He lives! Je - sus
He lives! He lives!

lives! Up from the grave, He rose to save! He lives, the Con-q'ror lives!

D. W. WHITTLE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

p Andantino. *pp*

1. Oh, day of aw - ful sto - ry— Je - sus is dead!
 2. A wear - y night of weep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
 3. A day in sor - row dawn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

pp

Sad end to hope of glo - ry— Je - sus is dead!
 A night that knew no sleep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
 A sad and gloom - y morn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

f REFRAIN. *Allegro.*

Be-hold the stone is rolled a-way! And shin-ing ones have come to say: "He

cres.

is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!" The

night of death is past and gone—A - rise, and greet the glo-rious morn!—"He

He is Not Here, but is Risen.—Concluded.

is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!"

220 The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done.

(VICTORY.)

From the Latin.

Arr. from PALESTRINA.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped, He ris - es glo - rious from the dead;
4. He closed the yawning gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
5. Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dreadsting Thy servants free,

f D. S.

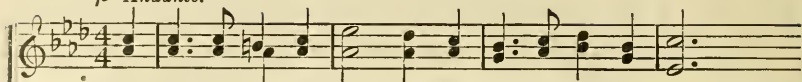
The song of tri - umph has be - gun, — Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Let shout of ho - ly joy out - burst, — Hal - le - lu - jah!
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 That we may live, and sing to Thee Hal - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

In Heavenly Love.

(WOMEN'S VOICES.)

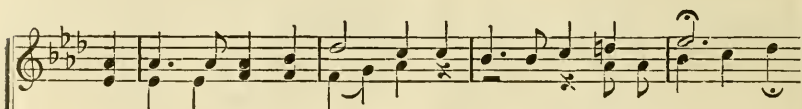
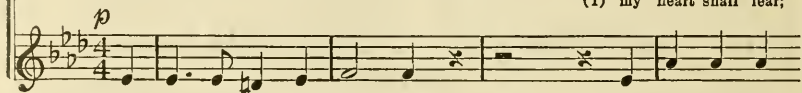
ANNA L. WARING.

JOHN D. BRUNK.

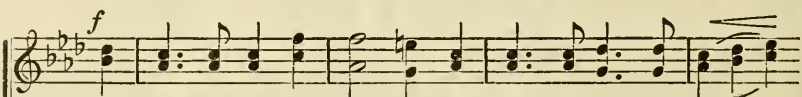
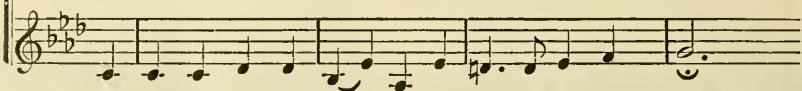
p Andante.

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

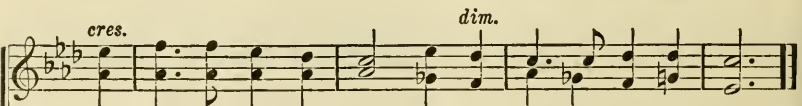
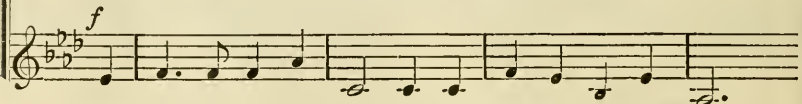
(1) my heart shall fear;



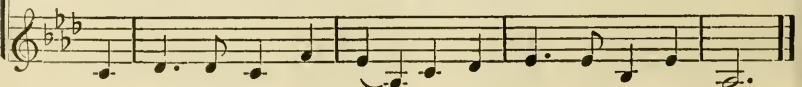
(1) noth-ing chan-ges here:
 And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chan-ges here:
 My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack:
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been:



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
 His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim:
 My hope I can - not meas - ure; My path to life is free;



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

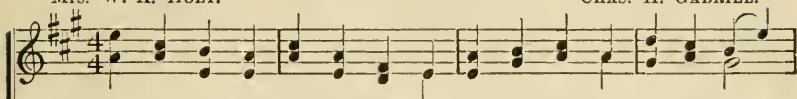


In That City Over There.

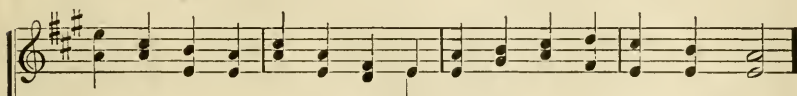
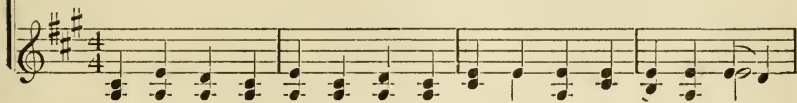
Mrs. W. A. HOLT.

(WOMEN'S VOICES.)

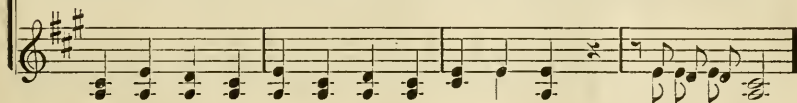
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



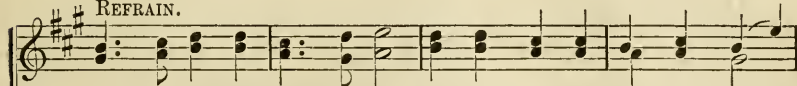
1. O - ver in the dis - tance yon - der Gleams a cit - y bright and fair;
2. I can see the tow'rs all shin - ing, Of its pal - a - ces so old,
3. In that cit - y rich with treas - ure, Want and pov - er - ty ne'er come;
4. And the cit - y, full of glo - ry, Shall in beau - ty ev - er shine,



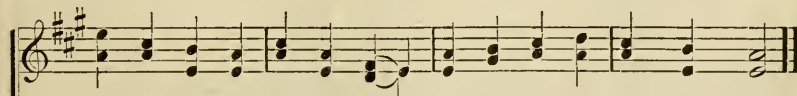
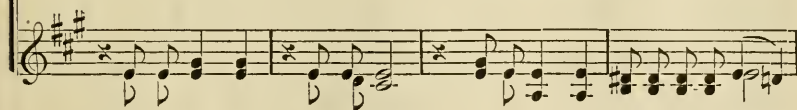
And I oft - en fond - ly won - der, Who of earth are dwell - ing there.
 Gleaming in the light e - ter - nal, Of the sun - set's bur - nished gold.
 For its wealth no hand can meas - ure - In this hap - py, hap - py home.
 While redemption's pre - cious sto - ry Ech - oes down the years of time.



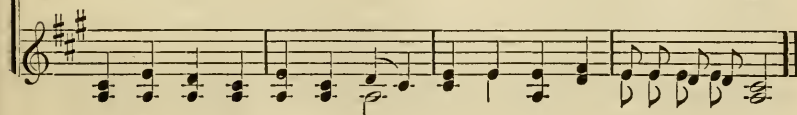
REFRAIN.



But it al - ways comes to me, Tho' their forms I can - not see,
 cannot, cannot see,



That the hosts of earth are there, In that cit - y bright and fair.
 so bright and fair.



Under the Mango Tree.*

ELSIE BYLER.

(MEN'S VOICES.)

JOHN D. BRUNK.

p Andante.

Low - ly en-tomb-ed in In - dia, Close by the rest-less sea,

Li - eth a dear heart sleep - ing Un - der the man-go tree;

Li - eth a dear heart sleep - ing Un - der the man-go tree.

m Moderato.

Gone in his life's fair morn - ing, Gone with his ear - nest plea,

Tell - ing the glad, sweet sto - ry Un - der the man - go tree,

Copyright, 1916, by John D. Brunk.

*This poem was written and the music composed as a memorial to Jacob Burkhard, missionary to India. His fine spirit of self-sacrifice was shown in that, although the time for his furlough was over-due, he cheerfully bore the burden from which he should have been relieved, and in doing so succumbed to illness which under ordinary conditions would hardly have proved fatal. His tomb UNDER THE MANGO TREE was mentioned in a sermon by M. C. Lapp at Goshen College, May 31, 1908. The poem was written in January, 1909, and the music was composed in the following April.

Under the Mango Tree.—Concluded.

Tell - ing the glad, sweet sto - ry Un - der the man - go tree:

pp Andante.

Seeking for lambs that had wandered; Tell - ing of Je - sus' love; Guid - ing their

ten - der foot - steps Home to the Father a - bove, Guid - ing their tender foot - steps

Home to the Fa - ther a - bove. Hushed is the voice that sound - ed,
Hushed is the voice that sound - ed,

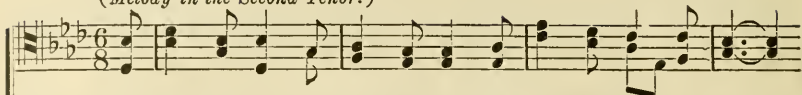
Hushed in e - ter - ni - ty; Mil - lions still yearn for its ech - o Un - der the
Hushed in e - ter - ni - ty;

man - go tree, Mil - lions still yearn for its ech - o Un - der the man - go tree.

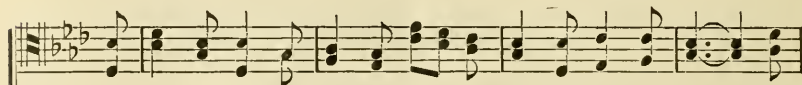
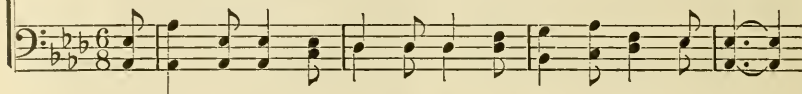
He Plans My Life.

C. E. BRECK.

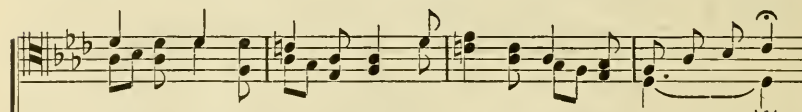
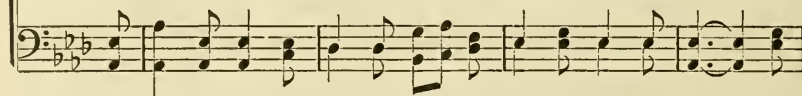
D. B. TOWNER.

(Melody in the Second Tenor.)

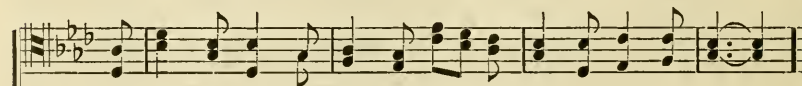
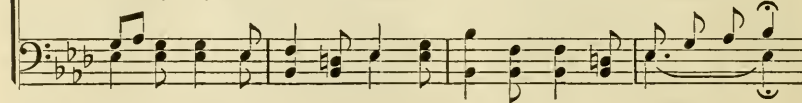
1. Re-joyce, my soul, be not cast down, Bid all thy fears to cease,
2. I can - not see one step be-yond, And would not if I could;
3. He bids me take no anx - ious load, He will my bur - dens bear;
4. O nev - er let my heart re - bel, What-ev - er be my lot,



Since God will un - der-take for me, And gives His joy and peace. He
But God hath said all things shall work To - geth - er for my good: Then
So at His feet I lay them down, Thankful to leave them there. My
Since Je - sus do - eth all things well, I'll trust and mur-mur not: So



knows the pres-ent and the past, He knows what is to be, is to be;
glad - ly will I trust the love Of such a friend as He, such as He,
life is safe in His dear hand, Con - tent-ed, glad and free, glad and free,
when my way seems dark as night, I know that God can see, God can see,



And I may safe - ly trust in Him Who plans my life for me.
And bless His wise om - nip - o - tence Who plans my life for me.
For like a child I trust in Him Who plans my life for me.
And He is lead - ing me a - right Who plans my life for me.



CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

A Child's Prayer.

225

R. FREE.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. God make my life a lit - tle light With - in the world to glow,
2. God make my life a lit - tle flow'r That giv - eth joy to all,
3. God make my life a lit - tle song That com - fort - eth the sad,
4. God make my life a lit - tle staff Where - on the weak may rest;

A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright Wher - ev - er I may go.
Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r, Al - tho' the place be small.
That help - eth oth - ers to be strong, And mak - eth oth - ers glad.
That so what health or strength I have May serve my neigh - bor best.

REFRAIN. (R. H.)

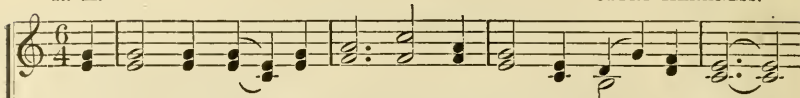
Wher - ev - er I may go, Wher - ev - er I may go,
may go. may go,

God make my life a lit - tle light Wher - ev - er I may go.

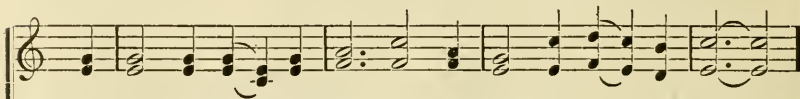
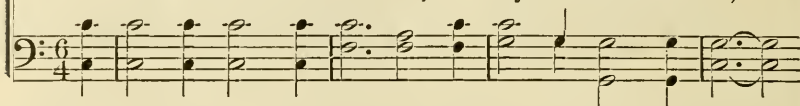
"Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE 18: 16.

R. H.

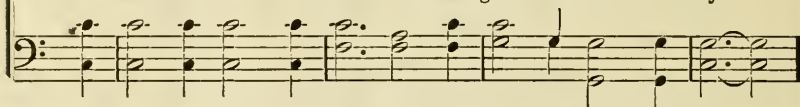
ROBERT HARKNESS.



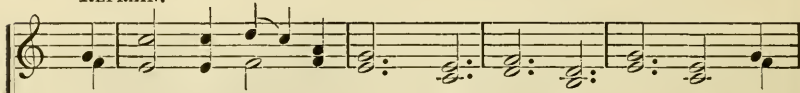
1. The chil-dren's friend is Je - sus, He calls them to His side;
2. The chil-dren's friend is Je - sus, He loves their joys to share;
3. The chil-dren's friend is Je - sus, There's no one else so true;
4. The chil-dren's friend is Je - sus, He bids them work each day;
5. The chil-dren's friend is Je - sus, And they His friends should be;



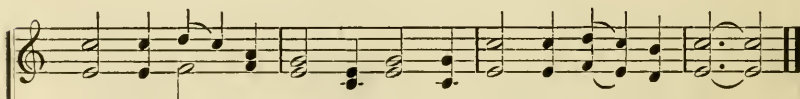
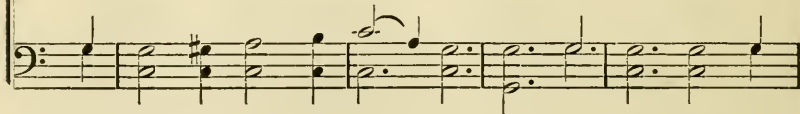
He gave His life a ran-som, Heav'n's gate to o - pen wide.
 He knows their lit - tle sor - rows, He longs each one to bear.
 He keeps all those who trust Him, As no one else can do.
 In glad-some, will - ing serv - ice, His ev - 'ry call o - bey.
 He nev - er will for - sake them Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



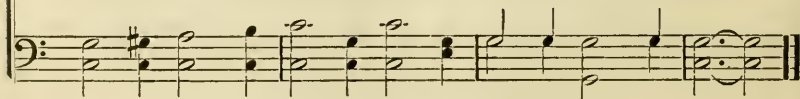
REFRAIN.



The chil - dren's friend is Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; His



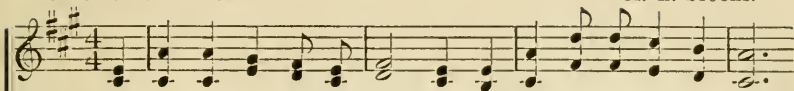
life He gave their souls to save, The chil-dren's friend is He.



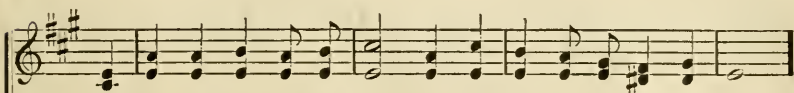
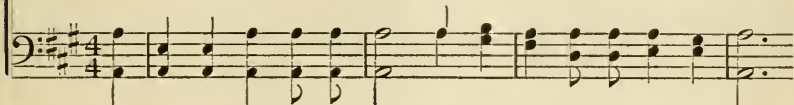
Thou God Seest Me.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

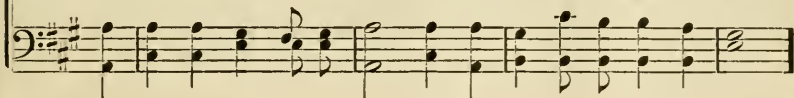
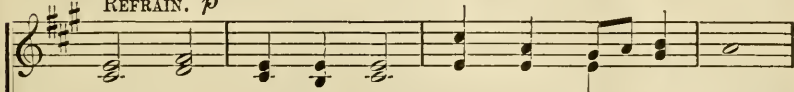
M. L. STOCKS.



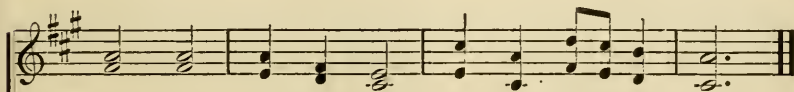
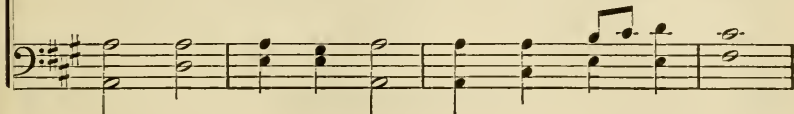
1. When God looks down on the chil - dren, So joy - ous and bright and fair,
2. The lit - tle chil-dren can grieve Him, But if un - to Him they go,
3. When God looks down on the chil - dren, He looks in such ten - der love;
4. And when He looks on the chil - dren Sur-round-ing the throne on high



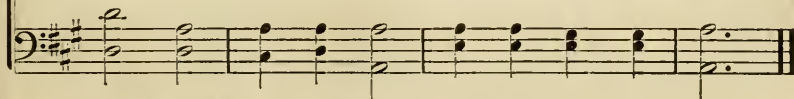
He looks at hearts, not at fa - ces, And not at the clothes they wear.
 The blood He shed for the chil - dren Can make them as white as snow.
 He longs to save them and bless them, And fit them for heav'n a - bove.
 He'll be so glad He has saved them, Although He had first to die.

REFRAIN. *p*

Thou God se - est me, Sin - ful and de - filed;



Thou God se - est me, Cleanse a lit - tle child.



F. E. B.

"Consider the lilies how they grow."—LUKE 12: 27.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. God made the lil - ies, The lil - ies pure and white; They wake ev-'ry
 2. God sends the sun-shine To melt the ice and snow, And tell all the
 3. God loves the lil - ies And sends them rain and dew; We'll think of the
 4. Je - sus can make us Like lil - ies sweet and fair; When e - vil sur-

REFRAIN.

morn - ing And go to sleep at night. God made the lil - ies, The beau - ti - ful
 lil - ies 'Tis time for them to grow. God tells the lil - ies, The beau - ti - ful
 lil - ies For Je - sus told us to. God loves the lil - ies, The beau - ti - ful
 rounds us, We'll trust His ten - der care. God keeps the lil - ies, The beau - ti - ful

lil - ies, We must be like the lil - ies, The lil - ies pure and white.

Copyright, 1892, by F. E. Belden, in "Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones." Used by permission.

E. E. HEWITT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. For our pleas - ant birth - days, While we glad - ly sing, For our years so
 2. Man - y lit - tle chil - dren Now are sick or sad, These will we re-

Copyright, 1892 by D. B. Towner. Charles M. Alexander, owner.

Birthday Song.—Concluded.

hap - py, Lord, our gifts we bring; For Thy love, dear Sav - iour,
mem - ber, Help to make them glad; May we tru - ly love Thee,

For Thy tender care, Thankful hearts we give Thee; Hear our birthday prayer.
Thy dear children be; Take our lives, Lord Je - sus, All our days for Thee.

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Children's Prayer.

ELSIE BYLER-BURKHARD.

WALTER E. YODER.

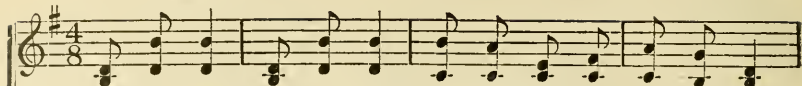
1. In the ear - ly morn - ing When the sun-beams bright Shine a-round our
2. When temptations gath - er, Fears or foes af - fright, When our foot-steps
3. When the shadows length - en, Bring-ing sweet re - pose, Wear-y hands are

path - way, Scat-ter-ing the night, Je - sus, gen - tle Sav - iour,
wa - ver In the path of right, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,
fold - ed; Lit - tle eye - lids close, Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour,

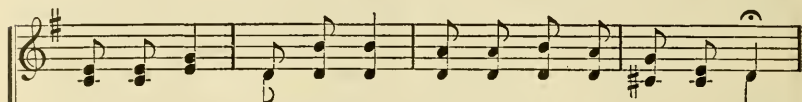
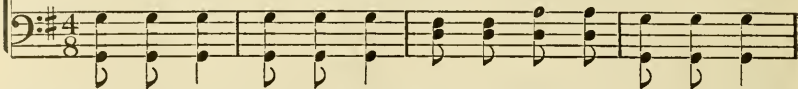
Hear our ear-nest prayer; Bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Take us in Thy care.
With Thine arm up - hold: All our up - ward striv - ings In Thy love en - fold.
Guard us thro' the night; Keep Thy lit - tle chil - dren Safe till morn - ing light.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

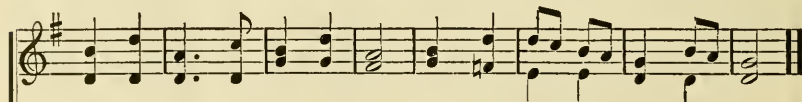
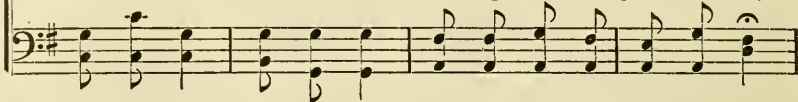
W. H. DOANE.



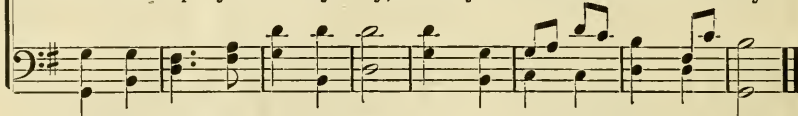
1. Lit - tle eyes, ¹lit - tle eyes, Soft - ly close in wor - ship now;
 2. Lit - tle ears, ⁴lit - tle ears, Lis - ten while He speaks to you;
 3. Lit - tle heart, ⁶lit - tle heart, Read - y be to take Him in;



- Fold the arms, ²bow the head, ³While we whis - per soft and low,
³Gen - tle words, full of peace, Come to those who love Him true:
⁷Lit - tle hands, ⁸bus - y be, Lead - ing souls from paths of sin;



- God is here, and hap - py we In His pres - ence e'er may be.
²God is love, and we must be Lit - tle fol - l'wers glad and ⁵free.
 God will help you ev - 'ry day, Guide you in His bless - ed ⁹way.

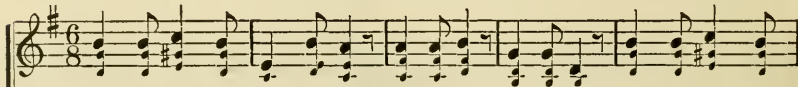


MOTIONS:—1 Touch eyes. 2 Fold arms. 3 Bow heads. 4 Touch ears. 5 Raise hands.
 6 Right hand over heart. 7 Spread hands and arms. 8 Wave hands from side to side. 9 Point upward with fore-finger of right hand.

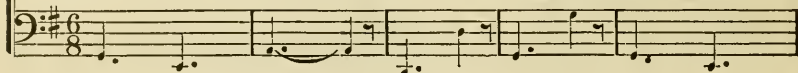
Copyright, 1886, by W. H. Doane.

JAMES ROWE.

E. S. LORENZ.



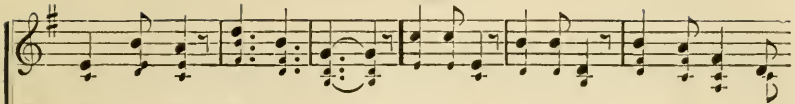
1. Flow - ers nod and smile to-day,—We do, too; we do, too; They make bright a
 2. Pret - ty song-birds love to sing,—We do, too; we do, too; Joy to man - y
 3. Sunbeams love to gleam and glow,—We do, too; we do, too; Pre - cious blessings
 4. Je - sus loves the pure and good,—We do, too; we do, too; For the right He



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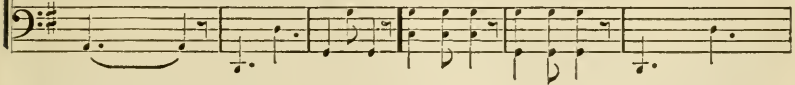
We Do, Too.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

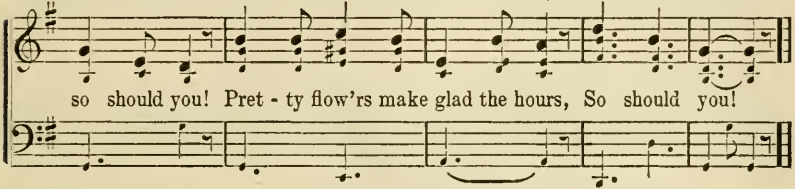


lone - ly way; We do, too.
 hearts they bring; We do, too.
 they be - stow; We do, too.
 al - ways stood; We do, too.

We do, too! we do, too! Smile and sing, and



so should you! Pret - ty flow'rs make glad the hours, So should you!

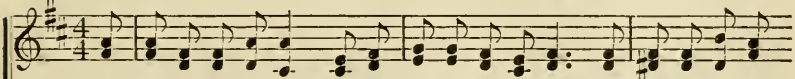


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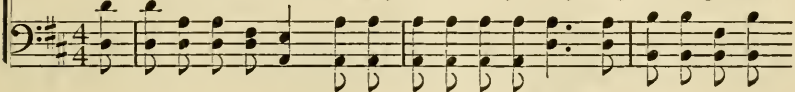
Higher Still, and Higher.

E. E. HEWITT.

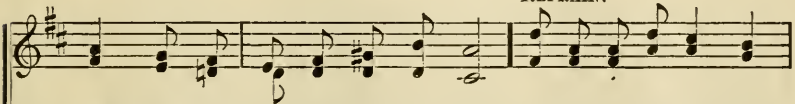
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



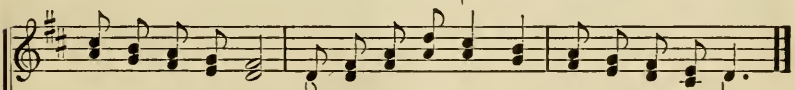
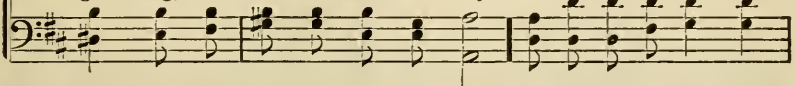
1. The lit - tle trees are grow - ing, Out in the for - est wild; They tell a hap - py
2. The lit - tle vines are climbing, Still high - er in the light; They grow in rain and
3. O, like the dear child Je - sus, May we, from day to day, In grace and goodness



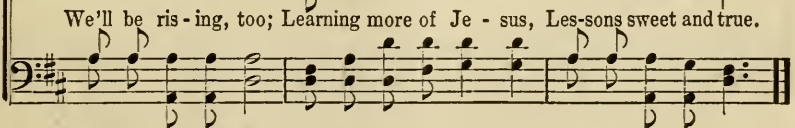
REFRAIN.



sto - ry To ev - 'ry lit - tle child.
 sun - shine, More beau - ti - ful and bright. High - er still, and high - er,
 grow - ing, The Fa - ther's Word o - bey.



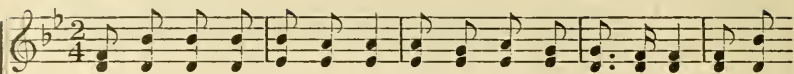
We'll be ris - ing, too; Learning more of Je - sus, Les - sons sweet and true.



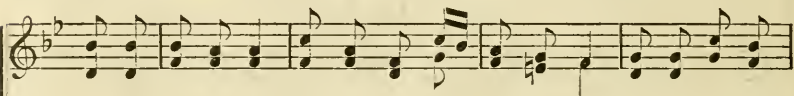
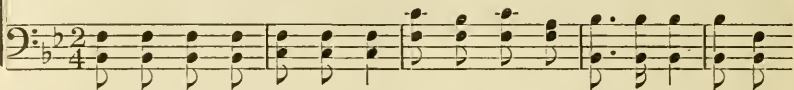
(THANKSGIVING.)

MARY MAPES DODGE.

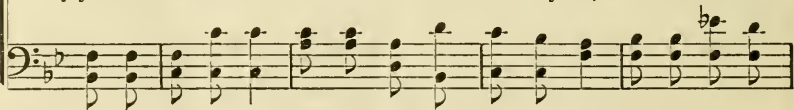
W. K. BASSFORD.



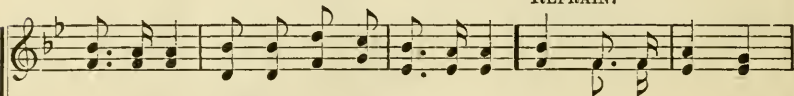
1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa-ther fit - ting-ly? Yes, oh,
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee, For the
3. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i-days, For the



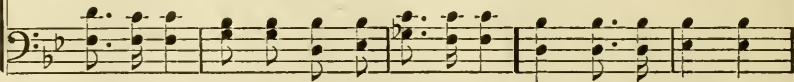
yes, be good and true, Pa-tient, kind in all you do; Love the Lord, and
earth in beauty dressed, Fa-ther, moth-er and the rest, For Thy pre-cious
joy - ful work and true That a lit - tle child may do, For our lives but



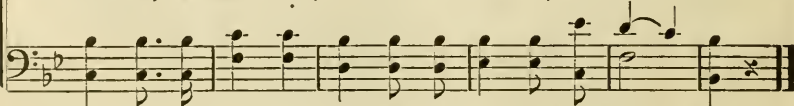
REFRAIN.



do your part; Learn to say with all your heart,
lov - ing care, For Thy boun-ty ev - 'ry-where, Fa - ther, we thank Thee,
just be-gun, For the great gift of Thy Son,

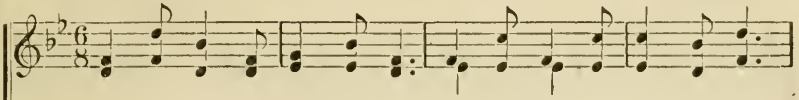


Fa - ther, we thank Thee, Fa - ther in heav-en, we thank Thee.

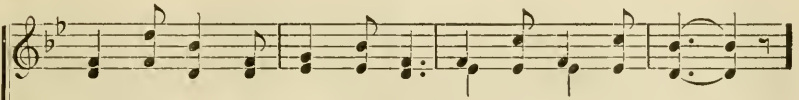


F. E. BELDEN.

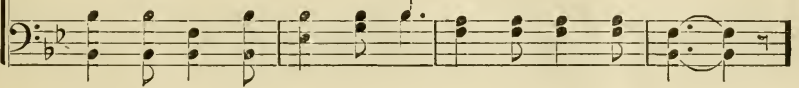
B. A. ROBINSON.



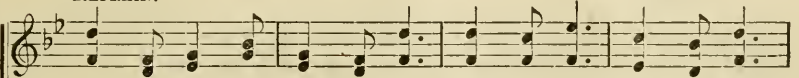
1. Lit - tle fish - er - men are we, And the world is like a sea,
2. This our net, — kind words of cheer, Draw - ing all the fish - es near;
3. Some are in the pools of sin Where the wa - ter is un - clean;
4. In - to God's great o - cean blue, Yon - der heav'n where all is true,



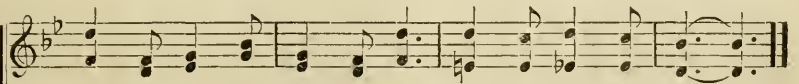
Full of lit - tle lives that go Dart - ing to and fro.
 Scowls are sure to hurt and scare, So we speak with care.
 We must lift them ten - der - ly In - to God's great sea.
 There is room for them a - bove In God's home of love:



REFRAIN.



Fish - ing, fish - ing ev - 'ry day, At our work, at our play;

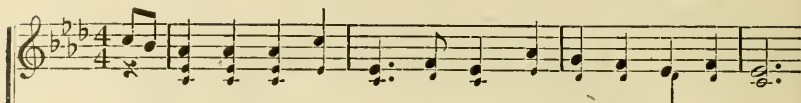


Cheer - ful - ly we toil a - way, Help - ing ev - 'ry day.

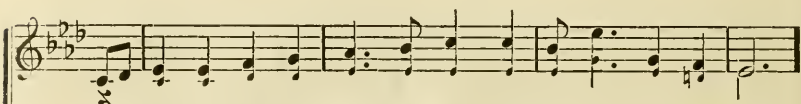
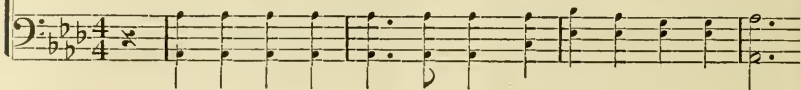


MAUD FRAZER.

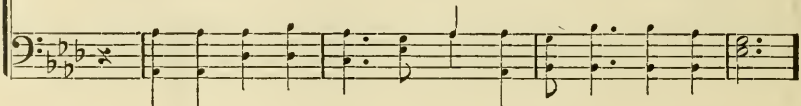
GORDON JOHNSON.



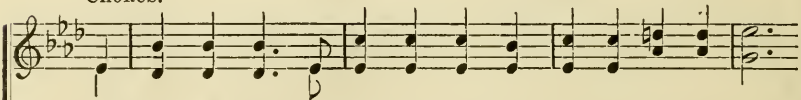
1. The King needs lit - tle mes - sen - gers To serve Him ev - 'ry - where;
2. The mes - sage of a Sav - iour's love A lit - tle child may bring;
3. Christ used the of - f'ring of a lad A mul - ti - tude to feed;
4. I would to serve Thee, Lord, be - gin, Al - tho' so small and weak;



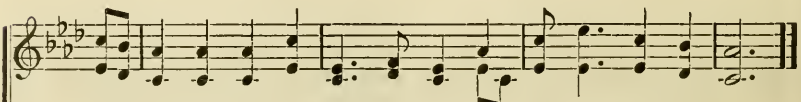
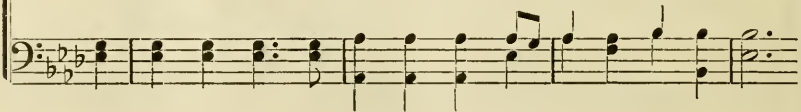
To speak for Him kind words of love, And light - en toil and care.
 Hard hearts are oft - en touched to hear The song a child doth sing.
 And ev - 'ry lit - tle child can bring Some gift the Lord doth need.
 Then show me how to live for Thee, Thy mes - sa - ges to speak.



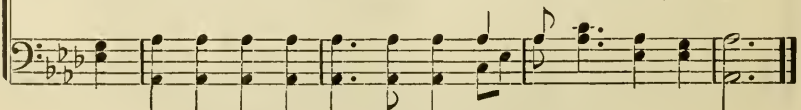
CHORUS.



The King needs lit - tle mes - sen - gers His er - rands here to do;

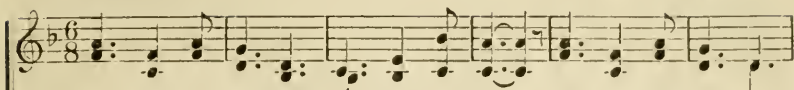


The King needs lit - tle mes - sen - gers, I know He needs me too.



GRACE GORDON.

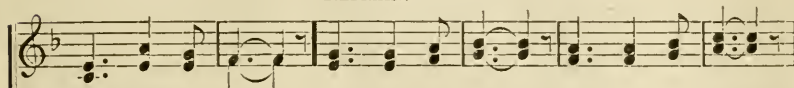
HOWARD E. SMITH.



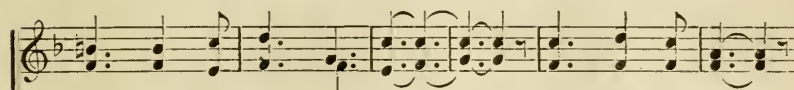
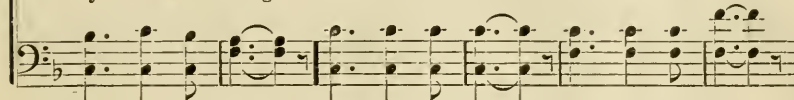
1. Sun-beams for Je - sus E'er would we be, Shin - ing so bright - ly,
 2. Sun-beams for Je - sus, Bright-'ning the way, Tell - ing His prais - es
 3. Sun-beams for Je - sus, Help - ing our King; Seek - ing to serve Him,



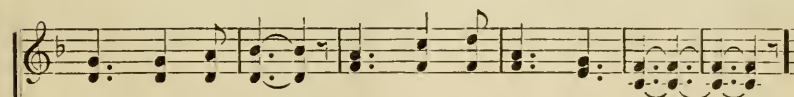
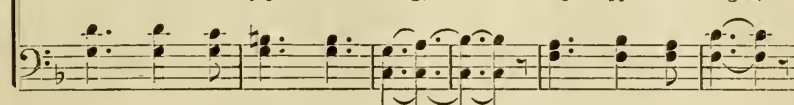
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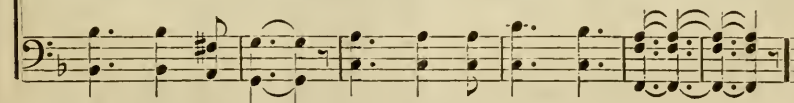
Dear Lord, for Thee.
 Glad ev - 'ry day. Sun-beams of love, sun - beams of love,
 Joy we would bring.



Glad - ness and joy to bring; Hap - py and bright,



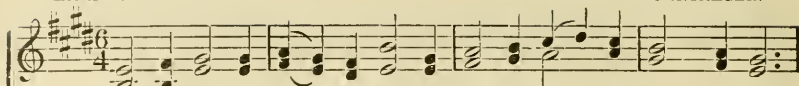
shed - ding our light, Sun - beams for Christ our King.



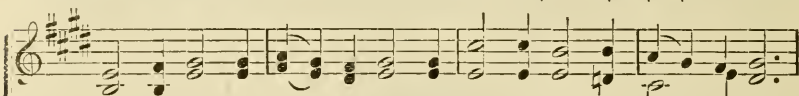
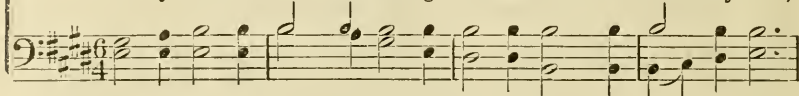
The Joy-Life.

LINA Z. RESSLER.

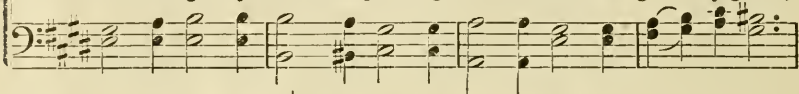
SYLVIA BORINTRAGER.



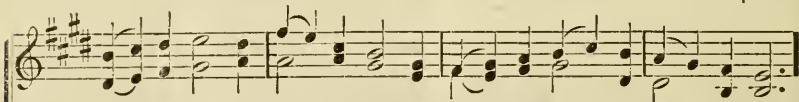
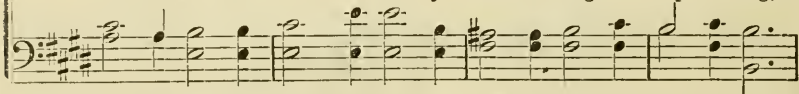
1. There's a world of joy and gladness, and its glad-ness we im-part
2. Clouds for moments veil the glo-ry of the joy - life from the sky,
3. Dai - ly du-ties are but bless-ings, sometimes hard and drear they seem,



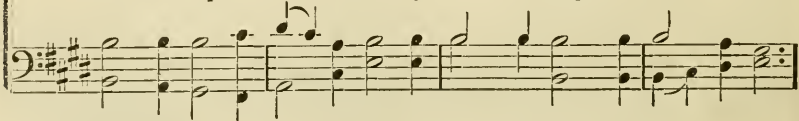
In dis-pel-ling gloom and sad-ness from the wear-y, troub-led heart.
 Yet the sun is ev - er shin-ing—we may find it if we try:
 But while glad-ly on - ward press-ing, soon we'll catch the glo - ry-gleam;



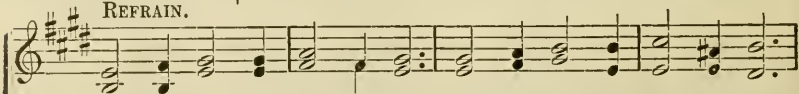
God, who loves us, gives the bless-ing,—pure and pre-cious joys in Him
 Je - sus knows and loves us ev - er, and in Him this joy we find;
 Nev - er task too hard or heav-y for His strength to help a-long;



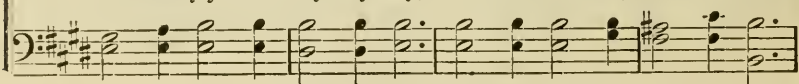
For the soul tow'rd heav-en press-ing, for the life all cleansed from sin.
 Nei-ther life nor death can sev - er pre - cious ties so strong and kind.
 Nev - er step so sad or wear-y, but will bright-en with a song.



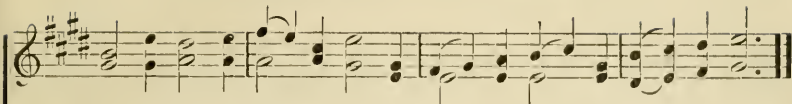
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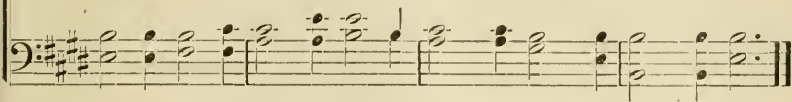
Live the joy - life day by day, Learn to la - bor, watch and pray;



The Joy-Life.—Concluded.



Claim your grace and strength from Jesus; Live the joy - life day by day.

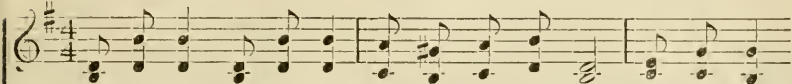


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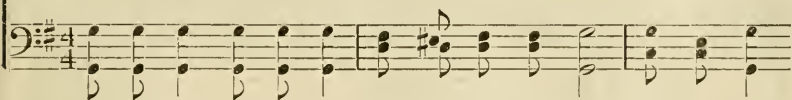
A Father's Care.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

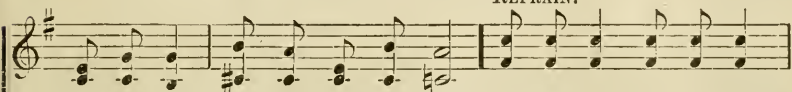
J. LINCOLN HALL.



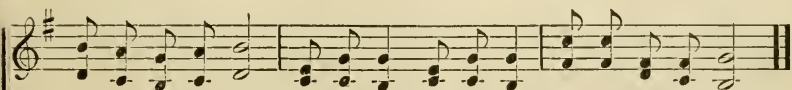
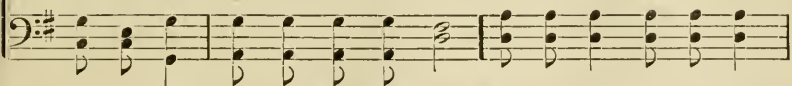
1. Lit - tle bird, lit - tle bird, On the leaf - y spray, Fly - ing here,
2. Lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs In the mead - ows fair, Can you stray
3. Lit - tle flow'rs, lit - tle flow'rs, In the sun and shade, Blooming fair,



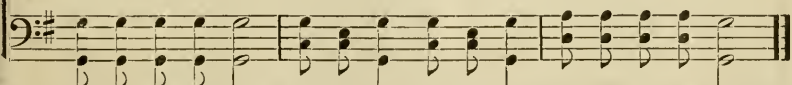
REFRAIN.



do you fear You might lose your way?
far a - way From the shep - herd's care? God is love, God is love,
ev - 'ry - where, Are you ne'er a - fraid?



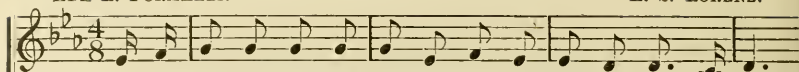
In His ten - der care, Safe we rest, safe we rest, He is ev - 'ry - where.



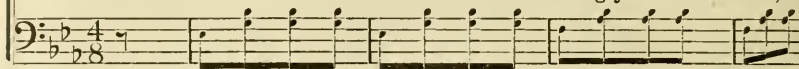
NOTE.—After first verse repeat Matt. 10 : 29; after second verse repeat Psalm 23 : 1; after third verse repeat Matt. 6 : 28, 29.

EDA L. FORMHALS.

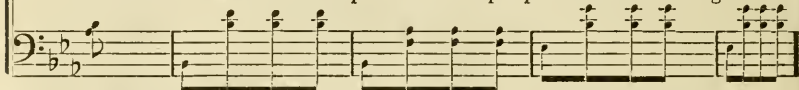
E. S. LORENZ.



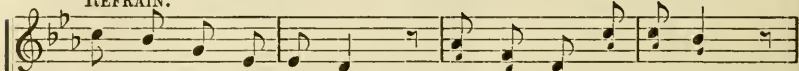
1. Hear the drop-ping of the pen-nies, As they fall from each small hand;
2. We will glad-ly give our pen-nies, While we are but young and small;
3. As the lad's small loaves and fish-es Fed the hun-gry mul-ti-tude,



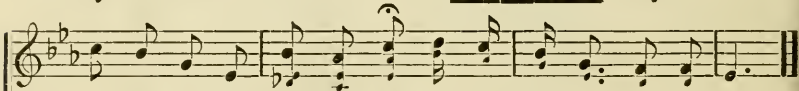
They are all to go to Je-sus, Of-f'ring from this lit-tle band.
 And we hope to make them dol-lars, As we send our prayers with all.
 So the Lord will bless our pen-nies And pre-pare them to do good.



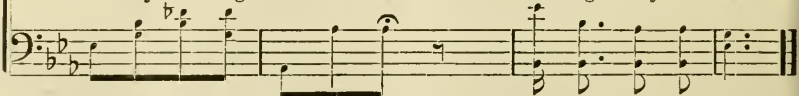
REFRAIN.



Je - sus, take our pen-nies! Je - sus, take our pen-nies!



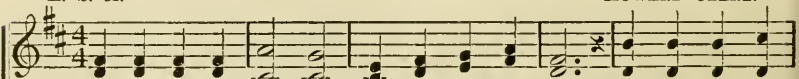
Let Thy bless-ing on them rest That their mes-sage may be blest!



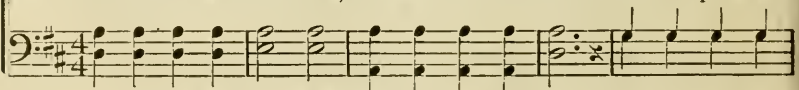
Copyright, 1913, by Lorenz Publishing Co., in "Praise Ye!" International Copyright.

E. S. A.

HOWARD CLARE.



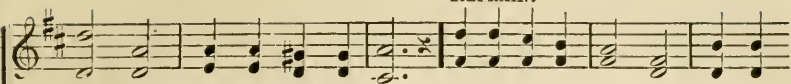
1. In our dear Lord's gar-den, Plant-ed here be-low, Man-y ti-ny
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Chil-dren such as we; Blest them when their
3. Lord, Thy call we an-swer; Take us in Thy care; Train us in Thy
4. Noth-ing is too lit-tle For His gen-tle care: Noth-ing is too
5. Je - sus calls the chil-dren, Bids them come and stand In His pleas-ant



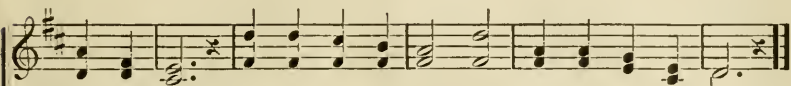
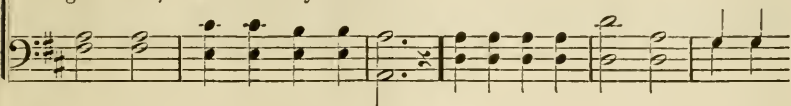
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In Our Dear Lord's Garden.—Concluded.

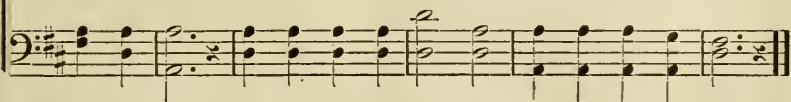
REFRAIN.



flow - ers In sweet beau - ty grow.
 moth - ers Bro't them to His knee.
 gar - den In Thy works to share. Christ, the lov - ing Gard'ner, Sends these
 low - ly In His love to share.
 gar - den, Wa - tered by His hand.



blos - soms small; Loves the lit - tle lil - ies And the ce - dars tall.

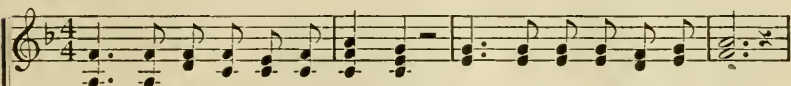


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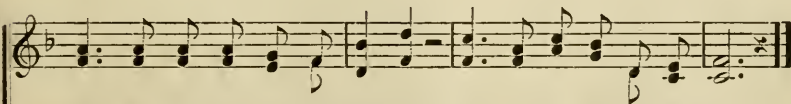
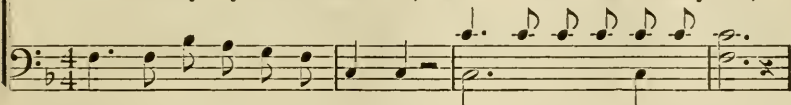
Child's Evening Prayer.

MRS. MARY L. DUNCAN.

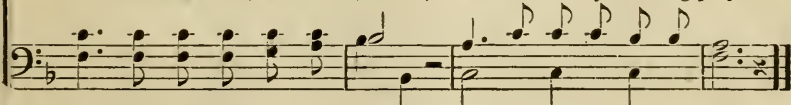
GEORGE LYDIATT.



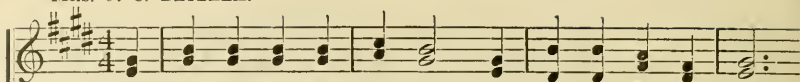
1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
 2. All this day Thy hand bath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;



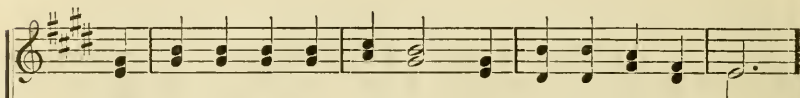
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.



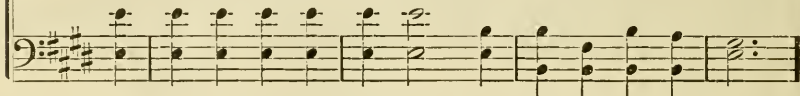
MRS. J. C. BATEHAM.



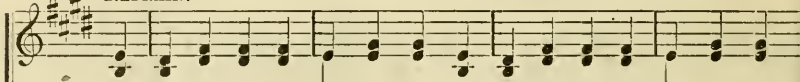
1. We'll all rise up to - geth - er, U - nit - ed we will stand;
 2. We'll raise our hands to - geth - er, Our les - sons we will learn;
 3. We'll bow our heads to - geth - er, And breathe this lit - tle prayer:



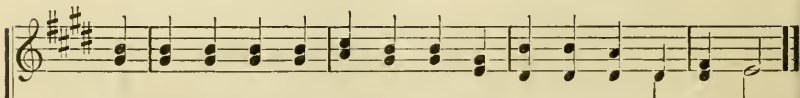
We'll all sit down to - geth - er, A hap - py chil - dren's band.
 We'll fold our arms to - geth - er, And an - swer in our turn.
 Dear Sav - iour, bless Thy chil - dren, Keep us from ev - 'ry snare.



REFRAIN.



We'll mind the rule of Sun-day school, We'll mind the rule of Sun-day school,



We'll mind the rule of Sunday school, And all rise up to - geth - er.
 We'll mind the rule of Sunday school, And raise our hands to - geth - er.
 We'll mind the rule of Sunday school, And all sit down to - geth - er.



FAVORITE HYMNS.

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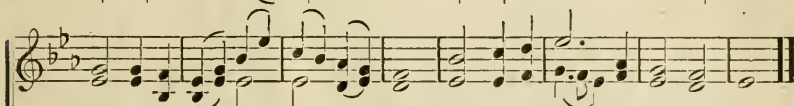
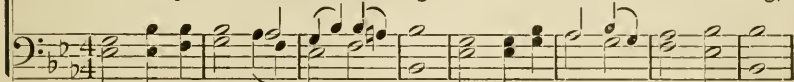
Duke Street.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

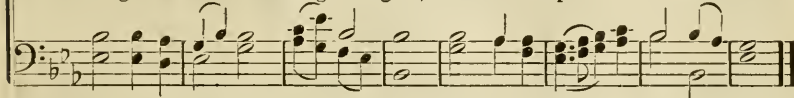
JOHN HATTON, c. 1793.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
4. Let ev-'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cul-iar hon-ors to our King,



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
The wear-y find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men.



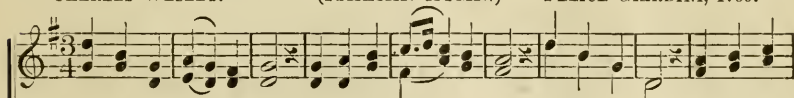
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Come, Thou Almighty King.

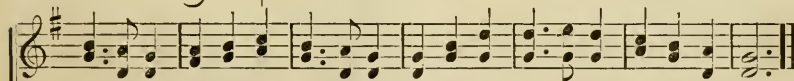
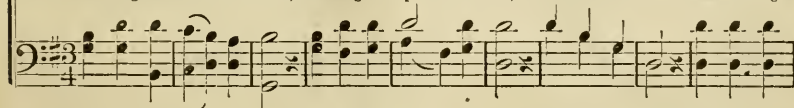
CHARLES WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

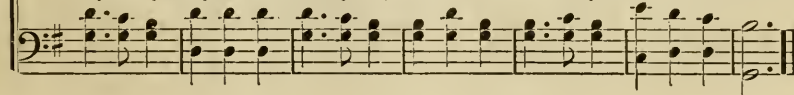
FELICE GIARDINI, 1769.



1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!
people bless, And give Thy Word success; Spir-it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend!
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
maj-es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

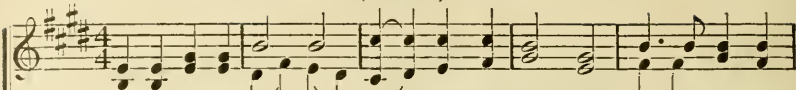


Holy, Holy, Holy.

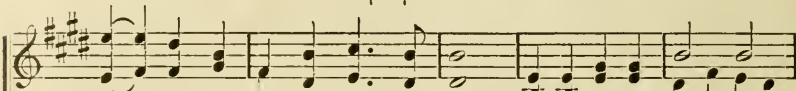
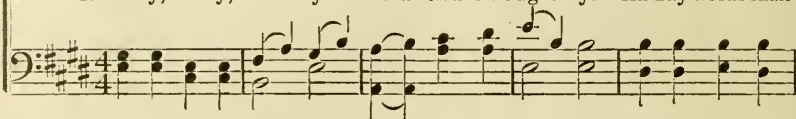
REGINALD HEBER.

(NICEA.)

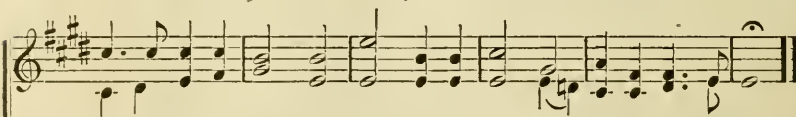
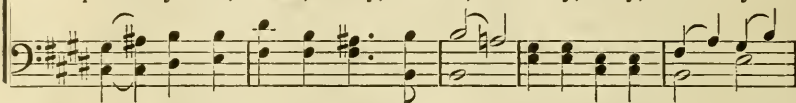
DYKES.



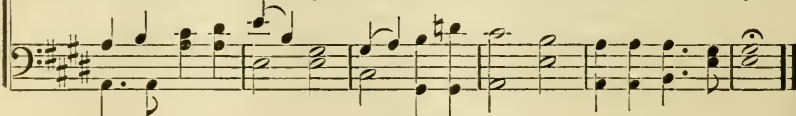
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!



mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, in pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

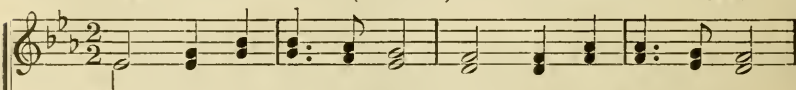


247 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

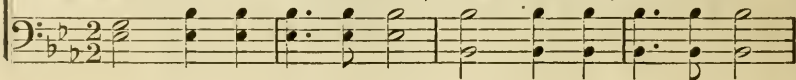
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET.)

MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my Guide: Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

248 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY.)

LOWELL MASON.

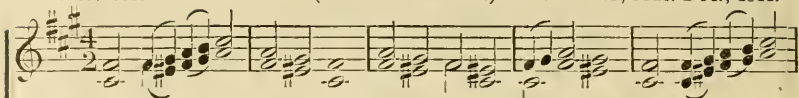
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Caught up to meet my King,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

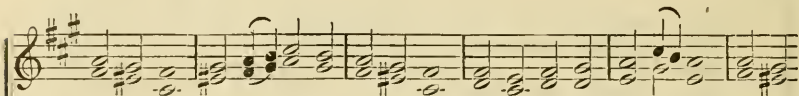
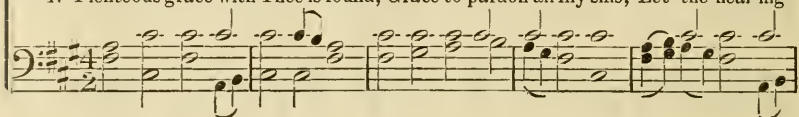
FINE. D. S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Swift - ly I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

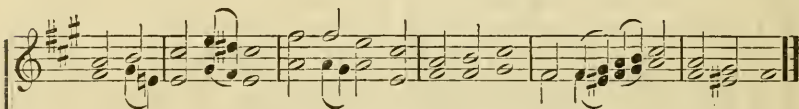
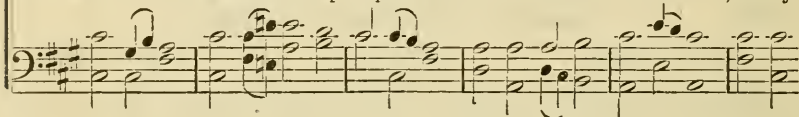
Near - er to Thee!



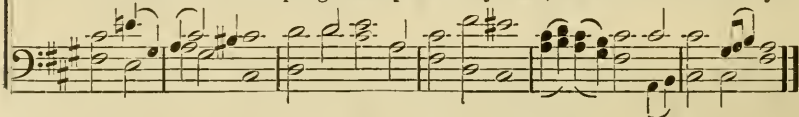
1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the near-er
2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee: Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All I need in Thee I find; Raise the fall-en,
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sins; Let the heal-ing



wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
not a-lone, Still support and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am
streams abound: Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art, Freely



storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shadow of Thy wing!
all un-right-eous-ness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee: Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter-ni - ty.

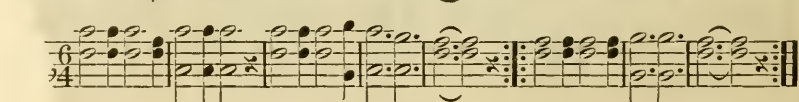
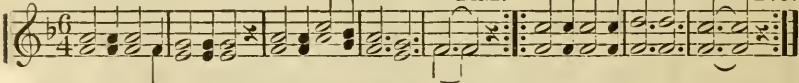


Martyn.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

D.C.

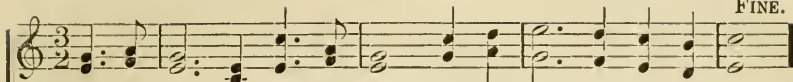


AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

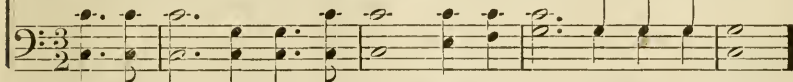
(TOPLADY.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

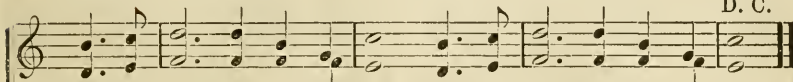


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no res - pite know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

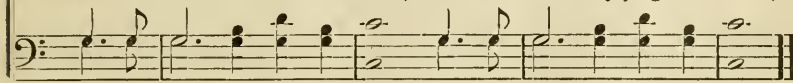


- D. C.*—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.—In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

D. C.



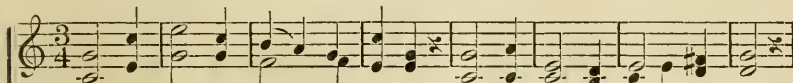
- Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



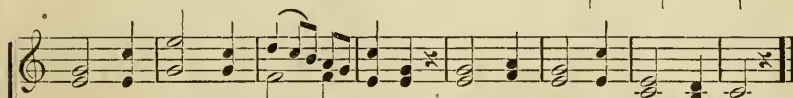
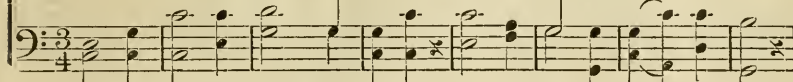
SIR JOHN BOWRING.

(RATHBUN.)

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



- All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
 2. Je-sus calls us—from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing: "Chris-tian, fol-low me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing: "Chris-tian, love me more!"
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Chris-tian, love me more than these!"
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me: Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and

Abide With Me.—Concluded.

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me.
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me.
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

254 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

REV. W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
 3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con-so-la-tion share,

D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
D.C.—I'll cast on Him my ev-ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer;
D.C.—And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer;

FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known:
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
 Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 I'll cast on Him my ev-ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

D. C.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His Word, and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;

"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens."—PSALM 36: 5.

MRS. PRICE.

GUIL. FRANC, 1545.

Slowly.

1. A - bove the trem-bling el - e - ments, A - bove life's rest-less sea,
 2. Great calm-ness there, sweet pa-tience, too, Up - on Thy face I see:
 3. I am not wear - y of Thy work, From earth I would not flee;
 4. That I may bless my ten - der friends, And those who love not me;
 5. What - ev - er falls, of good or ill, Thy hand, Thy care I see,
 6. And when my eyes close for the last, Still this my prayer shall be,—

Dear Sav - iour, lift my spir - it up, Oh, lift me up to Thee!
 I would be calm and pa - tient, Lord, Oh, lift me up to Thee!
 But while I walk, and while I serve, Oh, lift me up to Thee!
 Oh, lift me high a - bove my - self, Dear Je - sus, up to Thee!
 And while these va - ried deal - ings pass, Oh, lift me up to Thee!
 Dear Sav - iour, lift my spir - it up, And lift me up to Thee.

"Great and precious promise."—2 PET. 1: 4.

GEO. KEITH.

ANNIE STEELE.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed; For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
 will not, de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

Huger.—Concluded.

you He hath said? Who un - to the Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled.
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no nev - er for - sake!"

257

Disciple.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
 3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa-ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un-true.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er - rest.

D. S.—Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
 D. S.—Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
 D. S.—Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

W. GLADDEN, 1880

H. P. SMITH, 1874

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv - ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clo-ser, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

Tell me Thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong,
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give; With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

259

Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

(EMMELAR.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
 4. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
 5. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross

the sky.

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

(ST. CATHERINE.) Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When'e'r we hear that glo-ricus word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

Faith of our Fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

261

Vespers.

JOHN LELAND.

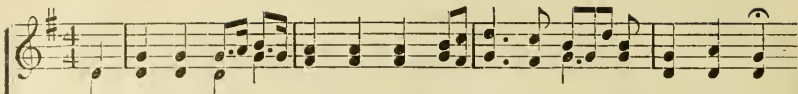
J. D. BRUNK.

Gently.

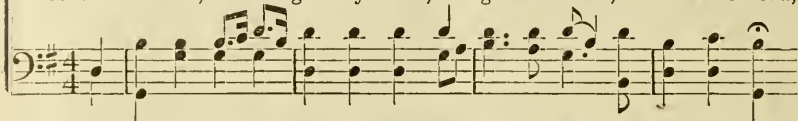
1. The day is past and gone: The eve - ning shades ap - pear;
 2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears;
 3. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move,

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.
 May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.
 Oh, may we in Thy bos - om rest, The bos - om of Thy love.

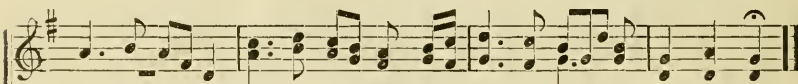
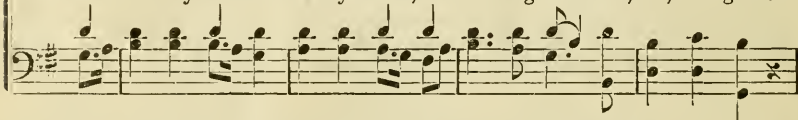
SAMUEL MEDLEY.



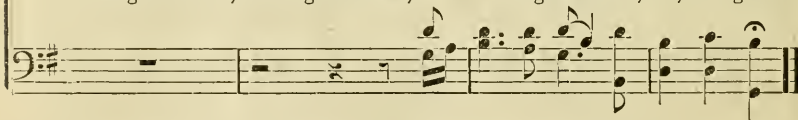
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has always stood, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!



Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

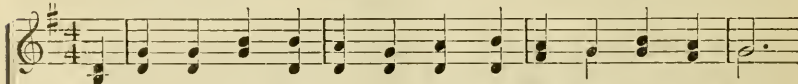


263 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

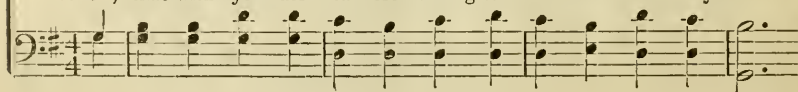
EDWARD PERRONET.

(CORONATION.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.



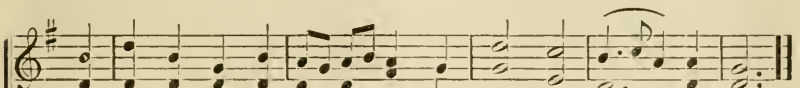
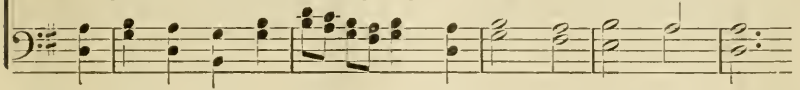
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.—Concluded.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

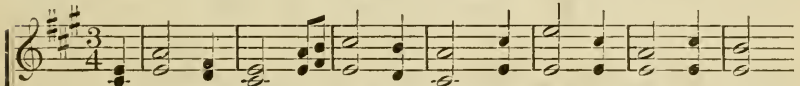


264 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

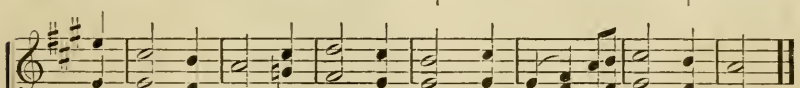
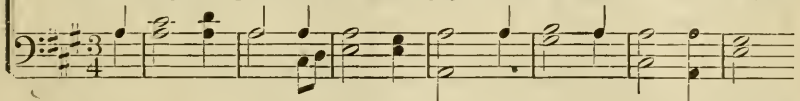
ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

(MARTYRDOM.)

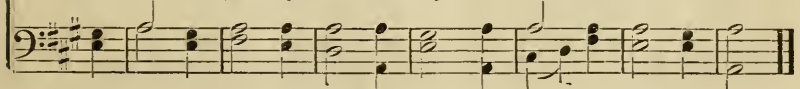
HUGH WILSON. c. 1825



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! Grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.



JOSEPH GRIGG.

(FEDERAL STREET.)

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star:
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be a-shamed of noon:
 4. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
 5. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
 6. Till then—nor is my boast-ing vain—Till then I boast a Sav-iour slain;

A-shamed of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 'Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good t' crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

266 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

(WILMOT.)

VON WEBER

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea:
 2. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 3. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word:

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 5. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS.)

HANS G. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

270

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed
2. Give us this day our
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver

be Thy name,
dai - ly bread,
us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that tres-pass a - gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever, A - men.

271

Old Hundred. GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.

Praise God from Whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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